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The Musical Quarterly

O. G. Sonneck, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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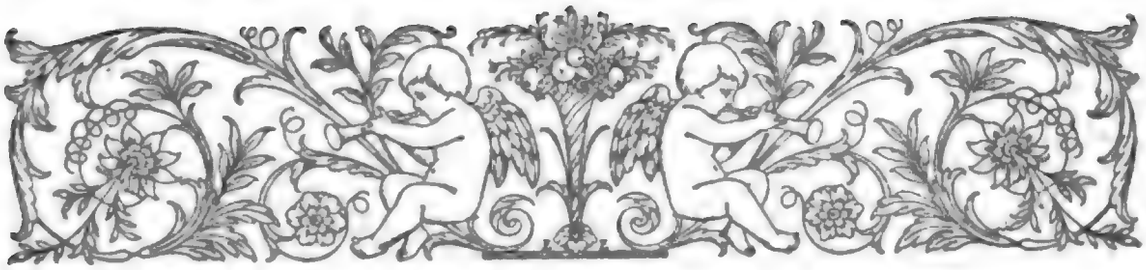

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. IV JANUARY, 1918 NO. 1

THE WAR IN ITS RELATION TO AMERICAN MUSIC

By WALTER R. SPALDING

THERE is so much speculation at present as to the effect of the European War upon American activities and interests in such varied fields as politics, economics and immigration that it is worth while to inquire what the future relation will be between the Continental nations and the fine arts in America, especially in regard to the development of music, which always so vitally represents national sentiment. Speculations or, if possible, definite decisions concerning music are stimulating and clarifying to the mind, for, as we are not dealing with a concrete commodity, we are free from the rigid logic of supply and demand, of questions of utility and expediency, and may consider directly such universal attributes of human nature as emotion, the imagination and ideal aspirations. Discussions as to the nature and purpose of music tend to increase our power of abstract thought (something in which so many people are wofully deficient) and carry us beyond the accidents of time and the ephemeral things of the moment.

This present war has certainly made us face such questions as what we are as a people, whether there is such a thing as American national spirit, what valuable contributions we are making to the fine art of living, and what rôle we are to play in the broad scheme of human destiny. In the first place, we are certainly a derived nation as far as the material and tangible

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aspects of our make-up are concerned; that is, we are of mixed blood; we speak the English language, not that of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country; our social customs and our governmental policies are founded upon those of England, of France, and of other countries; and, notwithstanding certain first-hand scientific and agricultural inventions, we should never have done what we have, had it not been for the point of departure provided for us in the achievements of older civilizations. In literature, painting, sculpture and architecture we have already attained a high degree of independence,—this statement being corroborated by the spontaneous approval of foreign critics given to the creative work of our artists in these fields—but in music, the most elemental of the arts, we are still in our infancy. It is quite easy to eulogize American music, and to insist upon the existence of a national American idiom, but if any comparative estimate is desired between our music and that of the Italians, the French, the Germans and the Russians, we have only to listen to a representative composition of the European nations to be aware of greater warmth and vitality of imagination than are to be found in any work which has come from America. In fact, if Wagner, Brahms and Richard Strauss are placed in the front rank, César Franck, Debussy and Tchaikovsky in the second, and Grieg, Dvořák and Puccini in the third—and this rating, though arbitrary, is not very wide of the mark—America has not yet produced an original composer who could win a place higher than the third rank. This comparison, let it be understood, is not made to minimize or disregard the excellent achievements of a number of American composers, but simply to indicate that as yet our best has not been expressed in music. The most discerning educators, critics, composers and performers are all agreed that there is no subject for which the American public has a more eager and unsatisfied appetite than for music. This is shown by the establishment of local orchestras and opera houses, by the growth of music settlements and by the vast sum which is annually devoted to the production and purchase of musical instruments, compositions and books about music. Much ferment is certainly going on in the public mind; and wherever there is life we may expect growth. As yet, however, native-born Americans have done comparatively little in supplying food for this craving.

Let us indulge ourselves in some simple inquiries as to the nature of music. We may then decide whether or not there be any connection between the inherent qualities of this art and

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certain principles which we claim to be at the foundation of our national existence. Finally, let us ask ourselves whether our remarkable industrial growth is incompatible with a national enthusiasm for such a spiritual art as music, or whether the same constructive imagination which we have devoted to material ends might not achieve marvellous results in more ideal realms. If the latter assumption be true, the present war is furnishing us with a valuable opportunity to free ourselves from the enslaving and dwarfing influence of foreign nations and to establish an American music which shall be genuine because it is a sincere expression of our national ideals and environment.

The two fundamental and most vital characteristics of music are its inherent life, shown by the rhythm, and its freedom. Music is not static; it is entirely unhampered by material considerations, but always in motion, like the wind blowing whither it listeth. It is a living organism with a heart like that of a human being. We therefore associate music with life, vigor and enterprize; and biography and history establish a close connection between these attributes of the art and the careers of the great composers. What man has ever surpassed Sebastian Bach in physical, mental and spiritual vitality—the father of twenty children, an eminent worker in every field of music, and in his sixty-five years of life the composer of such a prodigious and varied mass of works that the mind is staggered at the thought of its being the result of individual imagination and industry. The Bach-Gesellschaft has spent many years in collecting and editing his works, probably a third of which is lost; and they are now published in fifty large volumes. The two sublime settings of the Passion music furnish an example of the ratio just mentinoed; it is historically certain that Bach wrote five Passions, of which we have only those according to St. Matthew and St. John. Think of the fiery energy of Beethoven, called by his contemporaries the "little giant;" of the power of concentration and perseverance found in Wagner. Every great composer, indeed, has been a perfect storehouse of energy; and we find the same correspondence, if we widen our comparisons to include national tendencies. Our modern system of polyphonic texture was developed by the Flemish musicians in the very centuries when the Netherlands led the world in commerce, in wealth, and in bold voyages of discovery. It is no meaningless coincidence that the overflowing life of the Italian cities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Florence, Venice and Naples, gave to the world such forms as the opera, oratorio and madrigal, as well as

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the violin (both the instrument itself and a wealth of literature for it) and the beginnings of our orchestra,—in fact, the very foundations of the art as practiced to-day. Inspired compositions in music have never come from an apathetic or anæmic people. It is difficult to imagine the Heroic Symphony or Tristan and Isolde as coming from a Chinese temperament.

The second inherent attribute of music is its freedom. It is not an imitative art, has no model or prototype in the realm of nature and but slight affinity with external phenomena, although the chief reason for the permanence of music is that it is founded on the elemental forces of sound and rhythm. Music comes from inside out; a melody has no analogy with anything in the physical world. It is pure fancy expressed in terms of its own being, and as an art has been developed through the workings of free human experimentation. A composer hears sounds within him, the result of his emotional and spiritual experiences. He composes, as they said of Schubert, "in a state of clairvoyance"; and after centuries of experiment which engaged the attention of many of the best minds in Europe, a method has been worked out by which these imaginings may be recorded and communicated to fellow human beings. An original composer is the only truly creative artist, for he makes something out of nothing; his material is not gathered from without. We, therefore, can understand Beethoven's insistence that he be called a tone-poet, that is, a "creator" in the Greek sense of ποιειν, to make, and Liszt's eulogy of Schubert as the most poetic of composers on account of his heaven-born spontaneity. This perfect freedom of music may better be understood by a comparison with the other arts. Architecture and sculpture, for example, are both imitative and utilitarian, and must conform to certain physical laws and well-established conventions. A painting, no matter how idealistic and fantastic the artist's imagination, must exhibit some correspondence with the outward world of men and events, although the performances of certain modern schools would seem a proof to the contrary. In reality, however, they beg the question, or rather prove the very point at issue; that is, they are seeking for a perfectly free expression of individual emotion and imagination, but in a less flexible and untrammeled medium than music. A deep truth is contained in the advice of a famous French artist to his pupils that they should become more musical in order to paint more freely. So perfect, indeed, is the connection in music between conception and expression, between substance and form, that music is considered the ideal medium of self-revelation

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to which other arts merely approximate. This is the meaning of Pater's well-known statement:

> It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of matter and form. In its consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. In music, then, rather than in poetry is to be found the true type or measure of perfected art.

We find the same thought in Browning's oft-quoted lines:

> But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!
> And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
> That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
> Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is naught:
> It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
> Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
> And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head.

For the realization of inspired utterances of fancy, music begins where words stop. Spoken language is too exact and too much bound up with the conventions of daily life; words are too common a coinage for an exchange of ideals, and the possibilities are limited; whereas new musical words and terms are being created and accepted each decade. The resources of such media as sound and rhythm are inexhaustible, and so are the conceptions of the imagination and the receptivity of the human ear. Music perfectly conforms to Matthew Arnold's definition of style, "to have something to say, and to say it in the most direct fashion possible." The only standard of musical structure is as simple as that of life itself: that a composition shall have a beginning, a middle and an ending; that is, that it shall present at the outset material worthy of consideration, that this material shall then reveal its organic capabilities of growth, and that the end shall be a definite climatic objective, and not a mere running down or ceasing to go.

In musical criticism also we need never to be slaves to *a priori* considerations, for music simply has to be true to itself, like a noble character. Music is brought into the world by the workings of the imagination aided by industry, perseverance and other intellectual qualities. If sufficient people for a long enough time find a vital message in a composition, it is alive, no matter how novel it may have seemed at first, nor how much at variance with formal standards,—for a creative composer of music is always

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ahead of his time, and we may rest assured that the imagination, as a general rule, no more puts forth misshapen products than the human body. Let our public become accustomed to welcome the results of pure imagination and realize the enormous spiritual and mental vitality which goes to the making of a composition for orchestra, and in time the original composer will be rated as high as the captain of industry.

What inferences may we now draw from the foregoing historical data and speculations and apply to our own artistic growth as a nation? Noted for our vigor of body and mind, we may be justly proud of the courage and enterprise put forth in the development of our natural resources. Any deficiencies in our musical achievements cannot be ascribed to a strain of weakness in the American type. There are, furthermore, deep sources of fancy and ideality in the American temperament which have been the cause of our remarkable scientific inventions and our daring projects for material advancement. Most important of all, we are a free people which has worked out its own destiny with slight regard for former traditions and precedents, and which has an inborn instinct for experimentation. If music really have the qualities described above, it would seem as if no people or environment were ever more adapted for the creation of lasting art works in music. The reason why such a logical result has not been achieved to any large degree I believe to be that in music we have not relied upon our national characteristics of vigor, courageous initiative and freedom, but have weakened ourselves by servile reliance upon foreign models.

Music is a universal language, to be sure, since it is founded on emotions common to humanity in every age and land, but no nation has ever produced works of the first rank while it has depended upon outside influences for material and modes of treatment. The lesson of history on this point is clear and unmistakable. For more than a century Italian opera dominated the northern countries of Europe. France first threw off the yoke, and relying on the native characteristics of her people, such as an aptitude for dramatic declamation and for rhythmic vitality, developed under Lully, Rameau and others a national type which still lives because it is not an exotic, but founded on popular sentiment. We can trace the same progress in Germany through the work of Keiser, Gluck, Weber and Marschner, until it culminated in those mighty embodiments of a nation's ideals, the tone-dramas of Wagner. Why did England, after Purcell's death, fail to establish a national type in opera or in instrumental music? Chiefly

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because, through her servile dependence upon the influence of Handel, Mendelssohn and others, she had lost all initiative. It is a great satisfaction to record that England has recently awakened and during the last generation has produced in the works of Elgar, Bantock, and Stanford compositions which are thoroughly her own and bid fair to take the same high rank which the nation has won in poetry and painting.

The objection is often raised, when criticism is rife as to the small amount of real American music, that we have no indigenous material upon which composers may draw; that is, no national folk-songs or dances. When we consider the momentous influence of folk-music in the development of the art, and ask ourselves what Sebastian Bach would have done without the Lutheran chorale (in reality a sacred folk-song), or Haydn without his birthright of Croatian melodies, Chopin without his Polish rhythms, we begin to realize what the music of the people has meant to Germany, France, Russia, Bohemia and Scandinavia. There is no doubt that the present situation is a serious one for America, but also no doubt that when we realize the meaning of this situation a long step will have been taken toward improvement . No doctrine has been more pernicious and misleading than that one nation is more inherently musical than another: they are all equally musical, for human emotion is everywhere the same, and every human being born with a musical instrument—the voice—and with the means of testing its effects—the ear—is *ipso facto* a musician. It is true that favoring conditions of environment have caused certain races to produce more than others, and also that other nations have been untrue to their natural blessings and ashamed of any artistic expression of emotion; they have hence become atrophied and incapable of any spontaneous outpouring of feeling. When we realize that the human voice is the God-given means for emotional relief, and that when we feel we should sing like the Tarasconian, whose creed is "When I think, I speak," American folk-songs will gradually come into existence, since the same causes will be at work which have produced them elsewhere. Folk-songs did not spring up over night and cannot be produced to order; but just as their presence in a nation should be taken for granted, so their absence is a severe indictment that the people have so long relied upon music made for them by others that their natural emotional and expressive powers have become seriously impaired.

The conception of being musical in the mind of the average American is to attend so many concerts and operatic performances each year; but he has no impulse to use *his own* musical powers

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in the home or in connection with his daily activities. There is no hope of a nation becoming truly musical until the natural and creative process has been at work; it might as well try to become a race of athletes by watching others at their sports. Nothing would be better for our American public than a realization of the tonic influence of song. To sing is natural, human, democratic. Think of the radical differences of opinion in our body politic, of the racial and sectional influences at work, of the conflict between labor and capital: all these faults and dangers can be ameliorated and even obliterated by daily song in the home and in the community.

A short stay in any foreign city or among any European people will illustrate the difference in attitude. The foreigner tends to sing whatever he does; the Russians even go into battle with songs on their lips: and so in the course of centuries natural musical expressions have grown up for every form of human activity.

The most hopeful sign of the times is the dawning light which is coming in this direction. Several of our large cities, New York in particular, have well-established community choruses, and the beneficial and uplifting effect of these gatherings upon the different strata of city life is indisputable proof of the fundamental instinct which has called them into existence. The people wish to develop and to live in peace and harmony, due allowance being made for difference of opinion in unessential matters; but they must have some kind of social cement, and music, which they make themselves and into which they pour their common humanity, is just that.

That the rhythmic life of music is making an intense appeal to Americans is shown by the universal fondness for dance music and by the prevalence of what is known as "rag-time," which is merely a rhythmic device for avoiding a sing-song monotony of metric scheme by frequent accents on unusual parts of the measure. Rag-time is to be censured only when used so persistently as to become a mannerism; in this case, it defeats its own ends, since, when all the accents are on weak beats, we are no better off than when they are all on strong ones. That principle of relativity is broken, so wittily described by W. S. Gilbert, "Where everybody is somebody, there nobody is anybody."

I trust that the general trend of the argument is now clear. It will not do for us to say that we are not musical, for we are rich in the qualities from which music comes; that is, physical and mental vigor, constructive imagination, and a passion for freedom. Nor do I consider the assumption tenable that just because our

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advance along material lines has been so remarkable there is no energy left for the fine arts. The real national consciousness of a people has always been expressed in its art rather than in utilitarian appliances, and there will be the same result in our case. All that is necessary for the growth of a national American music is for us to use our inborn powers. Some years ago Walt Whitman chanted: "I hear America singing." Let us only begin.

Music is a most wonderful force, for it not only calls for such high qualities as depth of emotion, spiritual and mental vigor, but actually generates them in all who submit themselves to its influence.

There is far more music in the United States than twenty-five years ago, and some of our institutions, orchestras and opera houses are deservedly renowned; but the performers are almost exclusively of foreign birth, and a large proportion of the works performed non-American. That is, we are a nation of listeners and generous appreciators of imported articles, but we have not yet expressed ourselves in music. The actual experience of other nations is most instructive and stimulating for us, since there is no reason to think that we shall be an exception to the laws of natural growth. For many generations Russia was entirely under the influence of Italian music. Although the people were singing in their daily lives, there was no such thing as a Russian musical literature. Finally some bold spirits appeared and said: "Let us encourage the growth of a music of our own, however crude and simple." The result has been that during the last century, under the leadership of Bortnianski, Glinka, Balákireff, Borodin and others, some of the most spontaneous and virile music of the world has been created, absolutely genuine and impelling because coming straight from the heart of the people. But the most appropriate example for our country is that of modern France. Prior to the Franco-Prussian war, with very few exceptions, there was in France almost no musical literature save opera. Symphonies, ensemble music, pianoforte literature, and art songs were largely imported from Germany. Liberated and stimulated by the shock of war, thrown upon their own resources, the French in the few decades since 1870 have created a genuinely national school, composing works in every large form, and contributing to general musical progress the most remarkable harmonic, melodic and rhythmic effects of modern times.

The application to our own situation is too obvious for special emphasis. For many years we have depended almost entirely upon Germany for musical literature, for instruction and for

executive artists. Romain Rolland says apropos of the French in his essay on Berlioz:

> We are enslaved by the musical tradition of the past and for generations have been so accustomed to carry the yoke that we scarcely notice it. In consequence, we think in German forms, and all the grammar and rhetoric of music comes to us from foreign thought elaborated by German masters.

Grateful as we must be for all this assistance, it is not ungracious to feel that now it is high time to shake off this yoke and develop a music worthy of the inheritance of a free people.

Music can no longer be called an infant industry, for, reviewing our national resources, what do we see? We have conservatories where the standards are as high as anywhere in the world; our leading colleges and universities treat music in a far broader and more liberal way than corresponding institutions abroad; America produces some of the finest instruments, notably pianofortes and organs; and many of the most authoritative teachers in every branch are to be found in this country. Everything would seem to be ready for great attainment.

The only factors lacking in the situation are courage and initiative on the part of those with any musical aptitude, and enthusiastic encouragement on the part of the public. With our conservatories training, each year, hundreds of talented performers on orchestral instruments, we should have within a short time orchestras composed of native Americans. As to leadership, there are a number of gifted young men in our country who, if they were given the same opportunity for elementary practice which would be at their disposal in Europe, would soon be able to conduct an orchestra or an operatic performance as well as a foreigner of equal gifts. Notwithstanding the wonderful compositions already in the world as expressions of human character, music as an art is still in its infancy. The remarkable discoveries and developments of the last few years confirm this view. It should be the destiny of America, the youngest of the great nations, to contribute as much in this field as to science and to material prosperity,—to create, in fact, a music more truly national than ever before. Imagine the wonders of our national scenery translated into tones; our mountains, streams and forests are as glorious as any from the hand of the Creator. Our poetic imaginations need to be quickened; money and machinery are not the only objects in life. If dramatic subjects are needed, why does not some American composer give us a musical portrait of Lincoln?

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The great influence which Napoleon exerted on the democratic sympathies of Beethoven is well known. In Lincoln the artist would have a far grander character, and his life with its vigorous freedom, its humor and its tragedy, music alone could worthily commemorate.

At last we realize that we cannot get something for nothing, and our direct participation in the war is certainly increasing our sense of national responsibility. One manifestation of this responsibility should be the voicing of American ideals in terms of the universal language, music. Let history record that, this very year 1917, free America resolved that she would rely as little as possible on those who are paid to come and make music for her. Our country has vitality, imagination and freedom. A living American music will grow to full manhood only if fostered by national sentiments, and what Russia, France and Germany have done, the world will certainly expect of us once we really and earnestly try.

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A CASE FOR MUSICAL NATIONALISM

By FRANCIS TOYE

THERE is probably no term so much used with reference to music now-a-days, and certainly none so vague in application, as the word nationalism. By that criterion, whatever precisely it may be, music is praised or condemned according to the various idiosyncracies of critics. Not so very long ago an important English review opened its columns to a rather acrimonious discussion between Mr. Cecil Sharp and Mr. Ernest Newman on the subject, the former maintaining that in musical nationalism, by which he seemed to imply a music exclusively inspired by folk-song, lay the only road to salvation, the latter asserting that it was a vain thing, fondly imagined. The great difficulty of the subject, as hinted above, seems to be that nobody is quite sure what the word 'nationalism' means. Everybody, more or less, feels that it postulates something to do with race, something to do with traditional songs and dances, something to do with environment; but the term undoubtedly represents a vague feeling rather than an exact definition.

Now the object of this article, without presuming to treat conclusively what might, not unreasonably, be the subject of a whole book, is to suggest that the racial significance of the word is untenable and the "folk-song" significance not of primary importance. The only sense in which the word has any real musical meaning is as signifying music and musicians in relation to the particular community wherein they exist.

Firstly then, what are the races of Europe the music of each of which which is supposed to have a peculiar flavour of its own? The great majority of people, not knowing or not stopping to think, always talk and act on the assumption that they are English, French, German, Italian and so on. But as a matter of fact, modern anthropology is increasingly inclined to maintain that in the real, the anthropological sense of the word there are, with insignificant exceptions, only three races in Europe —the Nordic, the Alpine and the Mediterranean.[1] Out of a mixture of these, in various proportions, are formed the different

[1]See, for instance, Ripley: "The Races of Europe."

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nationalities of modern Europe. Thus England is populated mainly by the Nordic race with a slight admixture of Alpine and Mediterranean elements; Italy by the Mediterranean race with an admixture of Alpine and (in the North) some Nordic elements; Germany by the Alpine and Nordic races, dwelling more or less in the South and North respectively; France by the Mediterranean, Alpine and Nordic races, comparatively unmixed, the first residing in the South, the second in the Centre and the last in the North. The so-called Slavonic and Celtic races simply do not exist anthropologically. They denote nationalities and languages, not races in the proper sense of the word; and it may be remarked in passing that it is precisely the loose interchange of these essentially different terms that has led to so much confused thinking on the subject.

Now it is quite possible that these races possess definite musical qualities of their own. For instance it may be true that the Alpine race—incidentally most if not all the great composers seem to have Alpine heads—can lay claim to an especial gift for harmony, as one anthropologist has suggested to me. And it would be very interesting to know what similarity, if any, could be traced between, let us say, the folk-songs of the Cevennes and of Bavaria, the inhabitants of both districts being practically pure Alpines. But that is not the point. When we talk now-a-days of musical nationalism, not even the most fanatical of musical patriots is so local in his patriotism as to suggest, for instance, that the inhabitant of Dorchester should rigidly confine his attention to the folk-songs of Wessex, or the inhabitants of Rouen be prevented from studying anything but the traditional music of Normandy. What is meant by nationalistic music is the music of one particular nation as geographically defined in the map of Europe. And in the racial sense it must be obvious that any such meaning is absurd. Otherwise we might expect to find some similarity between the folk-songs of the South of England and the North of Italy, and very little difference indeed between the folk-songs of any European nations. While, as a matter of fact, we know that, except in the comparatively rare cases where tunes are found to be common to many nations, there are enormous differences. Wherefore it seems to me that to rest musical nationalism on a racial basis is simply preposterous.

Nevertheless, just as different nationalities, despite their common racial origins, have evolved different speaking languages, so they have, (though of course in a vastly less degree) evolved different musical languages. We need not go into the question of

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how or why this has happened. In the beginning, perhaps, the partiality of a tribe for a certain instrument led to a distinct outline of musical phrase; and the natural rhythm of the language must have helped to develop characteristic cadences in the music. For instance Mr. Dent points out in his excellent book, "Mozart's Operas" that the "squareness" of German as distinct from the asymmetry of Italian verse leads the same composer (Mozart) to set German and Italian words to a music noticeably different in kind. And what was true of a great composer at a time when the art of music was more or less fully developed must, I think, have been even more true of the hundreds of unknown composers who wrote when the art was still in its cradle. Besides do we not as a matter of fact all know certain well-defined differences between the musical contours of various nationalities? Who does not recognise the Wagnerian falling seventh as peculiarly German; the monotone recitative as peculiarly French? Moreover anybody familiar with Dowland and his Elizabethan contemporaries will, I think, notice a common, English factor of what may be called irregularity in their music. These differences, of course, are directly due to the inflexions of the various languages. And it is reasonable to suppose that, if a composer becomes accustomed to use a distinct musical phraseology in setting words, he will not be able, even if he so wish, to dispense with it when writing purely orchestral music.

To this extent at any rate the study of his national folk-songs is useful to a composer, in that it does teach him how to set his language to music and consequently—because all languages require different musical rhythms and cadences—how to give a distinctive flavour to his music in general. On the other hand, it is also true that some of the composers who best set their own language to music know little or nothing of folk-song. The most obvious instance to an Englishman is Arthur Sullivan, who certainly knew practically nothing of English or Irish folk-songs. Yet nobody can deny that Sullivan, whatever his other defects may have been, was a master of setting English words to music.

The fact of the matter is that folk-music—especially when it is as intrinsically excellent as that of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland—is quite admirable until people begin to make a cult of it. Further, about its practical utility there can surely be no doubt whatever. To composers of a certain type, from Moussorgski and Rimski-Korsakoff in Russia to Vaughan-Williams and Percy Grainger in contemporary England, it offers just the *point d'appui* necessary to make their music distinctive

and delightful; probably because their various mentalities have a natural sympathy towards it. But to pretend that no composer can be characteristically "national" without the use of folk-songs is ludicrous.

To begin with the converse is so palpably untrue. Serov and Rubinstein, even some of the Italian composers who infested Petrograd as their compatriots still infest London and New York, made use of Russian folk-songs. Yet their whole *locus standi* was one of opposition to nationalism and its apostles, the "School of Five." Because they used Russian tunes as thematic material they did not write Russian music—any more than Dvořák wrote American music because he used some negro melodies in the New World symphony.

On the contrary, it seems to me nonsensical to deny the qualification of "national" to some composers entirely unaffected by folk-song. For instance there is the Irishman, Arthur Sullivan, already mentioned. If his music be not typically British, the characteristic seems to me to have no meaning. The songs from his comic operas are known to every Briton, sung by every Briton and loved by every Briton. Moreover, they are, perhaps, one of the principal links between the English-speaking race in England and the English speaking race in America, as any English musician who visits the States will soon discover for himself. Surely we are not going to deprive him of his musical nationality because he did not found an aria on the tune of "The Cuckoo" or a dance on the rhythm of "Bean-setting?"

Moreover, Massenet, the typical French composer, did not, so far as I know, use folk-songs at all, any more than do Debussy or Ravel, both equally characteristic French products. César Franck (incidentally, a Belgian) on whom is founded the musical school which we recognise, and rightly recognise, as typical of modern France, did not concern himself with folk-music. The truth seems to be that the question is one of a certain feeling, a certain method of procedure, sometimes a certain orchestral technique rather than any inevitable worship of folk-music as such. A composer can no more flavour his music with nationalism to order than he can add a cubit to his stature, as Mendelssohn ought to have discovered when he tried to write a Scotch symphony. Nationalism is a kind of musical subconsciousness which may be instinctively called to the front, but never deliberately mobilised. To try to precise its quality in definite words were as impossible, not to say foolish, as to try to reduce the distinctive charm of an English landscape to its chemical constituents or to

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describe the peculiar excellence of French *cuisine bourgeoise* in terms of scientific analysis. While sharing all Mr. Newman's dislike of loose generalisations, I refuse to believe that nothing has any real existence that cannot be particularised or defined as if it were a chair or a table.

Nevertheless it does seem impossible to formulate a nationistic theory on any satisfactory aesthetic basis; nor is there any reason so to do. Given healthy surroundings and free play, the nationalism of composers will assert itself just in proportion to its vitality and usefulness. In a flourishing musical community, so it seems to me, there would be room for the nationalist and cosmopolitan composer to develop their talents side by side. That my own personal preferences favour the former I do not pretend to deny, particularly when, as in England, we appear to be rather at the beginning than at the end of a musical movement. But personal preferences are neither more nor less than personal preferences, and many people think otherwise. Besides it is ridiculous to lay down any general rule on a subject obviously so debateable. Are we to belittle the cosmopolitan Mozart because we admire the nationalist Wagner or eschew Tallis because we frequent Händel?

All the efforts of the musical nationalist, then, should be confined to the building-up of a distinctive musical community as self-supporting as possible. If this object can be obtained, it should follow, as a corollary, that the music produced will have the best possible chance of truly reflecting its environment. And surely that is the real artistic importance of the whole matter! When the anti-nationalist Mr. Newman asks us what is the common Italian denominator in the music of Verdi and Palestrina, he may imagine he has pulverised our defences by this *reductio ad absurdum.* But we may effectively ask him in return if he imagines that a country does not change in the course of centuries. As a matter of fact, does not Palestrina perfectly represent the Italy of the sixteenth and Verdi the Italy of the nineteenth century? Both composers—aye, and many more differing as widely—go to make up the distinctive whole that we recognise as typically Italian.

In the same way two composers such as Perosi and Mascagni represent two more or less distinct environments in contemporary Italy, the operatic and the ecclesiastical. They are dissimilar yet linked together because they dramatise, so to speak, two out of the many main characteristics which viewed in the mass *are* modern Italy. In different ways and degrees one finds the same

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thing true of all countries. Sir Charles Stanford, freed from the tutelage of Brahms, often represents what we may call the public-school environment of England; Sir Edward Elgar, apart from his excursions into the music-halls, is very typical of Anglo and Roman Catholic circles generally; Dr. Vaughan-Williams stands for the ever-increasing number of people interested in the revival of folk-art.

Again, the music of both Richard Strauss and Humperdinck could not possibly be mistaken for anything but German, but the former represents the more truculent and the latter the more peaceable variety of German "Kultur." A nation, to borrow Bergson's cinematographic metaphor, is a whole story consisting of thousands of different pictures. A nation's music, to be truly representative, should be like unto it.

If then, as I believe to be indisputable, the ideal of musical art, like that of all other art, should be to reflect contemporary conditions, it would seem that the compulsory basis of folk-music preached by Mr. Cecil Sharp might be positively harmful. There is very little in common between our century and the times when Morris Dances and Folk-Songs flourished. These represented, as a matter of fact, one stage of culture, while we live in another. We know, it is true, that the special genius of a man like Moussorgski can make the most wonderful, so to speak, "up to date" use of traditional music; wherefore any attempt to axiomatise in a negative sense seems crassly foolish. But it must not be forgotten that neither Moussorgski's life nor his character were by any means typical of most composers. For instance, he was brought up in an atmosphere saturated with folk-song and democracy, so that, naturally, folk-music made a special appeal to him. The fact is that Moussorgski, like all other artists, was great because he really expressed himself, not because his means of expression followed any particular theory. Moreover, being Moussorgski, and not, let us say, Puccini, he was important because he had something of interest to express, something all the more interesting, perhaps, because his strong personality was coloured by the local Russia of reality and not by the cosmopolitan Italy of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Incidentally, somebody may urge that nationalism, if it be but the interpretation of environment, may reasonably interpret some cosmopolitan environment, especially in these days of rapid communication. The answer is that it may and sometimes has, but that, on the whole, cosmopolitanism is fatal to serious art—

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cosmopolitanism, that is to say, in inception not in effect, for the most local inspiration may have a cosmopolitan appeal, as, for instance, the music of Grieg. But the cosmopolitanism to be condemned is that which has no root in any country in particular. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it represents nothing but the *train-de-luxe* and the Ritz-Carlton hotel, an environment hardly worthy of artistic consideration. True, a great composer may, as he becomes famous, of necessity become more or less cosmopolitan. But the whole history of music shows that the foundations of his æsthetic structure must be strongly local, perhaps because only from the comparative quiet of a stay-at-home life can be drawn the strength and leisure necessary to educate his musical personality to its fullest extent.

In the æsthetic sense, then, musical nationalism is a question of domicile like divorce. But just as conjugal domiciles as a base for legislation have led to a lot of unnecessary muddle in the divorce laws, so I believe that musical domiciles, if considered as a base for generalisation, will lead to an unsatisfactory criterion of nationalism. We are not prepared to call Händel a typical English composer because he lived and worked so long in England, and we are not prepared to refuse to recognise Offenbach as the typical Parisian composer of the Second Empire because he happens to have been a German Jew, born in Cologne. Besides, all æsthetic generalisations are suspect now-a-days.

The only broad, general basis for nationalism is, I think, not æsthetic at all but social, economic. To the irreconcileable æsthete, hankering after the good old days of "Art for Art's Sake," such a nationalism will doubtless appear blasphemous, or, worse, merely vulgar. But the æsthete is a product of literary romanticism, and we have, it is to be hoped, left that behind us for ever. Yet the prejudice against a social, an utilitarian attitude towards the arts is very strong. "Metaphysicians, as well as psychologists," writes Hirn in his excellent book "The Origins of Art", "Hegelians as well as Darwinians, all agree in declaring that a work or performance which can be proved to serve any utilitarian, non-æsthetic object must not be considered as a genuine work of art." The admirable writer then goes on to show how absurd is this creed hitherto so generally accepted. He demonstrates once and for all that primitive art was not primarily aesthetic at all but utilitarian. Thus the pantomime in imitation of animals was definitely intended to attract animals by magic. Ornamentation, too, had a definitely religious or proprietary object, while love-lyrics were often severely practical. Hirn

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proceeds to prove that the social factor in art is no less important for us now-a-days than for those whose culture was more primitive. His argument is roughly this: all the manifestations of sorrow, despair and the like, which are not wholly painful in themselves, are facilitated by the reciprocal influence of collective excitement. Thus all strong feelings, whether pleasurable or painful, act as socialising factors; and artistic production, being the most natural result of strong feelings, is therefore a socialising factor, too. Incidentally one of Hirn's remarks about music seems especially interesting. "There can be no doubt that, in whichever way the ultimate origin of musical arts be explained, their development is largely due to the practical advantages of rhythm."

To do anything like justice to such a suggestive work as Hirn's book is obviously impossible in a few lines, but no one who reads it will, I think, be able to refuse to accept his conclusion that "art is in its innermost nature a social activity." And music not least of the arts. For all art to some extent, as the art of pantomime to a great extent, causes the spectator to imitate the artist's feelings. Thus the musician helps the material-minded audience to share his own idealism, momentarily at any rate to exchange the matter of fact for the imaginative.

This being so, it seems to me that we are not only entitled but forced to consider musical nationalism primarily from a social point of view. "Cultured amateurs" may talk about the advantages of studying foreign scores; musical critics may argue about nationalist or cosmopolitan "schools"; partisans of the primitive may exalt a belief in folk-music to the sanctity of a religious dogma; all these different attitudes may be considered good, bad or indifferent according to personal tastes. But they are not sufficiently general to command or even to deserve universal acceptance. Only on a social basis, it seems to me, can the doctrine of musical nationalism be proclaimed absolutely unassailable.

For if music be a socialising factor, it follows that every society has a direct interest in maintaining an independent, healthy musical life of its own. It seems *prima facie* as absurd for a nation to import its composers and musicians as to import its army and navy. Could any Utopia possibly be called complete, that was unable to provide the music sufficient for its own needs? And if we may not aspire to the musical self-sufficiency of Plato's Republic, at least we ought to refuse ever again to condescend to the musical parasitism of Victoria's England. Our pride, if nothing else, should forbid us being content perpetually to borrow

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composers and players from the rest of Europe; for to consume without producing is no more admirable in the domain of cosmopolitan art than anywhere else. The ideal of the "good European" should surely be to add to the common fund, not to live on what is already in existence. And to-day, when so much contemporary music suffers from artificiality and pose, there is an especial reason for England, whose best musical traditions have always been characterised by a certain freshness and spontaneity, to make her contribution to the European exchequer as substantial as possible.

Incidentally it may not be altogether inapposite to remind ourselves that England, had she been as dependent on the continent for musical supplies as she used to be, would have had practically no music during the present war, that is to say during a time when music is especially needed to counterbalance the horrors of actuality. There would have been no conductors, no instrumentalists, and we should in fact have found ourselves in precisely the same position as regards music in general as the large public thinks (I need hardly say, quite wrongly) that we are as regards modern composers in particular. From the "topical" point of view, beloved of journalists, this is perhaps the most striking proof of the advantages of musical nationalism, of the supreme importance of assuring a livelihood to our own musicians.

But it is not the only one, nor perhaps the most convincing, in that great wars are, happily, still the exception rather than the rule. The value of music, from the social point of view, is greatly increased if it be composed and interpreted by actual members of the society to which it is intended to appeal. For instance, it is impossible that a Richard Strauss, describing, let us say, Munich in terms of music, can convey so much to the ordinary Englishman as a Vaughan-Williams writing a symphony about London. If he does, one can only say that music has entirely ceased to be in touch with ordinary, every-day life and has become frankly a luxury—in which case it is bound to perish sooner rather than later. The Englishman is familiar with London, and when the composer translates it for him into musical poetry, he can, more or less instinctively, meet the translation half way. Music may be a universal language, but a language is only intelligible if it talks of things we are able to understand. Those who write about music are too fond of treating the art as an end in itself instead of a means to interpret the indefinable something that hides behind all art. Thus, to have its maximum effect, the music of a nation must talk to a nation about itself, because

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a nation rarely understands anything else. To soften the hearts of men, music must talk to them of their familiar ideals, their hopes, their fears—and how should a foreign composer know these as well as we ourselves? Heredity, climate, food, education, prejudice keep men apart long after the railway has annihilated the geographical distance between them, and the art, musical or other, that would make the greatest appeal to them must be rooted in these things. A nation with no music of its own is only too apt to adopt towards foreign music the attitude of the adder, which, despite protestations to the contrary, refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. It often pretends a vague interest in the charmer's personality; it discusses the colour of his tie, the pattern on his socks, and (especially) the length of his hair; it may even, if it is learned, talk a great deal about his voice-production, but it does not in reality *hear* his voice. In other words, it cannot force itself to abandon heart, soul and body to the magic of the charmer, though snobbery, fashion and pose may lead it to try and disguise the fact as much as possible. Thus, for the community to gain the fullest possible benefit from music, that music must be of the people, by the people and for the people. Above all it must be free from that sickening affectation which is the curse of so many modern musical societies. Not every nationalist is sincere, not every cosmopolitan a poser, but, on the whole, nationalism ought to work for sincerity, because it tries to extract from music the greatest possible benefit to the community by encouraging composers and executive musicians to be as far as possible typical of the particular idiosyncracies of the community.

It follows as a corollary that musical amateurs must lose no opportunity of supporting those of their fellow countrymen who earn a living by music. Bread and butter may be vulgar, but they are none the less indispensable companions of the artist. Moreover, grinding poverty and lack of recognition do not by any means supply that stimulus to the imagination which the rich and successful would have us believe. Neither, doubtless, does excessive prosperity. But when, as in England, the latter Charybdis is reserved almost exclusively for the foreigner and the former Scylla for the Englishman, one cannot be surprised that our musicians view the rarer, if more insidious, danger with complete equanimity.

Nationalism, then, does to some extent imply a measure of "Protection." Not that it should, for one moment, encourage inferior native at the expense of superior foreign talent; but it

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should insist that, other things proving equal, preference be shown to the home product. Such a musical doctrine is especially desirable in England, because England, partly from social snobbery, partly from journalistic ignorance, partly from inherited prejudice as well as the prejudice of the cosmopolitan clique that dictates musical fashion in London, does definitely prefer the foreign musician to the Englishman. That is to say, equal talents being postulated, it is definitely easier for a foreigner, whether composer, singer, player or conductor, to "get on" in Great Britain than for an Englishman or Irishman or a Scotchman. And I have been told that a not altogether dissimilar state of things exists in America.

From every point of view this is ridiculous. Even at the risk of weariness it must be repeated that the exotic outlook which such an attitude implies is thoroughly unhealthy, and doubly so at a time when music, together with all the other arts, needs continual douching with normality and common sense. Indeed nationalism, far from being merely a question of the value of folk-music, is in reality a question of how far music shall bridge the chasm that at present exists between music and the life of every day—to the very great harm of both.

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Henry F. Gilbert

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AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

By OLIN DOWNES

LET me say at once, in discussing the significant accomplishment of a composer only now coming into his own, that by "American composer" I do not mean here an individual born or long resident in this country, who composes. I mean a composer whose music is essentially and distinctively American.

Some will deny to this distinction the importance of a vital issue. They may fail to see in it an event of any particular importance for the future of our national culture. The fact is, that in the past the words "American composer" have been associated with that which is provincial or jingoistic, and this is the last thing which a sincere and idealistic American desires to see represented in his art. He feels that an exceptional breadth rather than narrowness of horizon should be our characteristic, and that, in the meantime, there is only one kind of music in which the world is interested: good music, whatever its origins or causes may be.

That is the answer usually flung at the man who ventures to suggest the desirability of a national school of composition. While excellent doctrine as far as it goes, it appears to me to ignore a fundamental issue, an issue which must be reckoned with in the consideration of any important art. That issue is farthest from anything connected with provincialism or local pride. For want of a better term I call it "racial consciousness."

I can think of no masterpiece which fails to confess its racial as well as its personal origins. I cannot conceive of an artist being sincere and significantly creative unless he is a spokesman of his people as well as of himself. Therefore it appears to me that whatever his deficiencies, the American who is to write music significantly expressive of himself and his land must before all else be aware, to the root of his being, of the spirit of a young nation, and in composing look forward rather than backward to the glorious achievements of foreign masters. They did not come into their own by copying foreign models, and it is self-evident that neither can we.

The composer, and, as it appears to me, practically the only American composer who does look forward, and who has struck,

at least partially and vitally, the fundamental racial note is Henry Franklin Belknap Gilbert, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Henry F. Gilbert was first introduced to an influential portion of the musical public when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, played his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" in Boston on the 13th and 14th of April, 1911. This overture was immediately successful. It was performed later by Mr. Fiedler in other cities. It was played in Chicago and more than once by leading orchestras in New York, and it was performed by orchestras smaller than the representative bands of these centres in other cities of the United States. It also made its way to Russia, where it was performed at orchestral concerts in Odessa and Kiev, and was received cordially by press and public.

Yet Mr. Fiedler had hesitated a long time before producing this work. In view of its indisputable success, and of Mr. Fiedler's admiration of the score, and to further point the moral to this tale, it is instructive to give his reason: Mr. Fiedler feared the effect on the audience of the first theme of the overture, because that theme was more than a little suggestive of "rag-time." True, the Boston Symphony audiences had listened times without number to such works as Chabrier's "Espana" with its masterly employment of popular Spanish dance tunes, and a dozen other well-known orchestral pieces based on popular melodies of France, Bohemia, Russia, the Orient,—melodies at least as obvious and inelegant as Gilbert's theme,—which had long held favor on symphony programmes. But a theme as well as a prophet is likely to go without honor in its own country, and Mr. Fiedler had his justifications for hesitating as he did. When the piece was played there were those who thought the opening "undignified," and stopped thinking at that place. A majority, however, were quick to respond to the youthful vigor, the racy humor, and the romantic nature quality of this new music. "The overture," said Phillip Hale in the *Boston Herald* of April 14th, 1911, "stirred the blood of the audience. All rejoiced in hearing a new voice, a voice with something to say and an original way of saying it. . . . . The overture is distinctively, but not bumptiously, not apologetically, American." "Here at last," said H. T. Parker in the *Boston Transcript* of the same date, "is music of American folk-tunes that meets every musical test, except, perhaps, that of adroit instrumental coloring, that keeps the matter, the voice, and the spirit—the difficult item—of its origin; and that interests and stirs those that hear."

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Following which, there was curiosity as to who Henry F. Gilbert might happen to be. It developed—and it is a commentary on the degree of curiosity that the American public displays toward its own composers—that Gilbert, who was then, with a number of important compositions to his credit, in his 44th year, had lived the greater part of his life, unknown to the big musical public, within five miles of the concert-hall. Some of his smaller piano pieces and songs had been performed now and then at public concerts. His spirited setting of the verses Stevenson used in Treasure Island, "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest," had been made popular by David Bispham. A setting for soprano and orchestra of "Salammbo's Invocation to Tanith," suggested by the scene in Flaubert's novel, had been played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in 1907 in New York. That was about all. The programme book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra furnished condensed biographical data, a list of Gilbert's compositions, and quoted from certain of his literary essays on the importance of folk-song as a source of material and suggestion for the composer.

It might be asked, what more could be told? A man is born and he dies. Little else is known. As for what makes music come out of him, that is utterly beyond our ken. But as regards Gilbert's relation to the development of American music, this much is apparent: that he had very little musical education in his youth, and that he gained what he now has principally by self-instruction, and by wandering over a good deal of the country during his formative years, consorting with all kinds and classes of men, reading widely, and finding life even more adventurous and wonderful than his reading. George Moore says somewhere that we do not realize how like our destiny is to ourselves. It is probable that very little education according to the European musical standards necessarily preponderant in this country at this time was a condition essential to enable a young composer to break through the thick, hardening crust of Old-World traditions, in his art. Gilbert is perhaps at a disadvantage to-day as regards fluency and easy mastery of his material, because of the early lack of routine instruction, but it is not a compensation to have written some living music, instinct with the breath of the land?

As a boy Gilbert had lessons of the late George Henry Howard in harmony. He studied the violin with Emil Mollenhauer. In 1889, when MacDowell came back to America after his European successes, Gilbert became his first American pupil in composition

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and orchestration. He studied under MacDowell nearly three years. He had then to set out to find employment. While studying with MacDowell, he had made a living by playing the violin in theatres, for dances, and the like. He had realized the deadening results of such routine, and now decided to do anything save hack musical work to keep body and soul together, and compose when circumstances permitted. He became, in succeeding years, a real-estate agent; a foreman in a factory; a worker in music lithographing establishments; a collector of butterflies, with an Arab for companion, in Florida; a raiser of silk-worms, and several other things not necessary to enumerate in order to convince the reader of the variegated pattern of his career. The year 1893 found Gilbert at the World's Fair, employed as a bread-and-pie cutter in a restaurant, and in free hours studying the flora and fauna of the Fair. He enriched his notebooks very considerably in this place by taking down the folk-songs of the Oriental peoples who pitched their tents on the Midway Plaisance. He discovered one day in the restaurant a Russian Prince—there seem to be a number in Russia—who was a friend of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and who, after recovering from his astonishment at the unconventional advances of the bread-and-pie cutter, was able to impart interesting information about this composer and other members of the "Neo-Russian" school, which was one of Gilbert's particular interests at that time.

The music of the modern Russian and of Scandinavian and Bohemian composers who based their art on folk-song impressed Gilbert profoundly in those years, and exerted a permanent influence on his own artistic development. In 1894 he gave a series of concerts of modern Slavic music with the collaboration of Professor Josiah D. Whitney of Harvard University, in Cambridge. In 1895 Gilbert inherited a small sum of money, and, with a commission to purchase some modern scores in Europe, went to Paris, where he wisely spent more time in endeavoring to read French literature in the original than in the opera houses and music shops. He felt the need of a broadening culture even more than the need of counterpoint. An attack of typhoid made him helpless for months. He returned to America, but made a second visit to Paris in 1901, which was to be an important turning point in his life. He had been excited by reports of the *première* of Charpentier's "Louise," a work having popular tendencies which bore on artistic theories he was then working out for himself, and he took to a cattle-boat to hear this opera. Hearing it, he was so stirred that he decided to devote the rest

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of his life wholly to composition, whatever the obstacles or the cost.

In 1902 Gilbert became closely associated with Arthur Farwell and the group of young men whom Farwell in the course of his propaganda for American music had gathered about him. This association was valuable to Gilbert, as, indeed, association with the energy and idealism of Arthur Farwell was important for anyone engaged in those days in the pursuit of such a derided affair as American music. Early compositions of Gilbert's were published by Farwell's Wa-Wan press, and undoubtedly the sort of discussions to which all young men are addicted went on far into the nights, the principal subject being the present and future of a national musical art. There arose, of course, the vexatious question of the use of folk-songs as a basis for American compositions. These young men had been impressed greatly by the same "nationalistic" composers who had previously attracted Gilbert, and also, no doubt, by the performances of Dvořák's "New World" symphony and MacDowell's "Indian Suite," compositions derived from folk-songs of America. It was obvious that American folk-music could be used in symphonic composition. The questions were (1) how they were to be used, and (2) would they express the spirit of the American people in any case. Both questions have proven stumbling blocks in this country, and one shrinks from discussing them at length here. But again, it appears as if an important point had been ignored by a majority of the disputants. Let us acknowledge, as we must, that the majority of folk-melodies afloat in the American atmosphere are not melodies originated by the American people, but melodies of aboriginals, of imported primitive races such as the Negroes, and of European immigrants. People are in the habit of saying that these melodies cannot possibly express the American spirit. I think that in the last analysis they can.

For if one examines the stock of folk-music of practically any country, it transpires that such music is by no means the undiluted production of races which have been on the soil from the beginning. Thus, the folk-music of Spain is in large part the music of the Moors, who invaded that country in the 8th century. Latin, Celtic and other racial currents are found strongly represented in the folk-music of France. The folk-music of Russia, which has perhaps of all nations the richest store of folk-music, is the music literally of hundreds of racial stocks, some of them sprung from the land, but most of them immigrated to their present locality at some time more or less distant. Songs of the

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North and the South, the East and the West, the Gentile and the Jew, make the sum and also the substance of Russian folk-music. The songs of one district are often sharply distinguished from the songs of another, and yet the great literature of Russian folk-song has characteristics which are unmistakably its own and representative collectively of the Russian people.

Now in intermixture of racial elements it is probable that America stands nearer to Russia than to any other nation. We see the blending of musical elements from a hundred sources going forward here almost as rapidly as the blending of the different racial stocks. Our most prevalent popular idiom, for example, is "rag-time," the contribution of the Negro. In New Orleans, where French influences are in the ascendant, we have the graceful and exotic Creole folk-song. In the West, Spanish and Indian elements are strongly evident; and what is not less important is the fact that, as Gilbert proves in his excellent paper on Indian Music published in *The North American Indian*, there are Indian chants which unmistakably show the influence of the religious music of the whites. In the case of the Negro "spiritual" this same influence is of course very evident, mingling with the peculiarly sensuous and sometimes mystical expression of the black man. Who will say that these many folk-songs are not important for the future of American music? Or that they fail to express certain aspects of American consciousness and environment? As for "rag-time," its wide acceptance by the people can only be accepted as proof that it finds an echo in their hearts. And what finds an echo in the hearts of the people I refuse to believe to be wholly insincere, superficial or meretricious. "Rag-time" in its best estate is for me one of our most precious musical assets. It seems to me that the various folk-melodies which abound in this country must be considered as part and parcel of the music representative of the nation.[1]

But as for the manner of using these themes, it must be admitted that few Americans, save Gilbert, appear to have been very successful or sympathetic or personal—let alone "racial"—in their employment.

Their first failure seems to have been this: that they ignored the patent fact of a folk-tune requiring a harmonization native to its own intervals and spirit. The harmonization of a Russian folk-tune cannot be characteristic of the tune and distinctive in its flavor if it is the harmonic conception of a composer, for

[1] The following paragraphs were, of course, written before Mr. Gilbert's article in the October, 1917, number of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY had appeared.—*Ed.*

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instance, of the German school. Nor would the German be satisfied, presumably, with the harmonic conception of an Italian, if applied to a folk-melody of the Fatherland. And yet the majority of American composers, not excluding a number of Farwell's associates, have, when harmonizing folk-melodies of America, been as conventionally European as though they were confronting the harmony class at the blackboard in the Leipzig or Paris Conservatory. This was a place where Gilbert's sound common sense and thoughtfulness saved him from an initial pitfall. He had taught himself, in developing a folk-theme, to write down the harmony that the theme provoked in his imagination, and not the harmony that a professor had told him he heard. How many fine ears have been ruined by the conservatories, how many sensitive harmonic talents have been crushed out of existence by their doctrine—I refuse to distress myself by computing!

But granted the usefulness and appositeness of melodies found in America as material for the American composer, and granted suitable harmony for these melodies, what then? You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink. You can contrive a new musical idiom, or one that has at least features of novelty, and if the soul is not behind the idiom, your American composer might as well be the god-child of Rheinberger of Munich. Gilbert came to the conclusion that a first step of one setting forth, like Diogenes with his lantern, to discover true American music, must be to listen with his ear to the ground, and try to discover not only the idiom but the soul of the people. Certainly one could not expect to encounter the spirit of American music in our opera houses or concert-halls, with their imported artists and programmes. Gilbert would go out, too, and listen, in the streets and the fields, in the theatres and department stores, for the thing that he hoped to capture and embody in his compositions.

There were again some wandering years, full of picturesque incident, and Gilbert's note books of popular melodies swelled and increased in number. About 1903 he completed a composition which he called "Americanesque," for full orchestra. It was based on three Negro minstrel tunes popular in the United States from about the '40's to the '80's—"Zip Coon," otherwise still popular as "Turkey in the Straw;" "Dearest May;" and "Rosa Lee" or "Don't be Foolish, Joe." A prefatory note in the score says that many scraps of folk-music are passing from mouth to mouth of the American people, and that "without inquiring too closely into their origin I have tried to bind together a few scraps into

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an art-form very much after the manner of Edvard Grieg and the folk-music of Norway." This composition is of a somewhat experimental character and it smells to heaven of the crowd. A sort of rowdy, drunken dance rhythm precedes the rustling of "Zip Coon" in the double basses, and later this theme mounts and bursts out brilliantly from the full orchestra. The most interesting pages are those in which all three themes, after the statement of the second theme by the bass, rush along to the conclusion, cheek by jowl, with ingenious counterpoint and spicy instrumentation. This work has not as yet been adequately performed. Whether it will stand as a representative composition of the composer is debatable. What is more important is its vigorous spirit, its freshness of color, its tokens of a new musical individuality.

The next important orchestral work was the "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes," already mentioned. This work was intended originally as the prelude to an operetta based on the "Uncle Remus" tales of Joel Chandler Harris. It was the intention of the composer "to base the music on motives from traditional Negro folk-lore." It is a pity that the operetta has not and apparently cannot be heard, for the music, of which the writer has seen the sketches, is delightfully simple, melodious, and fanciful. Uncle Remus is Raconteur and each of the animals has a witty and characteristic motive, such as the motive of Bre'r B'ar, as he rumbled "G'wine up, G'wine up," and that of Bre'r rabbit as he shakes his ears. But when the operetta had been completed it was found that Harris's heirs had granted rights of a stage work based on the Uncle Remus tales to another composer (whose work has not been heard from) and were unable or unwilling to extend the same rights to Gilbert. Happily, there was no copyright to interfere with the performance of the overture. It was re-orchestrated by Gilbert for large orchestra, in 1909, and given performances, thanks to Arthur Farwell, then supervisor of the programmes of the municipal concerts of New York, on the Mall, Franz Kaltenborn conducting, in the same year, and two other performances by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, Modest Altschuler conductor at the Pittsburg Exposition, prior to the Boston Symphony Orchestra performance in April, 1911.

This overture is worthy of more than casual mention. It is characteristic in every measure of the composer and it is a substantial justification of his theories and practices. Gilbert is an enthusiastic believer in the possibilities of the development

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by the modern composer of material derived from folk-melody, but he does not believe that the mere quoting of a folk-tune makes an original or significant composition. Unless the folk-melody calls forth the creative power and individuality of the composer the result will be without character or vitality. The folk-song is the material stored up for the individual artist by his people. He, as their spokesman, may by the potency of his individual genius expand and glorify this material, and thus, in Gilbert's own phrase, "raise the folk to new horizons of power and beauty."

Those who analyze the thematic material of the Comedy Overture, then, will find that the thematic material as well as its development, appears as the very fabric of the composer's thought. The germs of the lusty opening theme are two four measure phrases in Charles Edward's book, "Bahama Songs and Stories," a publication of the American Folk-Lore Society. The second theme, a theme of melancholy and longing, a theme, as the composer justly remarked in an analytical sketch published in the Boston Symphony Programme Book, "unusually wild in character and withal of considerable nobility," is the only complete Negro melody employed, and is published in "Slave Songs of the United States," by W. F. Allen, and in other collections of Negro folk-songs. It carries a text beginning, "I'se g'wine to Alabammy, Oh." It was a favorite tune with the roustabouts on the Mississippi steamboats. The hilarious fugue which follows is made from a fragment of the Negro spiritual "Old Ship of Zion," as quoted by Jeannette Murphy in her "Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers."

These are the original fragments. The enchained development of the themes, the continuity of the thought, the spontaneity and simplicity of the writing make them inseparable parts of the whole. The composition has perhaps some minor defects of expression, but they are defects of style, and never defects of thinking or of musical invention. There is an occasional awkwardness—abruptness would be a better word—in turning corners. There are too few measures rather than too many—a rare fault in these days. But the very brevity and directness of expression make the more impressive the clearness and idiomatic quality of the writing, and throw into the bolder relief the vigor of the music and the romantic nature poetry which comes to the surface so beautifully in such instances as the lyrical second theme and the superb peroration of the fugue. The fugue itself is one of the most distinctive features of the composition. In its rhythmical

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impulse born of the fragment of the Spiritual, its shrewd wit, its infectious laughter, it announces itself as a piece of craft which could have come from nowhere but America, and from no composer out of touch with at least one side of the temperament of his people. The conclusion is one of reckless hilarity, harking back to the initial theme. I have spoken of the objections to this theme made on the score of commonness and even vulgarity. It may be asked whether the puplic of any country, before its own culture is well established, appreciates the value of its own folk-lore. It is related that once a native of Tiflis entered an American concert-hall, and was surprised at the enthusiasm provoked by a performance of the gorgeous symphonic suite, "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff. "Why," he exclaimed, "that is the sort of thing we hear on the streets in Tiflis!" And so, when Tom Jones and Partridge went to the play, Partridge was enormously impressed by the struttings and bawlings of the actor who took the part of the King, while for Garrick as Hamlet he had no praise. Hamlet had only acted as Partridge or his companion would have acted in similar circumstances!

Now, allowing for the "popular" character of one of the themes, which might be distasteful to some of "our best people," and any defects of workmanship discoverable in this composition, I ask any one who is acquainted with it, where there is another orchestral piece by an American which shows nearly as much vigor, color and raciness of accent? It is not necessary to decry the accomplishment of one man to exalt the accomplishment of another. We have in America many gifted composers, far more skilled in their art than Gilbert, who have made the most honorable records for themselves and whose important works out-number his in the proportion of ten to one. But without, I trust, showing superciliousness, without undervaluing the great and indispensable accomplishments of the men who have given status to music in America—where in all their pages is the living spark of a new art such as is plainly evident in the "Comedy Overture"? It is time that we should take stock and establish our own scale of values in estimating the native musical output. When we do, composers with real ideas will not wait as long as Gilbert has waited for recognition.

In 1913 Gilbert was invited by Carl Stoeckel, under whose patronage the Music Festivals of the Litchfield County Choral Union of Connecticut have become such an important factor in the fostering of creative musical endeavor in this country, to compose an orchestral piece for performance at the Norfolk

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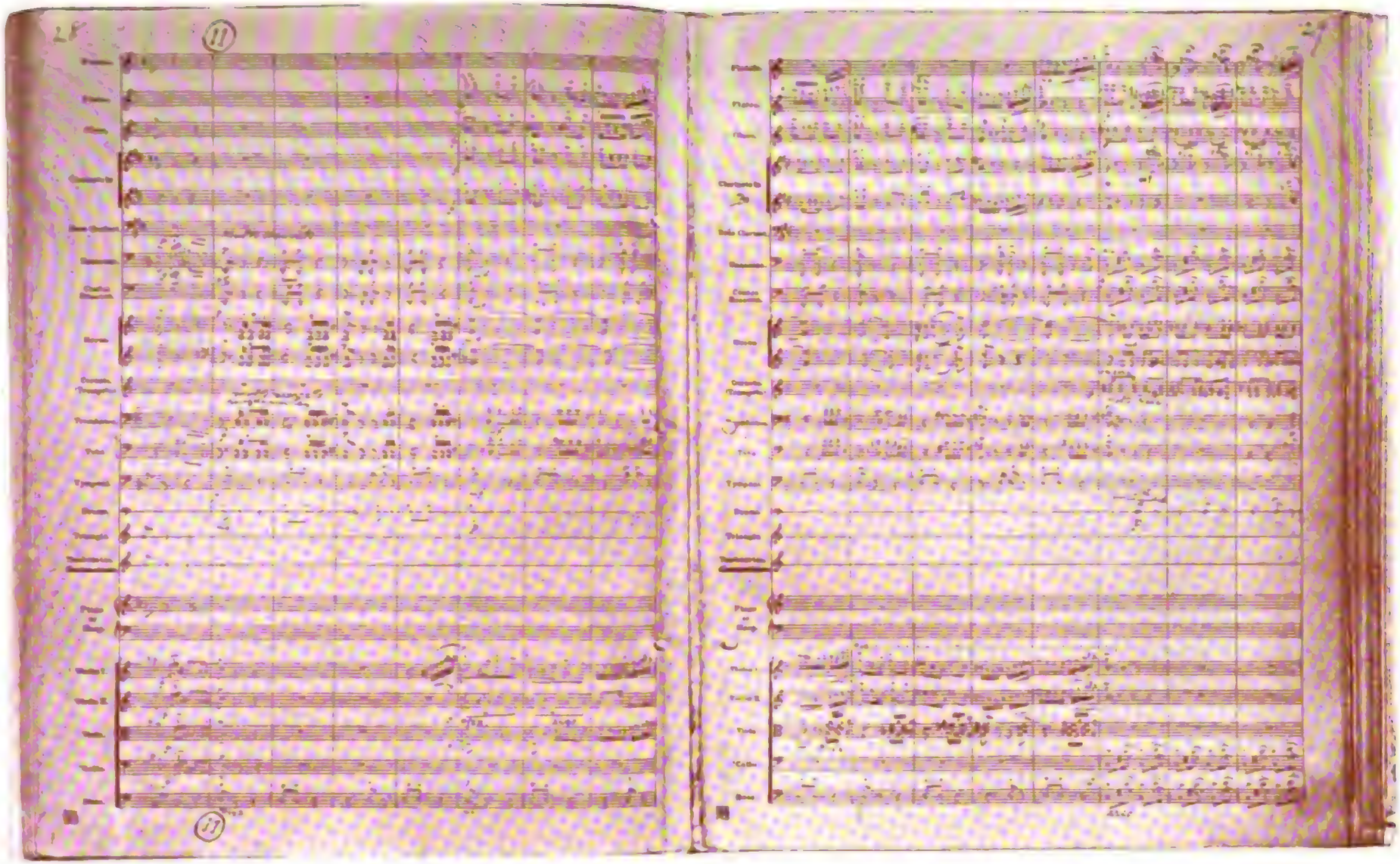
Festival of that year. The work Gilbert produced had originally the title of "Shout," which was somewhat unnecessarily changed to "Negro Rhapsody." The "Shout" is the religious dance of the Negro, one of the survivals, doubtless, of ancient barbaric ceremonial, which often lasts through a night and culminates in scenes of frenzy. This composition also is based on Negro themes, the first a savage dance tune, strongly rhythmical, and the second one of the finest of the Negro Spirituals, "I'll hear the Trumpet Sound." The dance motive and that of the spiritual are alternately developed. Toward the last there is a passage, unparalleled in the knowledge of the writer in any other score, a curious grinding of harmonies, an incoherent *shouting*. Suddenly the orchestra snaps off on a dissonance, at the instant that the drums enter with a furious roll. This gradually dies down, and then over the muttering of the drums and sweeping arpeggii of the harp, the theme of the Spiritual is glorified. Speaking of this passage, in a foreword in the score, the composer said, "The barbaric falls away and the noble takes its place. For I have here tried to represent the spiritual vision toward which the negro gropes, a kernel of true aspiration toward which is somewhere concealed in all his wild shouting and striving."

A fourth composition, on Negro, or rather Creole themes, and the biggest canvass the composer has yet prepared, is the symphonic poem "The Dance in the Place Congo." This work was suggested by George W. Cable's description of the dances the slaves used to hold in the old Place Congo in New Orleans of the 40's. Five Creole themes are employed. One of them is the theme of the Bamboula, which Coleridge Taylor employed in his orchestral piece of that name, although in a manner very different from that of Gilbert. The introduction is gloomy and tragic. The principal theme, a sort of wild cry, is repeatedly proclaimed, with always increasing breadth and emphasis, by the orchestra. After a pause the Bamboula, a vulgar dance tune, with a lordly swing, is heard. There follows a lighter, wittier theme. After extended development of this material comes a nobly pathetic middle portion, in the manner of a love scene, and finally a conclusion that is weird and fantastic. The dance, at the height of its excitement, is interrupted by the booming of a great bell. This is the bell which rings the summons to "quarters," and the sleep that will preface another day of toil and weariness. There is a pause; a cry of despair; then a sound like the shuffling of feet, mournful echoes of themes previously heard, the establishment of a mood that is nocturnal and tragic,

and, with a sudden surprising harmonic turn, and a final reference to the theme of the opening, the end. This music has not been performed. It is a risky thing to reckon too definitely on the effect of a score only known by reading. But there are certain characteristics of the score which put it apart from the compositions which precede it. The themes of the Creole have in themselves a certain tropical grace distinguishable from the themes of the Negro. They offer, of course, new harmonic suggestions of which the composer has availed himself. Is it too much to say their spirit seems to communicate to the music, in places, something of that quality which Nietzsche discovered in Carmen, something fatalistic, something hot, brutal, languorous, something "Mediterranean?" Certain passages, no doubt with intention, are baldly obvious and vulgar or grotesque, and in strong and crude contrast to the tenderness and the beautiful melodic line of the love scene. (Since the above paragraphs were written the composer has completed a scenario for the performance of his composition as a ballet by the Metropolitan Opera Company.)

I have described a few of Gilbert's most representative compositions in some detail in order that the reader who is unacquainted with his music may gain a general impression of his methods and of the romantic and imaginative quality which informs all of his work. He has also produced other important compositions which represent the widest departure in manner and spirit from the works suggested by Negro folk-lore. There is, for instance, the music which he composed as incidental to performances of Synge's "Riders to the Sea." As in writing the overture to the Uncle Remus stories he had identified the spirit and material of his composition with that of Negro folk-tales, so did he succeed, in a similar way, with the Prelude which he wrote for performances of Synge's drama by the Twentieth Century Club of Boston in 1904. It may be said here that this departure was not at all the result of a temporary impulse on the part of the composer. The literature of the so-called Celtic Renaissance had long possessed a peculiar fascination for him, and this was also the case with Irish folk-music, which I believe he still considers the richest and most beautiful folk-music in the world. At any rate, for the Prelude he used a fragment of an old Irish folk-tune, a theme of melancholy and ancestral quality, which he developed through the medium of a little theatre orchestra consisting of about eight pieces, including a piano. The piano arrangement of this Prelude takes up just three pages of manuscript copy, and it appears to me as a most sympathetic preparation for



Two pages from the orchestral score of Henry F. Gilbert's "The Dance in the Place Congo."

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Synge's drama in its brevity and its atmosphere, derived from a bit of folk-music as racial as the drama itself. It takes imagination and feeling to suggest in such a space the terror of the sea and the sadness of humans who have long known its power. Between the performance of "Riders to the Sea" and Dr. Hyde's "Twisting of the Rope" there was also played a suite of three pieces, based on old Irish airs, treated in a manner truly decorative and archaic.

The prelude served ten years later as a kernel for a Prologue to "Riders to the Sea" for full modern orchestra. In it the germ is expanded, and the Prologue becomes an instrumental synopsis of the drama. There is "proud music of the storm", music of outcry and lamentation, and finally, modulating from a minor to a major key, a conclusion that speaks of the resignation of the old mother, who has lost her last son, and from whom the sea can take no more. This Prologue was performed under the composer's direction at the music festival of the MacDowell Memorial Association, held at Peterboro, N. H., in Spetember, 1914.

What impresses one here is not only the eloquence and the big dramatic sweep of the Prologue, but the fact that it is as fine and Celtic in its quality as the music on Negro folk-themes is sensual, humorous, or barbaric. Still another side of a musical personality is revealed in Gilbert's music derived from Indian folk-melodies. Quite a number of pretty things have been done in this country with Indian chants and the like. I personally know of no composer who has been so successful as Gilbert in retaining the rugged and heroic quality of these melodies, and yet making them eloquent and artistic for civilized ears. The chants have suggested in their turn, a clean, austere coloring, not unsuggestive of Northern nature. The six "Indian Sketches" have not been performed, though they very decidedly invite a hearing.

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I conceive that there are three principal periods in the development of a national musical culture. First, the period which is necessarily one of imitation of well developed foreign models; second, the revolt against imitation, and the equally necessary cultivation of folk-melody, in order to formulate an authentic idiom and get back into touch with the spirit of the composer's people; third, the time when the spiritual consciousness of the people and the musical idioms transmuted developed from the original folk-songs, rather than the original material, are responsible for the highly specialized expression of a leading composer,

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who remains a true prophet of his people. Wagner is such a composer; Debussy another. In the art of such composers as Chopin, Schumann, Moussorgsky, the actual presence of folk-song is more obvious. But all these composers are branches of great trees that grow from the soil. Gilbert appears to me as a pioneer of the revolt that prefaces the second stage in our musical development. The performance of the "Comedy Overture" appears to me as a more significant event than the performance of any other American composition which it has been my fortune to know. I think it is a sort of a milestone in the musical history of the country, not incomparable in its significance to the significance of the performance of Glinka's representative operas in Russia in the 30's. Of all contemporaneous American composers—I am perfectly well aware that the statement will seem extreme to a majority of readers—I think that one finds in Gilbert's music, whatever its clumsinesses or indiscretions, the truest passion of creation, the imperative need of expression because of ideas that will out. This music, as has been seen, is for the most part based on folk-themes and owes much to them. But it is not the physical presence of folk-material in itself which constitutes the distinction of the music. Gilbert could say, with Whitman, that it was not the sounds, but their exquisite meanings, which moved him. Gilbert has in fact produced a series of works of extremely individual and romantic quality, musical fabrics, shot with richly colored strands of racial elements here moving forward, as he believes, to some remote and dazzling consummation.

Acknowledge ineptitudes due to a lack of long routine training, on the one hand, and to the occasional vulgarisms, on the other, which, fortunately or otherwise, have their reflection in our popular music and our popular consciousness. Admit that this is by no means pure metal, but rough ore which has in it many elements, some of them precious, others not useful, in the highest sense, to the artist. It remains that we have here a kind of music which did not exist before, and which is nervous with qualities of the race. It is music of a youthful people; of the open air; of an adventurous spirit; invigoratingly free of the morbidness and sophistication of much modern art. It is not meant for the approval of stylists or specialists in the emotions, but—like all true music— for the men and women out in the great wide world. It appears as a forerunner, at least, of the kind of an art which America might well wish to develop from her inner consciousness. Because of its spirit, its youth, and its vision, it may well be called the art of an American composer.

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ON OPERA

By HERBERT F. SMALL

AS spectators, if not creators, we have for some time cultivated the opera assiduously and with an open hand. Many of us are beginning to think we should have so notable an article of consumption "made in America." Experiments have been tried; but the musical critic still informs us with periodic regularity that American Opera is not yet, but that the time is ripe for it, and we must have it. If we long to cherish this Benjamin in our bosoms, it is well to take stock of him in advance; also of our readiness to receive him. A discussion of the nature of opera, its relations with life, and of the national element in it involves historical considerations far from unfamiliar. Where many voices, however, have been heard, another may with all the more propriety venture to speak.

Modern opera was born in Italy at the time when the national genius, wearied by too much love of living, fettered by tyranny, and disillusioned by a sad history, was about to settle into its long half-death. The earlier mood, all eagerness to know every mundane experience, to confront every mundane problem, and —most passionately—to find mundane beauty in all her lurking places and bring her out into the bright sunlight, had been close to painting: the enamored eye, which saw with unexcellable clarity, yet idealized through very keenness and joy of vision. Now pained eyes shielded themselves from the noonday glare—and indeed what could they see by that hard light but shame and ruin, *danno e vergogna?* Sleep was the dearest gift of all, or else a sheltered somnolence with daydreams and senses pleasurably stirred, but not by anything with the burden of experience in it.

> The shadow of the dome of pleasure
> Floated midway on the waves;
> Where was heard the mingled measure
> Of the fountains and the caves——

And the maiden with a dulcimer: it is hard to dissociate such languors from an evocation of the ear's hidden delight. But it was not all poppies and lotos-eating. Italian clarity of intellect, diverted from the larger life, and specialized, was still able to lay the foundations of modern sciences; and Italian sensuousness

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and quick Italian emotion thrown back on themselves were still able to give us a new music—the modern language as opposed to the mediæval discipline. A new departure in art brings with it new technical problems, and even pointing the way to their solution implies no mean vigor in that especial field. Such patches of energy, however, occur in every age of exhaustion. The significant thing is that the Italian pole had swung from painting to music. The musical domination had set in.

Its mark is discernible in the Tasso of the "Jerusalem." In his "Aminta" and Guarini's "Pastor Fido"—the Arcadian drama—we catch the very wave of the wand. These pastoral enchantments are the courtier's refuge from life—from world-weariness into the old dream of the golden age, from sordid cynicism into a vision of passion at its youngest, fairest and purest, from palace confinement into green fields not too rude. We, with the XIXth Century behind us, get no smell of the soil in this silken rusticity, and therefore dismiss it as untrue to life. But it is only so if knowledge and fruition alone are real, desire unattained but still desiring, hope baffled but clinging to a dream, human unrealities. And this tenuous emanation of the inner, this distancing mirror of the outer life, flashes one vivid, living thing direct into the bosom of the spectator: emotion. Emotion is the true creator of the drama, the other faculties lending no more than their necessary aid: emotion holds the middle foreground in its quintessence of yearning, and groups its minor phases round about—and this is the Arcadian plot, the action; it surrounds itself with a visible aura of shapes and motions, designed to woo the eye from discordant memories, and melt its pleasure into acquiescence in the prevailing mood—and this is the Arcadian scene; it pulses into audible speech, into its native lyrical measures, but with an added voluptuousness of sound that almost usurps the place of reason—and this is the Arcadian dialogue. Such drama made the opera possible, technically. But more, it was itself an outpost of the musical advance; and music followed as an element coming into its own.

The other half belongs to musical history. It begins—for one can neglect scattered "origins"—with a little group of amateurs, who, enthusiasts alike for their art and for classical ideals as the Renaissance conceived them, were bent on reviving the Greek drama. They knew, as we do, that the actual performance of the Greek play involved musical declamation and choric dances of some sort. To us, however, it all seems as irrecoverable as painted sculpture. They followed the gleam—and were not

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the first or last to be led by the Hellenic will o' the wisp into realms immeasurably far from Athens. Their illusive pilgrimage deposited them on the threshold of their own Italian theatre, where Nomansland held the stage, and called itself antiquity. They brought no more than the breath these pastoral pipes awaited. The Arcadian mold was ready for any proper subject, whether drawn from Greek mythology, Roman history, or the more Italian fairyland of Ariosto. It held for many generations: Metastasio's large brood traces its descent from the "Aminta." Our Hellenizers were never quite conscious that there was a dramatic problem to solve.

Their attack of the musical problem was consciously revolutionary. A group of professionals, who soon took up the thread, challenged conservatism by calling some of their non-operatic experiments the *Nuove Musiche* and the name still clings to them. How, they asked themselves, could sound be disengaged from the intricate contrapuntal structure of the age, and be rendered supple, swift and sure to express the intensity of human passion, with all its shades? They chose as their expressive medium a sort of free-flowing monody, a cantillation based on the musical cadences of speech itself, and thus designed to fit and heighten the emotional content of the words. That recitative answered a need is shown by the deep root it has taken, but tendencies more native to the "parent speech" were not slow in asserting themselves. Almost at the outset do we get glimpses of incohate melody—incohate either because these Hellenizers expressly shunned the folk-song, or because the *aria* form they were straining after was not yet found.

In Monteverdi the new movement found a protagonist, conspicuous for genius and training. He was not the first to use what may be called an orchestra, and he was perhaps not the first to introduce rhythmic and instrumental coloring, but his was the first *consistent* attempt to express not only the core of emotion, but its subtler qualities and the "atmosphere" about it: Monteverdi, more than any other single man, is the founder of the new music and of its characteristic form, the opera.

And yet his operas have become mere historical curiosities, while the "Aminta," with no music but the *morbidezza* of its versification, can still be read, if not seen with pleasure. On the other hand, when we think of the musical greatness of old Italy, Palestrina, not Monteverdi, occurs to us. Both Tasso and Palestrina were touched with the new spirit; but the art of each looks backward on a long tradition. Monteverdi, facing forward,

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marshalled the singing hosts for conquests he did not live to see. It is almost a law that in an age of great practical endeavor, vigorous thought and wide artistic activity—a humanistic age, in short—music may thrive among the rest, but will remain in the centre fixed by its nature and its traditional uses. Mixed musical forms are a sign of the musical hegemony. Program music attempts a sort of foggy distillation of sights, stories and thoughts. There is no form a born painter, poet or thinker would more readily part withal, and leave to its rightful owner, the musician. So, too, the opera is a musician's form. Desdemona's moment of song is no invitation to a Verdi. The modern cultivators of pure drama have never asked for incidental, much less coincidental, music. But the musician, who views life mainly through the emotions and is less keenly interested in the intellectual and moral element of causation, finds in the scene, properly arranged, his greatest opportunity to present a microcosm of his own. The opera is the musician's attempt to read and interpret the larger and more definite pulses of life.

Though the pioneers left no abiding opera, they fixed the essence and ideal of the form. You have the operatic "compromise": a drama, homed in the imagination, not too definitely in time or space, and remote enough to allow for a less realistic medium of expression than speech; you have this expression, on the other hand, divested of its separate peculiarities, and fitted as nearly as possible to the moods, passions and happenings on the stage. The result is a singing dreamland, whose reality consists in the reality of the emotions, whose "illusion," in the keenness and immediacy of their conveyance. Music is the primal element, and unity depends on its ability to dissolve, as it were, all else that is seen and heard, and hold it in solution.

The subsequent development of opera is part of musical history as a whole. If the *Nuove Musiche* introduced aims and methods that bore fruit in many a field apart from opera, and ultimately even opposed to it, the opera nevertheless benefited by every musical advance. The emotional range increased as technical resources increased, and as musical suggestiveness grew in power—real or imagined—so did the colored fringe about the central glow of emotion occupy more and more of the scene. Music seemed able to embrace a larger and a larger drama. New nations entered into the arena. The French, as inheritors of the Renaissance tradition, took very naturally to the form; while in Germany it is at first more obviously an exotic, belonging to the Italianate and Gallic tastes of the petty courts. But though

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French and German national idioms crept into the music, and though the French touch is uniformly felt in a greater dramatic poignancy, and the German occasionally in a new homeliness imported from the "Singspiel," throughout the XVIIIth Century these developments remain branches of the original Italian opera.

In Gluck, what was not merely general but had a distinctive Latin flavor in the older opera, reaches its climax. The focus of his remote stage is still clear-cut humanity, its own voice the cardinal expressive medium. The orchestra serves as a sort of larger vocal sounding board, or as a reinforcer of gesture, and only when the human emotions plainly shade off into their surroundings, does it show how well it can "paint" the moods of places. There is a simplicity, a purity, in Gluck's utterance; a decorousness in the feelings and carriage of his characters—as though grief moved to a saranbande, and joy could stoop to nothing less stately than a minuet; a balanced symmetry in the arrangement of scene and score—all of which are the mark of Renaissance ideals at work in a form least open to the incursions of "common sense." The scene is "Arcadia," a little changed, some of the old wistfulness gone, and here and there a mincing periwig grace added, but still recognizably the same old refuge. The formalism of the music is arrived at the extreme limit of safety; but the *aria da capo* and kindred molds suit the behaviour of the characters, and the music still holds the essence of the drama.

Just as Gluck's sweet melodies and thrilling recitative, hardly touched by time, still appeal to us, so we can imagine them reaching backward into the bosoms of the founders. But their form was to attain new complexities, which would have taken it out of their ken. Therein lay peril as well as triumph. Even while they were striving for a form congruous and unified within its own limits, the dance-play came into being. It was soon incorporated in the opera as ballet. The few instances in which it has been successfully absorbed are exceptions to the rule. Then there was the court spectacle. It was as like as not to be strung together on a pastoral plot, and it is often hard to say where the true pastoral play ends and the court variety begins. But the court entertainer could dispense with Tasso's feeling, Tasso's art; and when a few hours' amusement was the sole end in view, he was not likely to be haunted by Attic memories. The only indispensable ingredients in his concoction were elaborate scenery and a well-costumed crowd. It is the ancestor of refined vaudeville, calling itself a play. As music came to be the cherished

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diversion, the court entertainment everywhere became more and more "operatic."

Thus, almost at the outset you have bastard opera. The difficult ideal and the easy, but degraded, accomplishment compete with each other through the ages: they are the camps from which so many operatic battles have been fought. For the most part victory favors the lower standard. The true operatic mood, which makes for unity, is rare; collaboration increases the odds against it. Drama and music have separate homes and separate habits; when they merely meet in opera, a force in each tends from the common centre. Time and time again the operatic drama has departed from its origins to follow current modes. The musician, absorbed in the adventures of an errant sharp or flat, often does not perceive that in a more than figurative sense his chosen drama cannot possibly keep step with his measures. The extreme of misunderstanding results in "realistic" opera—a *reductio ad absurdum*. It is not so much because real people do not sing their way from the breakfast table to their business offices, sing their marriage proposals or expire in an ecstacy of song; it is, to put the emphasis where in art it belongs, because music is not, nor ever will be, a medium for the conveyance of unfettered realism. It can seize upon the emotional opportunities offered, and, for the rest, induce its own states, which may or may not heighten the enjoyment of an unrelated drama. Properly speaking, it then becomes incidental music, and serves the stage as incense does the true inwardness of piety. Even more congenial forms of opera have an analogous, though a lesser, danger: for it is easier for music to stimulate the nervous condition behind all emotion than to particularize the emotions themselves. For these reasons, most people, musical and otherwise, with a sense of artistic propriety, think of something hopelessly and amorphously hybrid, when the very term "opera" is mentioned. It seems the ill-imagined angel, the man with property wings—all the dignity and poise of his natural motion marred by these sham-heavenly adjuncts, and themselves a sorry travesty of flight.

The opera was at its lowest ebb in the early XIXth Century. Vestiges of the fashion permit us to realize the Three Ring Circus it was. As for the pantomime drama—the babblings of the librettist hardly counted; one cared little about Lucy's madness, everything about her third-linked emulation of the flute. If, however, the concert aria was primarily designed to show off vocal technique, yet it enshrined a profound love of the human

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voice and its power to move. Donizetti and Bellini have left us a handful of fragrant melodies; and Rossini, that lesser Mozart, will long be remembered for his "Figaro" and his genial personality. As creators in their degree, these men all chafed against the bondage in which they lay to the Cantatrice, the mere interpreter. But the impresario, holder of the purse, ruled; and the composers were of their time and clime, conformists, not reformers.

When the great reformer did come, he showed with unrivalled distinction what the opera should be. Richard Wagner's theories have so much in them of the thought of his day, so much more of sheer Wagner, that we are apt to regard his "music-drama" as an entire new-birth. He was as original as it is given mortal to be. But he did not create a new form on new fundamental principles; he did but grasp with the firmness of one destined to bring an inherited form to its climax those essential to its nature. He, too, who was so far from "Sophrosyne," the Greek temperance, thought he could learn from that early harmony to re-unite the arts. The illusive gleam beaconed him back to the ideals of the *Nuove Musiche.*

Two centuries lay between Monteverdi and this master of orchestration. But all that is most Wagnerian in technique—his breaking up of the concert forms, his rejection of a conventionalized recitative, his coloring, his harmonic innovations—is in the line of his spiritual inheritance. His *leit-motiv* system solved the larger problem of form; his "expressionistic" use of counterpoint enlists even the old enemy into the expressionistic ranks. He launched new and thunderous dissonances, fighting over Monteverdi's battle on a larger scale: the battle between discord, which is "language," and euphony, which aims at contemplative beauty. Wagner remarshalled the singing hosts for larger conquests.

When he tells us that the proper subject to handle is myth or legend, because the imagination and emotions, unhampered by matter of fact, can find free play there, he is only enunciating what was more than a theory, a full-fledged condition, in earliest operatic days. Yes, but he says the myth must be no flimsy make-believe, no superficial emanation of "culture," but something that beats in the blood of the people, truer and more immediate than reason itself. And Wagner does seem to establish a new modern contact with primitive intuitions of life, still touched with Man's emergence from the great mystery. But he is a modern "cerebral" using this early stuff; it is remote from him; and we are never on more unstable ground than when we insist

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on the reality or unreality of remote forms. Rightly viewed, Wagner's choice is racial, temporal. By moving the scene from the Mediterranean to the Baltic of Nomansland he made no essential change. *Nuove Musiche, Musik der Zukunft*—it is but a translation.

So, Opera, Music-Drama. As Wagner is the supremest musician in the field, so among musicians he is the greatest poet. But the poet in him is the subordinate, creating at the dominant musician's behest. He himself pleaded most passionately, eloquently and sincerely for that new equality of the arts conceived by him—it is the voice of a musical temperament, justifying itself to men. He gave the world as he saw it: emotion in the centre and round about it things all timbre and measurable rhythm, not the painter's or poet's color, not motions spiritual as æther. It is the world of a master librettist. He is able to use a large and complex stage, because his "dramatic principles" reduce themselves to temperamental and emotional impulses that blend or conflict with one another, like the musical themes that so easily lay hold of them. Wagner is sicklied o'er by that national abstraction, which can turn even Shakespeare to allegory. It makes for metaphysics, not ideal creation. But, having his music, Wagner is the gainer by this bent: his characters assert no stubborn life of their own, but await the infusion of the singing blood.

There is something profounder than adroitness in his arrangement of the scene, so that music can not only envelop it, but enter upon it and speak from it in its own right. The sailor's chant, the shepherd's pipe in "Tristan"—to name only two examples out of many—cast an atmosphere with almost Shakesperian magic. It is as though what is merely a device in other composers were Wagner's way of giving music its rightful place in life. Perhaps it is not inconsistent with this that the "Mastersingers," whose hero wins his heart's desire with a song, should be Wagner's most "human" play.

Yearning, represented in the plot by love, is still the centre of the scene. Never has it spoken with so powerful a voice, music so athrill with it. The emotional range 'round about is greatly increased: Fricka's jealousy, Marke's reproach more in sorrow than in anger—so delicate a shade! But Wagner's most striking advance on all predecessors is shown in his unique hold on the atmosphere that embosoms the emotional heart. Here, in the sense that music is an older poetry than that of words, he is a great poet. His wonderful power almost suggests that he

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has memories of those dim old forest days, when the eye could help us little, and the ear brought us our chief messages of danger and security, discomfort and ease. His world is aquiver with these emotional vibrations, and so powerful are they in their own field, that the eye is deluded into accepting them as matter itself. In a similar way the eye gets its sensation of rhythm through the ear—the flicker of fire, the gleam of a sword, sunbeams dancing through nodding boughs or on rippling waters.

Where the human body is concerned, the two-fold perception of rhythm is most obviously exemplified by the dance. Wagner, for excellent reasons, objected to ballet, or indeed to conventionalized movements in general. But in a larger sense his dramas are on one continuous dance or march. Since Virgil's *ego quae divom incedo regina*, godhead has never so clearly revealed itself in the very gait. So, down the line, from Wotan to Mime and Beckmesser. Wagner's characters all stalk or strut or glide or slink. He makes us feel their size, and sense the element that homes them. Where they do not impress themselves by their habitual emotions, we get to know them by the way they move about.

That the ear rather than the eye is engaged in all these effects becomes obvious when we detach the stage make-shifts, human and scenic, from the music that exalts them. Wagner, whose artistic sanity shied at the extremes of program music, insisted on a visual basis for his suggestions. Their inevitable focus is nevertheless the orchestra. More significantly still, the orchestra is the focus of spiritual motions, the "Greek Chorus"; for Wagner realizes the double process of drama: the feigned emotions on the stage, and the emotional commentary in the audience. His orchestra prophecies, recalls, throws out hints and reminders. It tells us what the characters are thinking, when they dissemble, when they deceive themselves. The solvent, here as elsewhere, is emotion, the note of sorrow, joy, love or awe impressed upon us in its moment of intensity. Wagner is least successful when he doles out "motives" that must be identified in a book.

But the orchestra is something more intimately Wagnerian than a Greek Chorus. His life was a bewilderment between the blasts and counterblasts of emotion; the principle of control had no large place in it. And so he portrayed the world—the theatre of impelling forces darkly at work in our bosoms. Like wind-driven Paolo and Francesca, his characters are whirled by gusts of sound. The operatic microcosm has shifted its centre from all of human emotion the mind may grasp, or words may tell,

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to the stormy, inarticulate intuitions of that instrumental music: the three Norns sit in the Orchestra and spin out the play. Though the intellectual burden of this new balance is pessimism, during performance it is rather felt as an artistic effect. It is the secret of wonderful Wagnerian moments, when those irresistible waves of sound envelop stage and audience together, so that both are of the life—a very "real" life, then—and music seems the very air we breathe.

"Tristan" in its complete dress is incomparably the finest modern working of the old ore. With the "Mastersingers" it still constitutes the highest reach of serious German dramatic endeavor. Any of the operas from the Ring to Parsifal would win their author German laurels as the bringer to his country of great artistic gifts. Though interesting experiments are now under way, Wagner's work is still the supreme justification of a perilous form. His success caused his followers to make excessive claims for it. In what way and to what extent did Wagner enlarge the scope of opera as an expression of modern life?

A nebulous state, such as in old Italy was the ghost of a too vivid flaming, ushered in a new world for the more natively dreamful Teuton. Never have thought and emotion been so abstracted from the common ways of life as they were in metaphysical, romantic Germany; they, however, were the sign of an innate vigor as yet untried on the hard obstructions of fact. It was a time that gave us the greatest modern music as Renaissance Italy gave us the greatest modern painting. No thinker or author of the period has entered into men's lives with the power which time has left unimpaired in the master musicians. But Fichte, archimage of the Absolute, descended from the clouds to lecture Young Germany on her political duties. The poets, moreover, tho' each followed his individual bent through the maizes of faery, yet collectively they were busy extracting their impossible "Middle Ages" from the German past; and the "blue flower" of their romantic quest prefigured the corn flower to come. As revolutionary and political aspirations struck fire from the national soul so did the dreamworld of art become more and more electric with the sparks. Wagner came to inherit this charged material, together with the musical medium, best fitted to convey the emotional throb in it. The opera made the natural fusion. Wagner himself had the national itch for reading the metaphysical forces behind the times; and was stirred by the revolutionary impulses of the day. His opera, therefore, is rich in symbolism and represents the closest contact of a remote form with vital issues.

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"The message" of symbolism, however, is precarious at best, and evanescent. To read Wagnerian exegesis in full flower is to be troubled with more than Dante's "literal, allegorical, moral and anagogical." There is an added bewilderment when c-sharp becomes a thought, the English horn an expositor. Wagner is supposed to "express Schopenhauer." Some of his characters really do at times—and offer arid patches, which the music cannot cover, to the detriment of Wagner's unity. Music cannot express a philosophical idea. It can express the mood behind the idea, the temperamental thing; and Wagner's mood is very close to Schopenhauer's. His orchestra is a veritable World Will turned to sound. But it is sound addressed to the nerves, not ideas to the reason. Therein lies much of its power: for moods have a longer life than ideas. They also have a longer ancestry. Wagner's to-day brings back most vividly that yesterday when Tasso's *non so che* was heard—the cry of emotion, beating its wings against the eyeless, mindless void. One remembers the ill-starred lovers of the "Jerusalem"—and Tasso's harassing doubts about them. Art was not yet prepared for emotionalism; and Society confined its tortured exponent in a mad house. But with Wagner emotionalism is proud, aggressive and unabashed, confident that if it does not solve, it yet grasps the very secret of life. *Non so che* rings out a pæan: it has found its proper voice. A little while ago Young France and Italy were responding to the call; they felt an upward impulse in that tumult, and the very unrest of it seemed a "growing pain" of progress. So much emotionalism and its music have to offer. But they cannot replace thought. They can sack the soul's white Parthenon; they cannot occupy it.

If Wagner was profoundly German in feeling and in artistic tradition, he was less successfully so in the choice of his subjects. It must have been gaul to this "Ur-German" to discover how much of his material he thought bore the indelible stamp of Mediæval Germany, bore the indelible stamp of Mediæval France. The facts, however, hardly matter; his opinion of them is the thing. His ambition to gather together all that was most German in literature and turn it to power is the aim of a great artist. It robed him in dignity, and gave him the "grand style." "Hiawatha" would have served his purpose, had he been persuaded it was German.

In general it can be said that truly national subjects fit for opera are a happy accident. The prime requisite is that they be remote enough to liberate emotion from matter of fact, then,

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by a sort of negative nationalism, that they contain no racial peculiarities of a sort to mar the emotional illusion of a given audience. "Arcadia" is as real as Nibelheim, but not to a German; while the majority of Latins still find an overpowering odor of malt and hops in Nibelheim. The crux of nationalism, of course, is the music. All the peoples whose music displays a national idiom in popular forms, possess the potentialities, at least, of a national school. In these fields a vigorous home life and hospitality go together. The German "Liederschatz" contains many a Scotch, Italian and Russian gem; it is none the less a monument to centuries of native song. The same is true of cultivated forms. Where opera flourishes the repertory is international. Only the home accents find their way to the heart most swiftly and surely; they are the oftenest heard; and without them there can be no true hearth for hospitality.

Germany may be taken as the type of a genuinely opera-loving country. The cultivation of the form is not confined to the large cities; the staple performances in many a small local house maintain standards of excellence our own Metropolitan, with all its expensive "stars," is never certain of reaching. Wherever people foregather, be it even for divine worship, there is sure to be a "society" element; and this, to a certain extent, is true of the German opera house. However, it is kept in exemplary subordination. The German's hold on life, as evidenced by the directer forms of art, is still uncertain; and opera answers to æsthetic needs of his that nothing else can fill. The opera is national with him in the first place because he really wants it. Nothing, not a game like baseball, or the sentiment behind a holiday, is national unless taken with spontaneous and unostentatious seriousness by a fair percentage of the population.

Judged in this manner, opera is still far from being an American institution. In so far as it is natively American at all, everything points to the court entertainment, the aristocratic amusement. Only the times and our wealth afford us a wider ecclecticism than prevailed in the Gallo-Italianate German courts. There is no reason why Hasses should not rise among us, why our many gifted and trained musicians should not supply part, at least, of our needs, and share the pecuniary reward with the foreign purveyor.

American Opera, however, they cannot give, because there is no national idiom in which to utter it. That is still in the Melting Pot. We seem to catch new accents in the simmering, but they are as yet too ill-defined for prophecy, even. We are a musical people. It is no longer due, as it once was, to the

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foreigner among us; or a mere matter of education, as it was when Beethoven's "Fifth" came, and forever banished the "Maiden's Prayer" from the maiden's piano. Our oldest native stock responds to the art, yes, and creates it, too, in a way that would have seemed most ungodly to the Pilgrim Fathers. But here, as in so many other instances, "culture" meets nothing truly popular working upward from the soil. Our farm houses, mining camps and fishermen's cottages are not vocal with invitations to an American Weber; they sometimes resound with echoes of the foreign, but furnish no native "Singspiel." Our ragtime cannot compete for ethnic intimacy or purity with the Viennese Waltz, which simply insisted on dancing itself into operette. Yet nationality is easier to attain in these lesser forms than in Grand Opera.

We can await its advent in patience. The American genius does not take readily to remote forms. Our finer artistic sense, it is true, sometimes seeks refuge in them, so hard is it to build upon the spiritual level of our everyday life. That level is more faithfully represented by the type of "realism," which, in the main, we favor. Perhaps, as we fondly think, we are thus manifesting the hold of a hard-headed folk on the true facts of existence; but it is to be suspected that a certain incapacity to leave the mental arithmetic, and follow the lowest algebra, of the imagination has a great deal to do with it. In practical accomplishment we are great, in science, powerful; and our æsthetic hungers can be measured by the large amount of music they consume. But we are weak in that central "humanity," which lies between science and music, keeping them both sweet, and whose organ is ideal literature. We have produced a Lincoln—how many works of letters that are not silenced by him? We need not clamor for American Opera. Rather is it to be hoped that we shall have quarried much of the immediate power, beauty and truth of democratic life long before our mood subsides into a genuine and intimate sympathy with so remote a form as the opera.

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VIOLIN TEACHING IN ITS RELATION TO THE ORGANIZATION OF CIVIC ORCHESTRAS

By E. W. MORPHY

AMONG the many factors of civic music not one gives so much trouble as the orchestra, and no component is so hard to control or so difficult to bring to a reasonable state of proficiency. Choral societies spring up almost over night; bands grow like mushrooms—quickly and in the most unexpected places; but the amateur orchestra is a frail flower, almost too delicate to keep alive, though too beautiful to let die. It is true we have more orchestras now than were extant a decade ago; nevertheless, these organizations are still in the minority and their individual growth is painfully slow. This condition is due to the scarcity of string-instrument players, especially violinists—good amateur violinists. The cities seem able to supply plenty of material for the professional orchestras, but while it is highly desirable to have these excellent symphonic organizations, those interested in civic improvement in general and who are anxious for our musical future want many non-professional orchestras to provide activity for players not sufficiently gifted to reach professional standards, and also to help rear a goodly number of appreciative listeners.

The scarcity of violinists is due, in part, to the following conditions: Until recently, the violin has not been a popular instrument in this country; especially as compared with some of the European countries, which have favored the violin and other orchestral instruments rather than the piano. The long period of apprenticeship which is required in order to gain even a little skill makes the violin unpopular with us. We prefer that form of violin practice which consists of sitting in a rocking chair and listening to Kreisler from a Victrola; like our physical exercise, as someone has cleverly said, which is nothing more strenuous than watching a picture of Charlie Chaplin kick someone in the shins. When we are willing to do more work with our brains and hands and not try to produce art works with machinery we shall be on the gain. We are too lazy for art requirements.

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The easy, graceful movements of the advanced violinist have often baited the untalented weakling into the field. Only when such a one discovers that this freedom is the result of the most exacting industry, plus a natural aptitude akin to genius, and that perhaps years must be spent before he can even shape himself to the instrument, much less use it for artistic expression, does he appreciate the task he has set for himself. These unsuccessful ones unintentionally harm the cause by rehearsing their failures to others, thereby discouraging those who have talent but are just waiting for someone to draw it out.

Again, the violin is unpopular in certain localities because for many years it has kept bad company. In the country districts and small towns, even at the present time, it is used almost exclusively for the making of a low order of dance music. The example of a drunken fiddler at a country dance has kept many a parent from letting a talented child possess a violin. Since many of these parents had little or no opportunity to hear the violin used as a medium of artistic expression, it is little wonder that they could not conceive of its immense possibilities for pleasure and educational growth. As soon as young ladies had the courage to study the violin and the instrument worked its way into churches and educational institutions, its blue blood was recognized. The violin at its best is an aristocrat, as is proved by its polished manners in the string quartet, compelling the other string instruments to soften their voices and become genteel.

To many people the violin is not interesting because it is so largely a melodic instrument. Even those who have mastered it in some degree realize that they are musically handicapped because of its rather limited power to produce harmonies intact. Having to break harmonies into arpeggios leads the violinist into the bad habit of ignoring everything but melody, and this tune playing is likely to run to nothing but finger wiggling. The violin player who fails to secure a broad musical education runs great danger of forever remaining a fiddler. That the violinist must always seek the assistance of some form of accompaniment is a nuisance. This alone has caused many to abandon the instrument. When more than one personality is needed to express the work of a composer the number of rehearsals increases and much labor is required to produce a satisfactory ensemble. It may be argued that the vocalist suffers from the same conditions; but ask any experienced piano accompanist which of the two forms of ensemble is the harder to acquire and note the answer you will get without the slightest hesitation.

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It is a fine thing for the cause of civic orchestras that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," for without this asset and the fact that the young student sees around him many who have been successful in mastering violin difficulties, he would not have the courage to slave for skill. Regardless of age, material, physical, mental or temperamental handicaps, every owner of a violin outfit intends to become an Ysaye or a Kreisler. It is the teacher's duty to assist these students to find themselves. Among the incurables is the man who starts late and expects to become a professional. It is only after he has squandered many years of his life foolishly torturing himself that he at last sinks in a sea of irritating difficulties. Next to the late beginner is the student who is innately careless. The slovenly person with loose mental habits is doomed to failure in any field of activity, but especially in music. He has, of course, as much right to study music as his more gifted brother, but he will learn some day that the world will not accept his efforts as art; in time, it may dawn on him that he can serve his community by not trying to squeeze his square musical talent into a round hole. Listeners are needed as well as performers, but the sluggard cannot get into either class, for it requires much industry and education to be a good listener these days.

Teachers can help the situation by urging students to weigh their talents before deciding to enter the profession, and to arouse the drone to get control of his life forces and apply them to his study of music or leave the field for those who are willing to keep awake on the job. How any violin student can watch our great soloists and professional orchestra players demonstrating the most intense mental concentration, return to his own slipshod methods of practice and still expect to make good, is beyond comprehension. The teacher or orchestra leader who struggles with a laggard can rest assured that in the great scheme of education his work will be appreciated; but he ought to be congratulated when such a one makes way for the player who is naturally equipped for the work, who has had good instruction at an early age, has grown to his instrument and handles its idioms with ease.

The dearth of violinists can, to some extent, be traced to wrong educational procedure in the home. Parents often choose the violin for the younger of two children, while the older one studies the piano. The plan is to provide for ensemble in the home as the children advance in age. This rarely proves satisfactory. More often it results in the loss of a possible violinist, for the younger child, starting later than the older one and on a

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more difficult instrument, seldom catches up with the latter. The pianist finding it rather a bore to play the accompaniments of the simple violin pieces, the two drift apart. The rapid progress of the older child, who from the first has been able to make a more pleasing sound, discourages the young violinist and he drops from the race. Sometimes in later life he tries to resume the work, but the aridity of the elementary processes is too much for his strength of will, and the difficulties too numerous for the amount of time which he can afford to devote to the work.

There are pianists who will resent what has just been stated, but they are reminded that we are speaking of the early stages of the work. It is well known that if one becomes an artist on any instrument much labor and self-sacrifice is demanded, but in the elementary work there is no denying the fact that the violin can not only physically torture the player to a degree not known to pianists or other instrumentalists, but also audibly torture those who come within reasonable hearing distance. This probably accounts for the pictures we see of His Satanic Majesty who poses with either a fiddle or a pitchfork. We can find plenty of people who will testify to the difficulty of handling a violin. Dr. Samuel Johnson must have met with the experience, for he says, "In all things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer—not so well as a smith, but tolerably—and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing." Haweis in his "Music and Morals" shows that he, too, discovered violin playing to be a man's job. "Do not," he says, "take up the violin unless you mean to work hard at it. Any other instrument may be more safely trifled with." Here is where we fail; we are afraid to work hard at it. We want something which will yield quick returns; hence the popularity of the ukulele.

The great number of pianists compared with the number of violinists can be traced somewhat to the piano dealers. Piano teachers owe much to the piano salesmen, for no sooner are pianos installed than teachers are secured to make players. If clever salesmen would only get into the towns with two or three carloads of violins—real violins, not instruments of torture—business would boom for the violin teachers. Nothing is so disastrous to progress or so sure to discourage a student as a vulgar-toned instrument. Theodore Thomas, speaking of the lack of artistic expression among adult players, said: "I am convinced that the prime reason for this defect amongst violinists is the lack of a good instrument in early life, which might have

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awakened a sense of tone quality instead of noise." With so many excellent American makers, to say nothing of our reliable importers, good violins can be secured easily. It is the teacher's duty to educate the parents to the importance as well as the value of a fine-toned instrument. An occasional lecture or studio talk on the construction of the violin, bringing out the fact that a good violin grows more valuable with age, while other instruments only wear with age, will assist greatly to interest parents in better violins. *The Violinist* of June, 1914, contains an article entitled, "Judging a Violin," which has helped many students and their parents to form an opinion of that rather elusive thing called violin-tone, and taught them how to select a work of art instead of a piece of jackknife carpentry.

Regardless of this slow progress up Parnassus, affairs are moving in the right direction. In the future we are going to see plenty of fine material for our civic orchestras, for the system of class instruction which has had such a phenomenal growth in our public schools is already discovering much talent. Outfits are secured for the children and instruction furnished in classes for a few cents a lesson. At first the private teachers frowned upon the movement. Naturally, it is not easy for a teacher who was brought up on two private lessons a week, each an hour in length, to see how a person, especially a child, can learn violin playing in a class of ten or twenty; nor will he see how a teacher can compel himself in the late afternoon to listen to twenty tired children play in unison on factory-made fiddles. Fortunately, however, we have some teachers whose training and temperament make them peculiarly successful in this kind of work. These teachers work on the principle that "many are called but few are chosen." They make only this claim for their work: the best that can be expected is an early search for children who show talent, these to be handed on to the private teachers. This early weeding-out process will spare the untalented children much time and their parents considerable money. To quote one who sees the thing clearly, "The private teacher will get many pupils who start in classes, but who find it will be necessary for them to have private instruction in order to succeed, or who wish to arrive at a more finished style of playing than is possible with class instruction."

There are many things about the class system in the schools which will need to be watched carefully or much talent will be lost at the outset. Violin students must not be experimented on by inexperienced teachers. It is becoming the practice of

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music supervisors to take a short course in violin playing to meet the demands of this new duty, and in so doing they keep the school boards from engaging teachers of experience. The music supervisor's life "is not a happy one," these days, for everything under the light of the sun is expected of him; but let us hope that he will be able to handle the violin-teaching business in such a manner that we will be proud of the violin-playing in the schools and that teachers will find the work so well done that a new foundation will not have to be built to enable the student to reach greater heights.

If violin-playing could be reduced to a science and all the points settled forever, a short course would be all that is necessary to fit one to teach the subject; but teachers of experience still find many things which challenge discussion. There are those who say that artistic violin-playing cannot be acquired if one starts after a certain age; others put a ban on the left-handed person; he is out of the race from the first. The radicals say that it is criminal waste of energy and time unless the aspirant has the divine spark and reveals it early. One teacher of reputation insists that a chin-rest is not necessary on the violin, while another urges us to eliminate the pad or shoulder-rest because it deadens the violin's vibrations. Some say that it is wrong to start children on half and three-quarter size violins, while others believe that the best results can be secured by starting pupils in the third position instead of the first, as is the general custom. One excellent violinist has declared in a published work that the correct position for the left thumb in the three lower positions is behind the first finger rather than forward of it, while another, who holds a responsible position in a large music school, insists that the first finger of the right hand must cross the bow-stick near the knuckle and that the hand must tip over perceptibly in the direction of this finger. So what is the young teacher to do? He goes to hear some great soloist, discovers that the artist does everything wrong and still gets everything right, and he winds up by thinking that with a few lessons he can worry the pupils along some way. Violin-playing is not knowledge alone; it is knowledge plus skill, and the teacher who has not the skill is so poorly equipped that he is of little service.

A point which fails to receive its full share of consideration is the question of a definite pitch. Not only is there great carelessness on the part of teachers about establishing a fixed pitch for their own work, but no attempt is made to hold the pupil's work to a standard pitch while he is at home. Aside from the

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injury to the pupil's hearing, much damage is done to the violin. To constantly disturb the tension on the top of an instrument by change of pitch is the surest way for a violin to loose its standard quality of tone. Violin soloists prefer to use old instruments in their public work because after many years of careful handling the violin with age has found its voice, and because it has become adjusted to a certain pitch and will remain in tune throughout lengthy compositions. Speaking of pitch, it may not be out of place to say that the condition of the pianos in some of our schools where students are expected to listen attentively is enough to make serious teachers worry about the ears of our future musicians. Now that our symphony orchestras have established a definite pitch the violin students at least ought to provide themselves with tuning-forks and use them constantly. Unless the home practice can be done with the violin at the same pitch as at the lesson it would be better for the student to do all of his work in the presence of the teacher. Parents who play the piano to help the children during the practice hour should see that their pianos are properly tuned. Not many piano-tuners are sufficiently interested in music as an art to trouble themselves about a correct standard pitch, and even teachers ought not to be too sure that they know all that they need to know about pitch without pausing to look into the matter. Amuse yourself by asking for information on this subject and see what you will get.

As mentioned before, at the very earliest opportunity the young violinist should have private lessons. The instruction should continue for many years, accompanied with solfeggio and the theory of music. A prevalent failing with most of our young people is that as soon as they join an orchestra they immediately discontinue their private lessons. This spells stagnation, for unless the conductor is a gifted drill-master, the orchestra work is likely to tear down technic and breed faults of every description. Even under the very best conditions no orchestra rehearsal was ever known to take the place of a good private lesson. The teacher must have every possible chance to clean up the pupil's technic. Orchestra rehearsals are not unlike candy parties: everyone has a good time but hands get terribly stuck up. Technic must be cleaned constantly; if one has not the ambition to do this for himself he should engage a teacher to help him do it.

Anyone who has had anything to do with amateur orchestras knows the difficulty of finding string players who will follow the fingerings and bowings, the correct notes or anything else indicated on the page. To the fiddler it means too much thinking and he

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would much rather spoil the phrasing, the harmony, the entire ensemble than burn up an atom of grey matter. The average non-professional is devoid of an artistic conscience. He follows music for what he can get out of it; money first, and egotistical satisfaction second. He loves himself more than art.

A demand is being created and teachers are expected to meet this demand. The orchestra conductor wants violinists with ears trained to the nth power. Perfect intonation, agreeable quality of tone, a facile left-hand technic and a well-educated bow-arm are the violinist's stock in trade. All other things being equal, the man with a fine violin and a first-class bow will defeat the unfortunate one who has to play on a fiddle and with a crooked stick baldheaded for the want of hair. Conductors are right in insisting that their men must use only high-grade instruments, for it is only by so doing that the tone quality of the ensemble can be kept to a high standard.

The orchestra director classifies the applications about as follows: First, the ones who have technical facility, who can play fast and in tune; second, those who have but little agility, who play slowly but in tune; lastly, those who have a kind of wild, racy, bluff technic with intonation always faulty, and these are in the same class with those who cannot play at all and are nothing but crude bunglers. Speed in violin technic is a very desirable thing, but speed at the sacrifice of purity of pitch and purity of tone is not violin playing. For a player to develop speed and still hold strictly to accurate intonation seven-eighths of his practice must be done with a perfectly quiet left hand. The player who uses the vibrato constantly may be able to melt his friends with some touching selections of the Raff Cavatina type, but speed him up and his playing becomes unbearable. His salvation lies in slow practice long continued until a thorough foundation is established. He must be taught that velocity in violin technic is a thing which cannot be forced; it is the outcome of much slow and serious thinking until familiarity with the fundamentals at last breeds speed as a perfectly natural consequence. If pianists and organists, who have both pitch and the voicing of their tones regulated for them, know the value of slow practice how much more valuable and necessary is it to the violinist, who has to tune every tone, furthermore regulating its quality, duration and power. Our best violinists are not the product of our amateur orchestras, educated under amateur directors, who take unfledged instrumentalists with little or no technic and yank them in a wild scramble through music of

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great difficulty. These directors argue that such procedure gives the players practice in sight reading; but they forget that sight reading is the ability to read at sight correctly, and not the clumsy power to crash through a composition with a large percentage of the work wrong. For our civic orchestras skillful sight-players are not so necessary as good conscientious performers who will take the printed parts home and work out the details between rehearsals.

We need more string players; we need violinists, well-trained violinists, not the kind who have taken a few lessons while attending the ward school and have since spent a half-hour each week in practice on popular tunes; but the ones who are devoted to the instrument and who look upon their technic as a thing to be watched and further developed with care. Communities need good amateur violinists to such an extent that in the mind of the civic orchestra director the word orchestra and the word violinist seem synonymous. In the theatres, public schools, Sunday schools, in the lodge orchestras, in fact, all orchestras excepting the professional aggregations, the violins are so much in the minority that the efforts of these organizations sound like small bands. Some communities cannot have serious orchestras at all, because enough string players cannot be found to balance in the slightest degree with the woodwinds and brasses.

However, the thing which kills most amateur orchestras is yet to be mentioned. No sooner has a child become able to carry his violin to the orchestra rehearsal than he is instructed to tell the teacher that he must play first violin or nothing. Some teachers have found it necessary to call all second violins associate first violins in order to get the part performed, and even in some institutions for higher education the conductor must use the utmost tact to get grown up college students to consent to play violas and contrabasses. If these instruments are provided for the players the problem is somewhat solved, but otherwise we are likely to have orchestras composed entirely of first violins and all fighting to sit on the front row. It is not at all unusual to find students who have renounced the violin rather than change to a viola, a 'cello or a bass, where they could reap the fruition of their talents.

Chief, then, among the teacher's duties is the task of instilling into the minds of the students a feeling of altruism. So often the young student is pitted against another in some form of contest that an egotistical spirit of super-musician is so deeply inculcated that later the adult is unfit and unwilling to sink his personality

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in an orchestra for the good of the community. The professional orchestra does not suffer much from this, for the bread and butter question keeps the chairs filled; but even there it is doubtful whether the men pray for each other. There can be no successful civic orchestra without coöperation, which to the violinist is only another word for subordination or abnegation. Even the teachers are not free from this criticism. Every civic orchestra director has met the teacher who will not let his pupils play unless they can hold the so-called important positions. There is always evident the player who thinks he can play his part better than the others and therefore refuses to attend rehearsals; expecting, however, to be asked to play the solos at the concert. There are always a number who manage to miss every other rehearsal; they never know what has been decided upon and proceed to spoil the work in the end. We all know the man who drags things down while others are trying to push things up and then arrives at the last rehearsal just in time to go on the concert trip or attend the annual banquet. Even under the strictest disciplinarians so much of this exists in every amateur orchestra that plainly anything like satisfactory ensemble is entirely out of the question. For that reason if a community hopes to get satisfactory results from the instrumentalists the sooner the men are organized into some kind of union and paid for their services, the better. It is either a choice of indifferent music by amateurs who play when they feel like it and who practice at home only when they are in the mood, or to have an organized body of players who must attend rehearsals and who are bound by contract to furnish their best efforts to the community in need of good music. The ten-cent concerts given by professional orchestras in such cities as Chicago and San Francisco seem a long step in the right direction.

The history of satisfactory orchestra music in America, with the exception of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a record of instrumentalists organized under union rules. If every community had a Henry Higginson, whose hobby it is to support a symphony orchestra, things might work out along different lines. If union organization does not meet the requirements or ideals of those interested in civic welfare, there is only one other way to keep alive an orchestra of any size or of musical importance: find a man who besides being a genius as an orchestral director can instil into every musician in the community a love of self-sacrifice and a willingness to work in any capacity designated without thought of aggrandizement. Then the work will prosper.

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Every member of the orchestra, regardless of his position, must be trained to see that he is needed, but is of importance only so long as he performs his work with reverence for the composer. If like the tympani player he has only to stand and count silent measures he can still truthfully say, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

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Portrait bust (from life) of Franz Liszt by Sir Moses Ezekiel

In the Morgan Memorial at Hartford, Conn. By courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum

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among my manuscripts anything suitable for him . . . . ; but if Mr. Bock has a little patience I shall send him in July a March analogous [to the march "Von Felszum Meer"]. I would request him to publish it *brilliantly*, for it is a march which I composed for the *Huldigungs-Feier* of our Grand Duke. It will figure here on the program of the jubilee festivities for Charles August (September 3d). I should appreciate it if the arrangement for piano, about six or seven pages in print, appeared by then. I gladly make a present of the little opus to Bock . . .

What deductions are to be derived from these letters for our present purpose? In the first place, that Liszt, by command of the Grand Duke, composed and finished a march for the "Huldigungs-Feier" of August 28, 1853. Secondly, that he composed the march for piano with some orchestral indications. This, then, was the original version of the march and it is quite clear that Liszt's loosely used words "arrangement for the piano" in his letter to Buelow are misleading. Not the piano version, but the version for military band is to be looked upon as an arrangement. I say on purpose, the version for military band, because the second letter to Raff and the Grand Duke's letter to Liszt seem to compel the interpretation that a change in Liszt's plans had taken place. Apparently he dispensed with an arrangement for orchestra to be made by Raff, in favor of a band arrangement only. If Gottschalg was at all a judge of Raff's handwriting and under the circumstances he must have been quite familiar with Raff's chirography, it would follow that Raff was entrusted with this band arrangement.

Furthermore, it is quite clear that this band arrangement was not performed on August 28, 1853, also that it has remained unpublished. It is equally clear that Liszt did not bestow a specific title on this march. He simply calls it "Marsch" and not once "Huldigungs-Marsch." In other words, the entry under "Huldigungs-Marsch" in the thematic catalogue is misleading. As to the original version for piano, that, too, obviously was still unpublished in April, 1857, when Liszt thought of having it used by Bote & Bock. Curiously enough, though Liszt was willing to make a present of the original piano version to the publishers, nothing came of the affair. No such march was published in 1857. Indeed, this particular "Marsch" does not appear ever to have been published. More than this, though Liszt told Buelow that the "Marsch" would be performed at Weimar during the Grand Duke Carl August centenary festivities in September, 1857, it was not then performed. Or, to be more exact, the march was not performed in the original version of 1853, which was still the only version in existence in April, 1857. With

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this assertion we have reached the second stage of the genesis of the troublesome "Huldigungs-Marsch." What had happened to induce Liszt to suddenly abandon his plan of April, 1857? Again his correspondence sheds light on the subject. The following letter from Grand Duke Carl Alexander to Liszt, written in Wilhelmthal, July 11, 1857, gives the key to the puzzle:

> I wish to inform you of a desire, my very dear, [!] the realization of which I have much at heart, and which I entrust to your friendship and talent. Neither my country nor my house possess a national hymn. On every occasion we find ourselves thrown back on the eternal *God save the Queen*. I beg of you to replace it by another hymn to emanate from your talent and to embody for present and future generations your own *cachet* of those elevated qualities with which God has endowed you. It is my desire that the festivities of September inaugurate this hymn. It must be something between a prayer and a *Volkslied*, serious rather than gay, neither too long nor too short—perfect. You alone can create it. Hence it is to you that I address myself . . .

The Grand Duke in his somewhat Teutonic French was ordering a national hymn for Weimar from his court-conductor, very much as he would have ordered a new overcoat from his court-tailor. Liszt was too much of a diplomat to dive into his task without further consultation of the Grand Duke. Asked to whose poetry he would give preference, Carl Alexander replied on July 14, 1857, that he saw no reason for not asking "des accords à la lyre de M. Hoffman" (von Fallersleben). At the same time he suggested to unearth from the theatre archives the text of the song often used on patriotic occasions during his father's reign and composed by the then court-conductor Johann Nepomuk Hummel. The comical side of this phase of the matter is that Liszt from the beginning had Hoffmann von Fallersleben in mind as the prospective poet of Weimar's prospective national hymn and that in his subtle diplomatic way he was coaxing the Grand Duke into uttering a preference exactly for Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who, it will be remembered, was the author of "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles." (By the way, any one who takes the trouble to read the poem will see that, contrary to popular belief, "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles" is not an "offensive" but a "defensive" poem, substantially a plea for political German unity only.) Yet, when Liszt had accomplished his purpose, he did not compose Hoffmann von Fallersleben's poem after all, but one by Peter Cornelius. In a letter to his brother Carl from Weimar, August 3, 1857, Cornelius tells us how this change of front came about:

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Liszt wanted a kind of *God save the King* for our reigning house and applied for it to Hoffmann von Fallersleben. But he delivered unto his hands an icy-cold, official nomenclature of Goethe, Schiller, Charles August and Liszt was not satisfied with that sort of thing. He thought that perhaps I could do better and so I sent him yesterday the inclosed poem to Aix-la-Chapelle where he is taking the *Kur*. I wrote the song as much from my heart as I could without hypocrisy or *Loyalitaetschwindel*—to show Listz that I complied with his wish with respect. Well, if he likes it and composes it, I shall have innumerable opponents and the whole horde of know-betters (who have neither heart nor song in their make-up to turn out a poem of that type) will sail into me. Now please, my dear, worthy, erudite boy, roast my poem over the coals so that I may polish and improve it before venturing before the public and may laugh at whatever the envious breed will say . . .

One begins to suspect that Gottschalg was correct in stating that "Weimar's Volkslied," composed by Liszt *par order de Mufti*, was used by him for the trio of his "Huldigungs-Marsch". However, the following excerpts from Liszt's correspondence will prove that Gottschalg was mistaken. First we have Liszt's letter written from Aachen, July 23, 1857, to the Princess Wittgenstein and it will be noticed that Liszt then still had Hoffmann von Fallersleben in mind for the poetry of Weimar's national hymn:

This evening I shall begin to instrumentate the Goethe and Grand Duke marches which are to serve as *entr'actes* for Dingelstedt's Festspiel on September 4th. Magnolet perhaps can prevail on Hoffmann to send me a text for the hymn. Invite Hoffmann for lunch—the wine of Champagne will make his Germanic lyre foam . . .

One day later he writes to the Princess:

I am very busily at work on my marches, which I hope to finish in about a week.

and again one day later:

The whole afternoon was spent on retouching my marches which have produced a *tintamarre* in my head. Alas, my good, my only and adored "Tintamarre" is far away! I advance more slowly than I anticipated with this business of my marches, though I am at it tenaciously. Perhaps they will succeed all the better for it.

On July 29 he informs the Princess:

My marches are almost finished. They take up more than twenty pages of my score-paper of thirty staves, each more than 200 measures in length. The Goethe march has 250 measures with the repeat. You will be satisfied, I hope . . .

and on July 31 with a sigh of relief:

This march business is practically transacted and Sunday I shall begin to instrumentate the Fest prelude.

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Without comment I pass on to his letter of August 5, 1857, to the Princess:

Cornelius' verses [he means, of course, "Weimar's Volkslied"] are to me what March is in Lent or rather the sun in summer. The choral melody of my march adapts itself to them miraculously well. Two birds with one stone . . . I am about to put my hymn on paper and I shall make a gift of the manuscript to Cornelius. In the meantime thank him for having responded to my wishes so well. The stanza

Moege Segen dir entsprossen
Aus vereinten Sarkophagen,
Wo unsterbliche Genossen
Diadem und Lorbeer tragen!

is admirable.

From his next letter, that of August 8, 1857, we learn nothing new, but its contents will help to flavor an otherwise dry narrative:

All day yesterday Cornelius' verses laid siege to me. Impossible to rid myself of them either at dinner or at the theatre. Magnolet and Miss Anderson . . . would have died laughing, had they seen me light my cigar étui instead of the cigar and put claret into my coffee instead of sugar. But at last I have cleared my mind as to what to do and I fancy that it will be something magnificent. To-day and to-morrow will be devoted to the task, for while preserving the popular character of the melody (to be sung *unisono* without alterations throughout the five stanzas) I shall vary noticeably the orchestral accompaniment—which will call for 8 or 9 pages of orchestral score. However, the prospect of seeing you again in a few days stimulates me and I hope to finish the hymn by to-morrow evening or the day after . . .

Finally we have Liszt's letter of August 10, 1857, to the Princess, always from Aix- la-Chapelle:

I required twelves page of full orchestral score for the *Volkslied* of Cornelius—but I hope that the poet will be just as pleased with the composer as he is with the poet, and they will hug each other joyfully. I worked at it all day yesterday, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the evening, and again this morning. I shall now arrange it for performance either by a chorus or a male quartet with accompaniment of some brass instruments—work enough for four or five hours more . . .

At least one deduction from all these letters is self-evident. Liszt approached the task of giving to Weimar a national hymn through the medium of Peter Cornelius' verses with sincere enthusiasm, but also this deduction is self-evident that he did not compose new music for "Weimar's Volkslied." He killed two birds with one stone by utilizing—as Lina Ramann correctly stated—the trio of the festival march composed in honor of the

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Grand Duke. This fact finds its corroboration in a letter written on August 12, 1857, to another friend. Says Liszt:

> I believe to have succeeded well with the composition and the *motif choral* of my march for the Grand Duke has done excellent service as support ("point d'appui") for this *Volkslied.*

With considerable satisfaction he reported to the same friend from Weimar on August 31, 1857, when writing of the rehearsals of the approaching festivities:

> The *Volkslied* of Cornelius met with a complete success at court and in town.

It must have been quite a shock to Liszt that the final reception of "Weimar's Volkslied" on which he had spent so much energy and enthusiasm was followed by some severe criticism. The nature of this criticism appears from a curious letter written by Liszt to the Grand Duke on December 30, 1857:

> You know that this *Volkslied* has been reproached for not being *volkstuemlich* enough. Without doubt I might reply that the appeal of both poetry and music is to a *cultured nation* and that the object of this *Volkslied* is precisely to glorify the *culture* of Weimar traditions; nevertheless I shall not allow my unpopularity to seek shelter behind an act of respectful loyalty to your august house, unless...your Royal Highness finds that I was somewhat justified in raising the tone of my song and that it should be heard in public, though some persons might not see their habitual taste reflected in it . . .

In fairness to the critics of "Weimar's Volkslied" I add that in after-years Liszt himself took a calmer and more critical view of the merits of this composition as a national hymn.

> Do not let us modulate too much into minor, not even in *Weimar's Volkslied.* As for you, remain what you are, an exemplar of *noblesse,* very major.

he writes self-ironically from Budapest on January 25, 1881, in one of his touching, friendly, and fatherly letters to Buelow.

Every reader of the letters quoted above must gain the impression that Liszt, under considerable difficulties, had given birth to an absolutely new march for the Grand Duke! Without further knowledge of the real facts one could easily reach the conclusion that the "Huldigungs-marsch" (incorrectly dated 1853 in the Thematic Catalogue) is totally different from the march alluded to in Liszt's letters of August, 1857. Liszt helped to pave the way for this possible confusion, by not once mentioning the title he was about to bestow on the march for the festivities in

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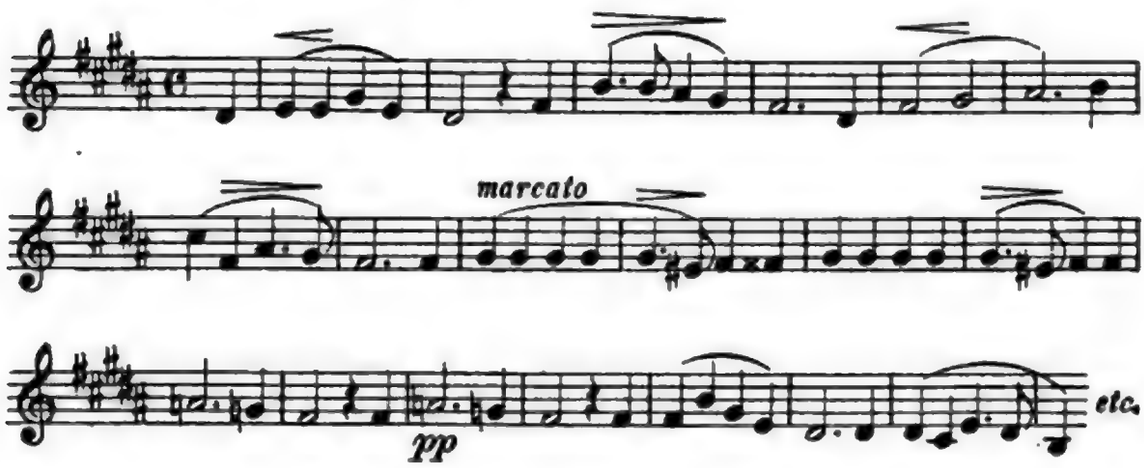
September, 1857. Yet, as was pointed out at the beginning or this article, the march for August 28, 1853, and the march fof September 4, 1857, represent merely two different versions of the same piece. Liszt with all his show of white fever-heat of creation simply retouched and orchestrated his untitled and unpublished pianoforte march of 1853, supressed the original trio and substituted a new trio with "motif choral." There was nothing either thematically or constructively really new about this march of 1857, later published and known as the "Huldigungs-marsch," except its trio, and Liszt killed two birds with one stone by utilizing this trio for "Weimar's Volkslied."

In the published version this trio is repeated for the final climax of the "Huldigungs-Marsch." Whether or no this was an afterthought, I cannot tell. Just how Liszt used the melody of the trio as "point d'appui" for "Weimar's Volkslied" may be seen by comparing the beautifully harmonized melody as here quoted with the melody in the fac-simile of the first edition of "Weimar's Volkslied" in the version for a cappella male chorus:



And these slight alterations not only weakened the melody but caused Liszt inadvertently to smoke leather instead of tobacco!

This is the genesis of the "Huldigings-marsch," so far as I was able to discover. In passing, it may be mentioned that it attracted little or no attention in the musical press of the time. Not even Franz Brendel thought it worth while to devote a few words to it in his report of the September, 1857, festivities at Weimar in the "Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik," the only organ on which Liszt could count for a half-way decent and fair consideration of his importance as a composer.

Incredible as it may seem, in those days even Liszt's publishers did not devote nearly as much space to advertisements of his

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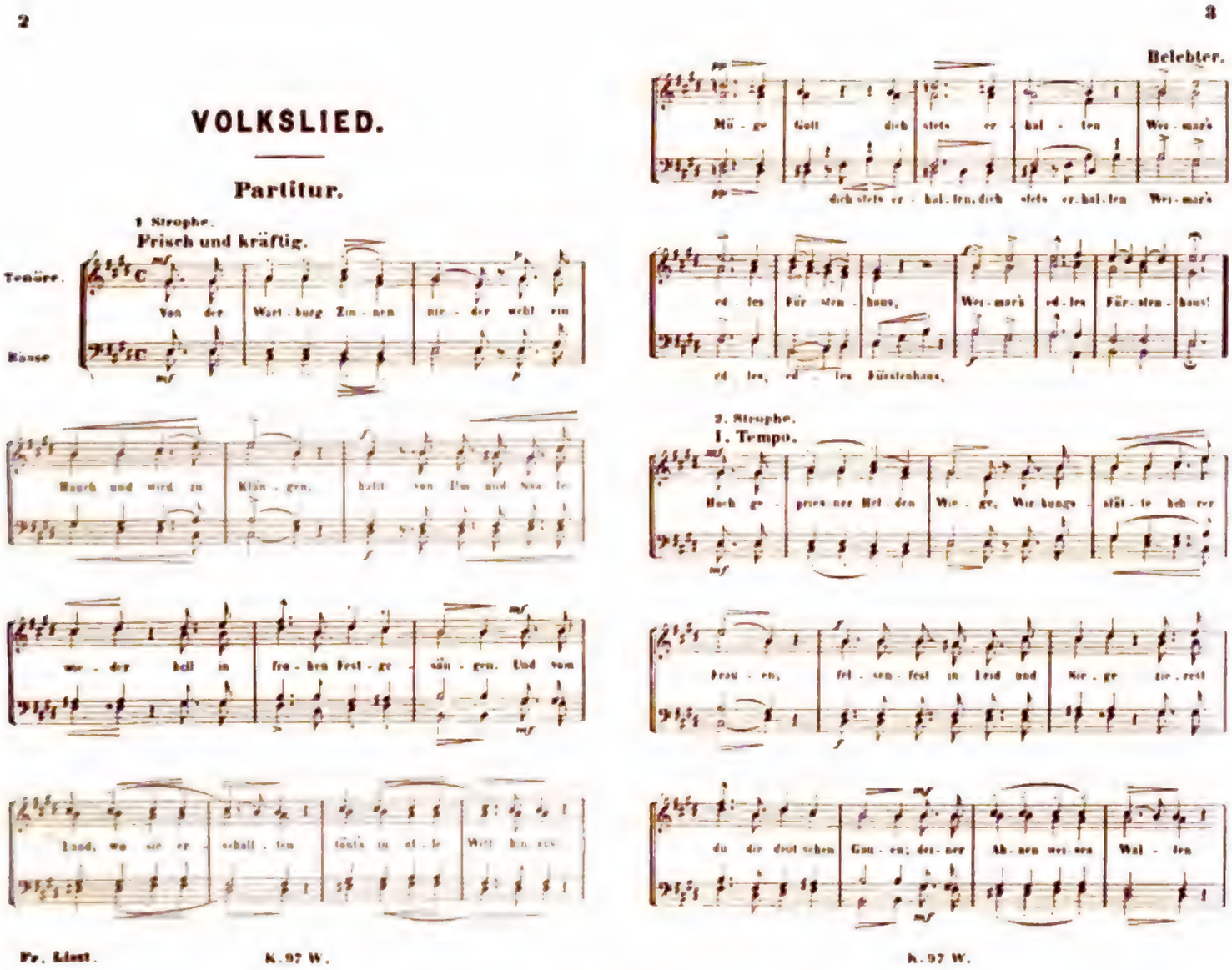

"Weimar's Volkslied" by Liszt.

(First edition, 1858)

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works, as they did to a lot of worse than mediocre rubbish. Perhaps Liszt's hostility to the boosting of his works by commercial means had something to do with this attitude. Liszt was so busy championing the prospects of a host of other composers, that he neglected his own. His proud motto was, "Ich kann warten." Perhaps he would still be waiting for a recognition of his greatness as a composer—in his best works he certainly did attain greatness—had it not been for Buelow and the band of faithful who proclaimed and preached the art of their idol, with a good deal of fanatic noise, it is true, but also with that intuitive enthusiasm and willingness of sacrifice against which the countercurrents of radical opposition and even silent indifference became powerless in the long run.

But back to the "Huldigungs-Marsch!" If its history as a composition is now tolerably clear, not so its bibliographic history. Lina Ramann, it will be remembered, claims that the "Partitur" was published by Bote & Bock in 1858 and the "Klavierausgabe vom Komponisten" by the same publishers in 1863. Both dates are wrong, Ramann committing a bibliographic salto-mortale. The facts are that Bote & Bock announced the publication of the "Huldigungs-Marsch" "pour piano" in their "Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung" on February 17, 1858—of course, in its revised and final version of 1857, not in the original version of 1853—and the publication of the "Orchester-Partitur" not until April 18, 1860! Thereby hangs a ludicrous episode, the humor of which the reader will enjoy without unnecessary comment.

Hardly had the publication of the march been announced by the publishers, when Hans v. Buelow, who was looking after Liszt's interests, wrote to him from Berlin on February 28, 1858:

> Are you very much displeased with the physiognomy of the "Huldigungs-marsch" as published by Bock? This is the second issue. The first was so disgraceful that I protested energetically. I am at dagger's point with him as with Schlesinger. Double profit, as you once remarked.

No further allusion of consequence to the "Huldigungs-Marsch" transpired in the correspondence between Buelow and Liszt until October 16, 1859 when Buelow, commenting on the publishers' "hesitation to publish anything except profitable compositions by Meyerbeer and Offenbach!" wrote,

> Here is a copy of the letter which I saw myself obliged to send him in the matter of the Huldigungs-marsch.

Fortunately for posterity this letter has been included in the fascinating collection of Buelow's letters published by his widow

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(Vol. III, p. 269-270) and though rather long I quote it here in full as an illustration of the spirit in which Buelow was fighting the battle of his revered father-in-law and master. The letter is addressed to Gustav Bock, and reads:

It is a very irksome task to have to write the following lines, since possibly their contents may discommode you and since, in view of your personal friendliness toward me, it would have been very desirable to spare me the regret at annoying you. About a year ago you applied to me for a manuscript of my dear father-in-law Dr. Franz Liszt. I sent you a manuscript, called "Huldigungs marsch," in orchestral score and in a version for piano and you accepted it. An honorarium was not stipulated, but the condition was attached to the right of publication that simultaneously with the piano version (playable as a solo piece for piano) the orchestra score should be engraved and published.

The piano piece was issued but circumstances of various kinds—taken into reasonable consideration both by me, Dr. Liszt's agent, and the composer himself—prevented you from carrying out your plan to fulfill the above condition.

Perhaps your admirably versatile activity caused the little matter to be forgotten; perhaps I have to censure myself for not having always pressed the demand of my father-in-law for publication of the score; perhaps, indeed, there is a misunderstanding that I at the time failed to make said condition absolutely clear to you. I am led to this last explanation by the answer reported to me by Musikdirektor Truhn who conveyed to you my query about the date of publication of said score. You rejected the friendly suggestion for pecuniary reasons and declared your refusal to publish at all the score of the Huldigungs-marsch by Liszt.

Far be it from me, to address to you, my very dear Sir and friend, any reproach; I assume the burden of the matter and complete responsibility to the extent of formulating for myself this obligation: to have said Huldigungs-marsch by Fanz Liszt engraved immediately in orchestral score *at my own expense*. Inasmuch as the piano score of said work was published by your house, I have now the honor to solicit your assistance in my effort to live up to *my* obligations and to spare me humiliation by my father-in-law. I adjoin the request that you inform me at your earliest convenience of the probable cost of publication,—an advance inquiry to be pardoned on the grounds that I do not belong to the class of *rentiers*.

Characteristic as is this letter of Buelow's razor-like sarcasm concealed in a mouchoir of aristocratic politeness, Liszt's reply of October 19, 1859 is equally characteristic of this truly wonderful man, a gentleman born if there ever was one:

While regretting that I occasioned your disagreeable task of writing an explanatory letter to Mr. B., I could not help enjoying the reading of this little epistolary masterpiece which would merit being printed at the head of the score of the Huldigungs-marsch. However the little affair might end, please, I insist, avoid a falling out with B. on account

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of his editorial proceedings. Tell me simply his answer and we shall take counsel for the best.

On the same day Buelow could report progress, which was to be foreseen either *pro* or *contra* after a letter such as his to Mr. Bock. Just what the latter replied, I am not in a position to know, but Buelow wrote to Liszt:

Here is Bock's reply to my recent letter. It was followed immediately by the engraver's visit who wished to consult me about size, etc., of the plates. I have accepted the Leipzig edition of Glinka's works as the model. In three weeks the whole thing will be a matter of the past.

This prophecy was premature, for, as I said above, the orchestral score of the "Huldigungs-Marsch" did not appear on the market until April, 1860.

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THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF FRENCH MUSIC

By JEAN HURÉ

IN a brief summary in a former study, I hinted at the progressive impoverishment, not of the French musical genius, but of its external manifestations, under various foreign influences during more than half of the nineteenth century. In perfect sincerity, many musicians and writers about music consider these influences as beneficent. French opera seems to them to have been regenerated by the Italian school and by the lucubrations, so well received in France, of the Germanic-Franco-Italian Giacomo Meyerbeer. Besides, people have wanted to "construct" fugues and symphonies after the style of Bach and of Beethoven; so they killed the admirable art of the fugue by creating the school-fugue. And they brought symphonic art to its death agony by teaching the realization of the Franco-Beethoven idea of the sonata, like a horrible mixture of healthy German beer with some light but strong French wine. Vocal art, so brilliant among the Italians, so sober and so perfect in truly French works, was abandoned for Wagnerian clumsiness; chromaticism, feverish and bristling, took the place of our pure and suave "diatonicism;" either disorder or tedious symmetry, whichever chanced, pervaded the phases of an art which in former days boasted of being at once well-balanced and imaginative. In all these ways was brought about the death of the French genius—but only the apparent death.

As I have said before, our historians first brought about the rebirth of French art by their documentary studies; the public all the while in revolt, had persisted in admiring it.[1] Then there arose a few geniuses, some a little Germanized, some tinged with Italianism, a few purely French. Their names are well known; they are justly famous.

[1] See *L'Art Poétique* of Boileau, where he speaks of the *Cid* of Corneille, condemned by the Academician, by literary men, and by Cardinal de Richelieu.

> En vain contre le ciel un ministre se ligue
> Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue
> L'Académie en corps a beau le censurer,
> Le public, revolté s'obstine à l'admirer.

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At last, under a new and unexpected influence, the musical art of France is finding again most of the qualities of the race, which it should never have abandoned. A whole new school has been born and is growing up. Its works are composed of sweetness, of a soberly emotional charm, of discreet and contained form, of elegance without triviality. In a style quite different and wholly original, there has been a natural return to the qualities of the Couperins, of Rameau, and of Charles Gounod. Even mediocre musicians at the same time have gained unforeseen riches—harmony and melody borrowed from antique modes, chords hitherto not used, free rhythms, varied and delicate timbres.

French musical art was born again. That it was born again is beyond all question, but it was reborn in a delicious and elegant disorder; or else it produced works full of unity but monotonous, where variety was entirely lacking—or where lack of variety was a fault—works in a so-called "restrained" style, where the musical vocabulary, though indubitably original and ingenious, was slight.

Creators of rare and distinguished beauty vied with one another in these delicate compositions. But the most precious of the ancient qualities were either ignored or forgotten. First, the fault which appears most strikingly in these contemporary productions is the non-continuity in the contour, especially in the musical idea in general. Let me explain my point. In most works of the present day, there is found—above a harmonic murmuring the purpose of which is, according to the current expression, to create an atmosphere—a little *motif* of one or two measures repeated twice; then the waves of the harmony, exquisite and enchanting, persist, and another *motif* floats to the surface, and then another, and so on to the end of the work. . . . ; these motifs bear to one another no relation either rhythmical or harmonic or melodic or tonal or expressive. . . . often the very intervals of the motifs themselves lack these very necessary relationships: the ear is repeatedly surprised and almost always shocked, by unforeseen obstacles which in the long run fatigue the hearer. This mass of jewels, often very precious, does not form a single object—a work of art—but a strange mass "which has no name in any tongue." It doesn't "hang together," to use an accurate popular expression. There is incoherence—organized incoherence you may call it if you like, but incontestible incoherence.

This absence of harmony—I use the word in its antique sense—has numerous consequences. First, it produces a disconcerting quality which fatigues and enervates the bearer, which

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causes a sort of anguish and unrest even in the midst of pleasure and of which the bearer soon tires. This succession of sensations, though lively and agreeable ones, when they are entirely disconnected, give the bearer with musical taste a constant sense of deception. It is a curious fact that in such music the unity and variety necessary to every æsthetic work can be found, but the unity is neutralized by the incoherence of the varied elements which are superimposed. Further, whatever seduction these works may have is ephemeral—the ear is quickly wearied with them. As Saint Augustine well said, "The sensation passes, the feeling of the harmonious proportions abides."

Such is in brief the present state of contemporary musical art in France—or rather such is the music which, triumphant yesterday, seems to-day a little out of date, almost forgotten, despite its seductive qualities.

A younger school seems to be announcing itself, resplendent. It has furnished so far only attempts, but these efforts give promise of a fine future. It is not without interest to endeavor to sketch this new art, which is still stammering, but which to-morrow will be perhaps more magnificent than any other. Above all, the new art will carefully avoid the neglect of any of the marvellous elements in the musical art of preceding times. We can learn what these elements are by a profound study of the masters, romantic and classic, of the musicians of the Renaissance, of the ecclesiastical modes of the middle ages, of the modes of Greece, of the East and of the Far-East, and of the popular songs of all countries.

Does this mean that the works of the future will be imitations of the music of former days? Not at all. External means, musical material, will be widely used, but the works will not be copies. The modern artist will assimilate ancient methods; he will use them according to his own taste and his own temperament and he will renew them. As was said of La Fontaine, "In taking everything he imitated nothing." The modern musician will regenerate the art of counterpoint, of canons, of the fugue; he will give to the sonata a new form, more closely *one*, more logical, more concise, more perfect in beauty than the symphonic form of older days, ingenious but conventional as that is. He will cultivate the art of writing for voices and will bring to perfection again the refined art of instrumental composition. He will invent harmonic and melodic combinations—chords, progressions of chords, tonalities never yet heard, undiscovered dispositions of timbres. His work will be essentially new; it will have above

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all that harmony of proportions without which nothing can endure.

It will be modern. This is an important point. It is wrong to call all new music modern music. Modern music is that which corresponds to our modern mentality. Now, what actually is our modern mentality? It is a mentality which seeks every day in every field, more conciseness, more logic, more clearness. Proof of this may be found in all our social and economic organization, in our taste for the comfortable, our hatred for inconvenience and boredom, our love for agreeable sensations, our aspiration after serenity. The art of to-morrow will be an art of quiet and, as I have often said, quiet is the most æsthetic of passions. The art of to-morrow will be, like the science of to-day, made up of logic, of deduction, of simplicity in the midst of the greatest complexity. It will tolerate no useless element, no manifestation the expression of which could be more simple. It will detest fatiguing prolixities, tediousness, redundancy, sterile agitation, everything which can shock our sensorial eagerness and the logic which we wish to apply to that eagerness or the fancy which pleases us in that application. Like existing science, it will be bold and free, eager to dart in full flight over the highest summits, with a facility the greater because of the more perfect technical surety and æsthetic logic of the artists. It will be an art of perfect realization of ideals, an art of wider scope, an art disdainful of all prejudice.

The artists of to-morrow, the musician especially, will have to guard against one danger. Composed of so many differing elements, the music of the future may easily be lacking in sobriety and in unity if, forewarned, the musician does not take especial care to fuse and weld closely together his diverse parts; he must not be content to classify them in disorder or even to arrange them in a logical order, as has been done too often in very recent times, with the result that in one work elements borrowed from various styles followed one another instead of mingling in one whole.

There is, then, a great musical epoch which is destined to follow the pleasant band of present-day conquerors. We must greet this new dawn with sympathy and with hope.

(Translated by Marguerite Barton)

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THE WORKS OF SIR HENRY BISHOP

By F. CORDER

HENRY Rowley Bishop occupies a curious position in the gallery of distinguished musicians. During his life-time his music was much over-rated, even by his fellow composers; but after his death nothing at first survived save his brilliant "Glees" (so called) and some half a dozen popular but trivial songs. Now, sixty years later, the "Glees" are forgotten, but the songs have put on immortality. Let us look into this.

There is no definitive or trustworthy account of Bishop's life and works, even that in the *Dictionary of National Biography* being incomplete, as I shall show. The life of a theatrical conductor, who spends all his time in scoring and arranging his own and other people's works, can hardly be expected to teem with incident, and I know of nothing which could be profitably added to the existing scanty account of Bishop's doings. So we will dispose of this unimportant part of our subject in the fewest words.

Born in London on November 18, 1786, his talent for music was of that spontaneous kind which often shows itself at an early age. He says in his diary (extracts from which appeared in *The Musical Times* of October, 1895), "The first song I remember to have had printed was entitled "He winna tak' the hint" which was published in 1800, or 1801." This would make him less than fifteen at the time, but he must have been precocious in other ways as well, for he goes on: "I was then in partnership with my cousin, William Wigley, a music-seller in Spring Gardens, at the corner of the passage leading into St. James's Park, during which time we bought of Dr. Arnold, for £50, a *Ballet d'occasion* called "The Corsair" performed at the Haymarket Theatre, and which we published." After bringing out several other early compositions of Bishop's this partnership came to a termination and the youth went to Panton's at Newmarket, whilst there becoming a pupil of Francesco Bianchi who was an operatic composer and conductor of repute and whose style he imitated thenceforward.

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Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, 1786-1855.

Reproduced from the rare engraving of the Foster portrait, a copy of which is in the Royal Academy of Music, London.

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Bishop's first composition for the stage was a kind of Vaudeville, or musical comedietta, entitled "Angelina", produced for the benefit of an actress. Next he assisted in some ballets and before long got a commission for an opera at Drury Lane. (Those were wondrous days!) The accident of the theatre being burnt down the day after this production brought the composer into notice and he was offered an engagement by the manager of Covent Garden as musical director and composer to that theatre. What his qualifications were we are not informed, but this is just the kind of thing that managers do, and Bishop, who must have had Jewish blood in him, kept this post for fourteen years, only quitting it to step into a similar engagement at Drury Lane. He returned to Covent Garden again fourteen years later. Though he rose high in his profession, teaching for some years at the then recently established Royal Academy of Music, taking a musical degree at Oxford in 1839 and receiving the honour of knighthood in 1842, he was never a rich man, but after a life of incessant and badly rewarded labour, died almost in indigence on April 20, 1855. He was twice married, both his wives being singers. By the first—a Miss Lyons, he had two daughters; the second, Anne Rivière, eloped with the old harpist Bochsa—"a man," as Mr. Lillyvick in *Nicholas Nickleby* says "that any man might have considered himself safe from." And when one thinks of the many brilliant songs Bishop wrote for his wife, while Bochsa's attempts at composition were—but there! There is never any sense or reason in these things.

Original engraved portraits of Bishop are scarce. The portrait in the National Gallery has been photographed but not engraved. Another fine portrait by T. Foster was engraved, but copies are remarkably rare, only two being known. A poor lithographic portrait by Vigneron is commoner. An excellent steel engraved head by Wageman was issued in a musical paper (the Harmonicon, I believe) and there is a lithograph by the same artist after that by Vigneron. A very poor woodcut (but good likeness) appeared in the *Illustrated London News* with a notice of his works shortly before his death.

Bishop's dramatic compositions, with which we are chiefly concerned, amount to the formidable total of one hundred and forty-four; but this is including all those to which he merely contributed a song or two, though even in these cases he probably had to score the entire works for small band. We shall best make our way through this list by arranging the pieces first in alphabetical and then in chronological order.

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COMPLETE LIST OF THOSE STAGE WORKS IN THE MUSIC OF WHICH HENRY BISHOP WAS IN ANY WAY CONCERNED.

	Name	Description	Bishop's connection with it
15	Æthiop	Romantic Drama	Overture and some ballads.
94	Aladdin	Opera. Also called Haroun al Raschid	Wrote all of it
111	Alchemist, The	Opera by Spohr	Adapted it
1	Angelina	Musical trifle	Unknown
69	Antiquary, The	Drama	12 numbers
27	Anthony and Cleopatra	Tragedy	One musical number
55	Apostate, The	Tragedy	2 numbers
3	Armide et Renaud	Romantic drama	Overture
26	Artaxerxes	Opera by Arne	In 1813 he added a Finale, in 1814 arranged the recitatives and in 1839 supplied additional accompaniments.
35	"		
125	"		
68	Arthur and Emmeline	Opera by Purcell	Unknown
89	As you like it	"Opera" (*sic*)	All the music; 15 numbers
130	Aurora	Ballet	Unknown
60	Barber of Seville	Opera by Rossini	Rewrote it
72	Battle of Bothwell brigg	Melodrama	Mostly arranged Scotch airs
83	Beacon of Liberty	"Historical Romance"	8 numbers
126	Beggar's Opera	By Pepusch	Probably improved the accompaniments.
116	Bottle of Champagne	Comedietta	A few songs
20	Brazen bust	Romantic melodrama	An Overture and 20 melodramas
37	Brother and Sister	Operatic play	6 numbers with other composers
58	Burgomaster of Saardam	Melodrama	Incidental music; quantity unknown
123	Captain or the Colonel	Operetta	A few songs
7	Caractacus	Ballet d'action	The whole
88	Charles II	Comedietta	A few songs
9	Circassian Bride	Grand opera	Nearly the whole; 11 numbers
83	Clari	Domestic drama	22 numbers
70	Comedy of Errors	Comedy	15 numbers; partly arrangements
18	Comus	Masque by Arne	Two songs
92	Coronation of Charles X	Spectacle	Unknown
85	Cortez	Historical play	21 numbers
42	Cymon	Dramatic Romance	11 numbers out of 14
59	December and May	Musical Farce	Unknown: one number published
135	Devil's Bridge	Melodrama	Additions, of unknown extent
112	Demon	Meyerbeer's *Robert*	Arranged
90	Der Freischütz	Opera by Weber	Arranged
32	Dr. Sangrado	Spanish ballet	25 short dances
49	Don Juan	Opera by Mozart	Rewrote it
75	Don John	Musical play	10 out of 13 numbers
102	Don Pedro	Drama	Unknown
117	Doom-ship	Melodrama	Unknown
51	Duke of Savoy	Musical play	Unknown: 5 numbers published
191	Edward, Black prince	Historical play	One song known
98	Englishmen in India	Comic opera	16 numbers
132	Exit by mistake	Comedy-ballet	Unknown
91	Fall of Algiers	Opera	9 numbers
134	Fazio	Tragedy	Unknown
28	Farmer's Wife	Opera	9 numbers with Reeve
52	Father and his children	Romantic drama	Unknown
73	Faustus	Romantic drama	All the music; 19 numbers
100	Fidelio	Opera by Beethoven	Arranged

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	Name	Description	Bishop's connection with it
23	For England ho!	Melodramatic opera	13 out of 15 numbers
33	Forest of Bondy	Melodrama	A quantity of action music
127	Fortunate Isles	Spectacle	Unknown
62	Fortunatus and his sons	A musical drama	21 numbers
53	Gentle Shepherd, The	?	Unknown
66	Gnome king	Opera	13 numbers and much action music
31	Grand Alliance	Spectacle	National anthems arranged
44	Guy Mannering	Opera	10 numbers, (1 by Attwood)
133	Hamlet	Tragedy	Incidental music, quantity unknown
21	Harry le Roy	Pastoral Burletta	14 numbers, some being arrangements
63	Heart of Midlothian	Musical Drama	12 numbers
50	Heir of Vironi	Operatic piece	7 numbers
71	Henri Quatre	Opera	14 numbers, some arrangements
77	Henry IV, Part 2	Historical play	Coronation music
107	Hofer	Opera by Rossini	Adapted
104	Home, sweet home!	Drama	13 numbers
48	Humorous Lieutenant	Old play altered	9 numbers
56	Illustrious Traveller	Melodrama	Unknown
41	Jean du Bart	Historic melodrama	Overture and dances
34	John of Paris	Light opera by Boieldieu	13 numbers substituted by Bishop
140	Kenilworth	Drama	Unknown
13	Knight of Snowdon	"Grand opera"	18 numbers
97	Knights of the Cross	Drama	Unknown
11	La Sonnambula	Opera by Bellini	Adapted
79	Law of Java	Musical drama	14 numbers
49	Libertine	Opera by Mozart	Cruelly adapted
129	Lionel and Clarissa	Old opera	Additional numbers
131	Lodoiska	Opera by Cherubini	Adapted
142	Lord of the Manor	Opera by Jackson	Additional numbers
113	Love Charm	Opera by Auber	Adapted
5	Love in a Tub	Ballet	Wrote all the music
124	Love's Labour Lost	Comedy	Incidental music
67	Macbeth	Tragedy	Additional accompaniments to Lock
114	Magic Fan	Vaudeville	A few songs
40	Magpie or the Maid	Melodrama	Incidental music
89	Maid Marian	Opera	18 numbers
120	Maid of Cashmere	Opera by Auber	Adapted
36	Maid of the Mill	Old opera	6 additional numbers
122	Manfred	Poetic drama	Unknown
12	Maniac	Grand opera	14 numbers
61	Marriage of Figaro	Opera by Mozart	Cruelly adapted
95	Masaniello	Opera by Auber	Adapted
18	Midas	Old opera	Additions
43	Midsummer Night's Dream	Shakespeare	19 numbers
22	Miller and his Men	Melodrama	13 numbers
142	Mirandola	Tragedy	Unknown
74	Montoni	Tragedy	Unknown
78	Montrose	Drama	11 numbers
10	Mora's Love	Ballet	17 short numbers
8	Mysterious Bride	Romantic drama	Unknown
4	Narcisse et les Graces	Ballet	Unknown
87	Native Land	Opera by Rossini	Arranged (vamped)
81	Nigel	Drama	Unknown
105	Night before Wedding	Opera by Boieldieu	Adapted
106	Ninetta	Opera by Rossini	Adapted
38	Noble Outlaw	Comic opera	16 numbers
25	Poor Vulcan	Musical burletta	2 numbers

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	Name	Description	Bishop's connection with it
98	Rencontre	Operatic Comedy	10 numbers
15	Renegade	Drama	9 numbers
54	Retribution	Drama	Unknown
64	Roland for an Oliver	A Farce	Adapted (?)
110	Romance of a Day	Opera	16 numbers
17	Romeo and Juliet	Tragedy	Unknown
47	Royal Nuptials	Pageant	Unknown
121	Rural Felicity	Comedietta	1 song
30	Sadak & Kalasrade	Spectacle	Music to Act I only
115	Sedan Chair	Vaudeville	Unknown
24	Selim and Azor	Drama	Additions
6	Siege of St. Quentin	Melodrama	Dramatic music
46	Slave	Opera	All the music, some 21 numbers
139	Stanford's Diorama		Unknown
65	Swedish Patriotism	Melodrama	Unknown
2	Tamerlane and Bajazet	Ballet	Additions
133	Teazing made easy	Comedietta	Unknown
39	Telemachus	Old opera	6 additional numbers
82	Tempest	Shakespeare	Unknown
73	Twelfth Night	"	12 numbers
76	Two Gentlemen of Verona	"	12 numbers
112	Tyrolean Peasant	Melodrama	Unknown
108	Under the Oak	Vaudeville opera	Unknown
86	Vespers of Palermo	Tragedy	"
11	Vintagers	Musical Romance	"
14	Virgin of the Sun	Opera	16 numbers
137	Vision of the Sun	Spectacle	Unknown
29	Wandering Boys	Romantic drama	All the music
141	Waverley	Drama	Unknown
45	Who Wants a Wife?	Burletta	5 numbers
128	Wife of Two Husbands	Drama	Unknown
109	William and Adelaide	Vaudeville	"
94	William Tell	Opera by Rossini	Thrice adapted
136	X. Y. Z. by advertisement	Farce	Unknown
103	Yelva	Melodrama	19 numbers
57	Zuma	Opera	About 15 numbers

Of these 144 works 50 can be summarily disposed of; 15 rest only on the authority of Bishop's own diary, which is curiously incorrect, both as to dates and details. These doubtful works are:

The Vintagers, prod.	Aug. 1, 1809 (a)	Montoni	May 3, 1821
Romeo and Juliet	1811	Nigel	Jan. 28, 1823
Midas	1812	The Tempest	1823
The Royal Nuptials	1816 (a)	Vespers of Palermo	Dec. 12, 1823
The Gentle Shepherd	1818 (a)	Coronation of Charles X	May 15—1825
Retribution	Jan. 1, 1818		really July 5—1825
Macbeth	1819	Don Pedro	Feb. 10—
Arthur and Emmeline	1819		really March—1823

Those marked (a) do not appear in contemporary advertisements; the rest were produced, but without advertising any music by Bishop. Thirteen other works are not mentioned by Bishop, but appear in the list given only in the generally accurate *Dictionary of National Biography*.

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The Wife of two husbands	May 9, 1808	X. Y. Z.	June 13, 1818
Aurora	Sept. 1814	Vision of the Sun	March 23, 1830
Lodoiska	Oct. 15, 1815	Hamlet	1830
Exit by mistake	July 27, 1816	Stanford's Diorama	1830
Teasing made easy	July 30, 1817	Kenilworth	1832
Fazio	Feb. 5, 1818	Waverley	1832
The Devil's Bridge	Apr. 11, 1818		

Neither Hamlet, Kenilworth nor Waverley appear to have been played at Covent Garden in the years here given and I find no trace of the others. Twenty-four other works were at least nominally Bishop's, but were never published; some were first-night failures, others adaptations, the extent of his connection with which cannot now be known. They are

	Produced		Produced
Illustrious Traveller	3, 2 '18	Magic Fan	June 1832
Burgomaster of Zaardam	23, 9 '18	Sedan Chair	June 1832
Swedish Patriotism	19, 5 '19	Bottle of Champagne	" "
William Tell (twice)	11, 5 '25	Doom-ship	Oct. "
	'35	Love-charm	Nov. "
Masaniello	17, 2 '25	Sonnambula	1833
Knights of the Cross	29, 5 '28	Maid of Cashmere	"
Fidelio	1827	Manfred	1834
Ninetta	4, 2 '30	Captain or Colonel?	1834
(revised as The Maid of Paliseau in 1837)		Love's Labour's lost	"
Alchymist	March 1839	Beggar's opera	"
Demon (Roberto)	March 1832	Fortunate Isles	12, 2 '40
Tyrolean Peasant	May 1832		

Of the ninety-four works with which Bishop is known to have been connected some are adaptations, of very various degrees of freedom, about twenty are pieces to which he contributed only a song or two, and sixty are wholly or in great part actually his composition. Let us now give a word or two to each of these.

1. Angelina; a Musical Farce, produced at the Margate theatre in 1804 for the benefit of Mrs. Henry. Bishop revived it in 1825, but it was never published.

2. Tamerlane et Bajazet. A grand Heroic Ballet, produced at the King's theatre in 1806 (date uncertain). Bishop says, "The chief part of the music I selected from a Ballet by Martini, by desire of the ballet-master, Ropi . . . the pieces I composed for it . . . were published by Pearce and Co. in the Haymarket. This Ballet had a very great success." The published Pfte score contains, however, no music by Bishop.

3. Armide et Renaud, May 15, 1806. Bishop supplied an Overture, of little merit, which he arranged as a Pfte duet and published.

4. Narcisse et les Graces. Ballet, June 1806 at the King's theatre. There are seventeen short numbers; apparently the scoring only is Bishop's.

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5. Love in a Tub. "Pastoral Ballet" produced in Nov. 1806. It ran for three hundred nights—an extraordinary success for those days. It afterwards became a regular stock piece for circuses and survives, I believe, to the present day. There are sixteen short, lively numbers.

6. The Siege of St. Quentin. Produced at Drury Lane in 1807 and revived in 1808. Bishop only wrote some pieces of incidental action music for it.

7. Caractacus. Ballet, produced at Drury Lane, April 1808. The Pfte score was published; it contains an Overture, a pretty Quartet, "Breathe, my harp" and numerous marches and dances of scant merit.

8. The Mysterious Bride. Drury Lane, June 1, 1806, with music "composed and arranged" by H. B. Other details lacking.

9. The Circassian Bride. Bishop's first "Grand opera." Drury Lane Feb. 23, 1809. The theatre was burnt down the next day and the music lost. Bishop rewrote all he could remember of it and published it. The vocal score is extant, with a curious frontispiece representing flames and a phœnix amid them. If there were any ensemble pieces they have been omitted, as is frequently the case. There are some average songs and the usual pot-pourri Overture, described more fully later.

10. Mora's Love, *or* the Enchanted Harp. A Ballet of some seventeen nos. all quite short and trivial. Produced at King's theatre on June 15, 1809 and afterwards transferred to the Lyceum under the title of "The Caledonian Minstrel." Revived at Covent Garden Dec. 4, 1817.

12. The Maniac: or the Swiss Banditti. Lyceum, March 13, 1810. This was one of Bishop's most typical works. It contains the fine chorus "The tiger couches" and several other picturesque numbers.

13. The Knight of Snowdon. Covent Garden, Feb. 5, 1811. An operatic version of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* by Thomas Morton. Here we have the excellent choruses "Now tramp!", "What ho, clansmen!" and "Gallant liegemen," besides a good Quartet and a drinking song which seems almost too good to be genuine.

14. The Virgin of the Sun. Jan. 27, 1812. An opera on Kotzebue's old play of *Pizarro*. Contains a couple of effective choruses and several bright, but terribly conventional songs.

15. The Æthiop. Produced, like all the others till further notice, at Covent Garden. It was damned the first night (Oct. 6, 1812) and revived with additional music on Jan. 11, 1813 under the title of "Haroun Al Raschid." Inferior work.

16. The Renegade. An adaptation of Dryden's play "Don Sebastian." The music is about on a par with the preceding item.

18. Comus. A couple of songs were added to Arne's music in 1813.

20. The Brazen Bust. May 29, 1813. A Melodrama, to which Bishop supplied an Overture of the usual kind and some twenty short pieces of action-music.

21. Harry le Roy. A "Heroic Pastoral Burletta" founded upon Dodsley's "King and the Miller of Mansfield." Bishop describes his music with great incorrectness as "Written entirely in recitatives and Airs, partly original and partly selected from French and other sources." But the only borrowed numbers are "Ye banks and braes" and "Savour-

neen deelish;" there are five concerted pieces and no recitatives whatever.

22. The Miller and his Men. October 13, 1814. The music to this famous melodrama shows Bishop at his very best. There are no songs, only the four fine ensemble pieces "When the wind blows" "Stay, prithee stay." "Fill boys and drink about" and "Now to the Forest" and a number of scraps of melodrame, which it seems odd to have printed in the pianoforte score.

23. For England, ho! Produced Dec. 18, 1812. Another good specimen of Bishop's talent. Two interpolated ballads by Welch could have been spared, but the Trio "The sailor's welcome" is a little masterpiece.

25. Poor Vulcan. Feb. 3, 1813. An old Extravaganza to which Bishop contributed a duet and a song.

26. Artaxerxes. (See No. 35)

27. Antony and Cleopatra. Why the Epicedium, written by Bishop for a revival of this play was published, I cannot explain; it could have no interest apart from the play.

28. The Farmer's Wife. Opera by C. Dibdin, Feb. 7, 1814. This was advertised as having music by six composers, but the published score only contains nine numbers by Bishop, not of his best.

29. The Wandering Boy, or The Castle of Olivet. Feb. 24, 1814. Here we have six dull numbers and a quantity of ordinary melodrames.

30. Sadak and Kalasradé, or the Waters of Oblivion. Apr. 11, 1814. The music of Act I only was by Bishop. Mostly melodrames.

31. The Grand Alliance. June 11, 1814. This is simply a series of the national Anthems with fresh words and a song, apparently by Arne. Possibly Bishop scored the whole.

32. Doctor Sangrado. Sept. 1814. A Spanish Ballet with twenty-five numbers of very ordinary dance music.

33. The Forest of Bondy. Sept. 13, 1814. The music of this is so petty that one wonders why it was ever printed. An Overture, a comic song, a dance and a number of trifling melodrames are the contents.

34. John of Paris. Nov. 12, 1814. A comic opera adapted from Boieldieu, whose pretty Overture is omitted, while a dozen uninteresting numbers by Bishop are inserted. But one "Pastoral Dance" by him is a tune which has become immortal:

It is curious that this should stand so apart from Bishop's multitudinous other efforts of the same kind.

35. Artaxerxes. Opera by Arne, revived in 1813 and also Sept. 30, 1814. For the latter occasion Bishop filled in accompaniments and wrote a Finale, which is lacking to the original. Score published.

36. The Maid of the Mill, an old ballad-opera. Revived Oct. 18, 1814. Bishop added seven songs of little interest.

37. Brother and Sister. Feb. 1, 1815. A weak *pasticcio* by Bishop, J. Reeve and Martini, the former supplying an Overture and six songs.

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38. The Noble Outlaw, comic opera in three acts, April 7, 1815. Overture and fifteen vocal numbers, all uninteresting except one, which is the famous song 'The Pilgrim of Love.'

39. Telemachus. June 7, 1815. An old ballad opera, for this revival of which Bishop contributed five songs and what he calls 'The celebrated glee of the Winds.'

40. The Magpie or the Maid. Sept. 15, 1815. A well-known drama, with numerous scraps of melodrame and an Overture, which is a pot-pourri of French airs.

41. John du Bart, or the Voyage to Poland. Oct. 25, 1815. Described as a 'Grand Historical Melodrama.' In the Overture Bishop has given almost his only attempt at Programme Music, labelling the items. for fear of mistake. There is a frigate setting sail, wind rising, storm, shipwreck and so forth, the whole ending with the usual inane dance movement which goes on till the curtain is ready to rise. There are two songs and some common marches and dances.

42. Cymon, a Dramatic Romance. Nov. 20, 1815. Contains a weak Overture and ten songs by Bishop, two by Michael Arne and a pretty one by Braham.

43. A Midsummer Night's Dream, Jan. 17, 1816. Here we have nineteen numbers, none of much merit except the five which are 'adapted'. These include Handel's 'Hush, ye pretty warbling choir!' Bishop *prend son bien où il le trouve.*

44. Guy Mannering. March 12, 1816. This so-called 'Opera,' a melodrama founded on Scott's novel, with quite superfluous music, is the only work by which Bishop's name is now remembered. If it contains four of his weakest ballads (for which others are usually substituted) and two still weaker ones by Attwood, it also contains three of his very best 'Glees,' as they are called—"The winds whistle cold," "The fox jumped over," and "The chough and crow" besides an Overture which is a mere string of Scotch tunes, but having got printed, survives to this day.

45. Who Wants a Wife? or The Law of the Land. April 16, 1816. A rather successful burletta with an Overture, song, melodrames and one glee 'Goodnight!' which contains a curious anticipation both of Bishop's "Home, sweet home!" and Sullivan's "*H. M. S. Pinafore.*"

46. The Slave, an opera in three Acts. Nov. 12, 1816. There are eighteen numbers, of unequal merit. The opening sextet "Blow, gentle gales" is one of Bishop's best efforts and the Finale to Act II is quite powerful, but most of the songs are exasperatingly futile, save a dramatic scene "Pity the slave!" The whole ends with the gay dance from "John of Paris."

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48. The Humorous Lieutenant. Jan. 18, 1817. A modernised version of Beaumont and Fletcher's play with nine musical numbers. There are two rather pretty songs, but the rest is feeble.

49. Don Juan, or the Libertine. May 20, 1817. This is a terrible example (or so it seems to us now) of the unprincipled adaptor's misdeeds. Mozart's opera being produced at one operatic establishment with success, the rival house must evade the laws of copyright by putting on a piracy of the work with fresh music. It is needless to catalogue Bishop's alterations. Scarcely a number but is mutilated; most of the concerted pieces are omitted altogether, while a duet from "The Magic Flute" and several dances by Mozart, Bishop and Martini are interpolated.

50. The Heir of Vironi. Feb. 27, 1817. A trifling after-piece with seven numbers of agreeable and unpretentious music. The opening chorus "Look out, the time is near" is very nice.

51. The Duke of Savoy. An adaptation from Dalayrac's *Deux petits Savoyards*. It was a failure, but five numbers were published.

52. The Father and his children, Oct. 25, 1817. There is a notice of its failure in Kenrick's *British Stage*, but no music is mentioned.

55. The Apostate, May 13, 1817. A tragedy by Richard Shiel. Two poor numbers were published, but the play, which was a failure, does not appear in even the D. N. B. list.

56. The Illustrious Traveller. Feb. 3, 1818. Another failure. No music is mentioned in the advertisements or notices.

57. Zuma, or the Tree of health. Feb. 21, 1818. Opera by C. Dibdin, the libretto based on a moral tale by the Contesse de Ségur. The published libretto has an amusing preface, the vocal score does not contain any of the choruses, which are the only good things in the work. "Daughter of error" is an excellent piece and there are three others, all published as "Glees." Fifteen numbers in all, besides two songs by Braham (also omitted).

59. December and May, a musical Farce; May 16, 1818. A failure, one song being published. Of this Bishop says " 'Rude was the gale and unkind was the billow' was not altogether an inappropriate song to print after the storm which the piece encountered the first night of its performance."

60. The Barber of Seville. Oct. 13, 1818. Another terrible adaptation. Rossini's Overture was not good enough, so Bishop wrote another. He omitted seven numbers and all the recitatives, abbreviating all the other numbers and interpolating six songs of his own.

61. The Marriage of Figaro, March 6, 1819. This work was treated even worse. The Overture and eight of Mozart's best numbers are omitted and ten vile songs and six dances by Bishop substituted. There is a dreadful song for *Susanna* with a Cadenza for voice and Clarinet, a Scotch song transcribed, besides pointless alterations in the original numbers retained. A really shocking affair. There is a scathing notice in Kenrick, but the piece had a good success.

62. Fortunatus and his sons. April 12, 1819. The vocal score was published, but the music is deadly conventional, some of it a curious imitation of Haydn. Twelve numbers and numerous short melodrames.

63. The Heart of Midlothian. April 17, 1819. This is nearly all vamped up from Scotch airs, but there is a very good chorus of rioters.

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64. A Roland for an Oliver. April 29, 1819. Bishop says that the music was adapted and arranged from French airs. They do not sound like it, but I suppose we must take his word for it.

66. The Gnome King. Oct. 6, 1819. The music here is abundant in quantity but deficient in interest. Even the choruses are not of his best. "The Gaber's (*sic*) Glee" is fairly good, on the lines of "The Chough and Crow." There are thirteen numbers and numerous melodrames.

69. The Antiquary. January, 1820. The music (twelve numbers) is almost entirely a dish-up of Scotch tunes. The exception is one really delightful song "Adored and beauteous Isabel," which is one of Bishop's rare gems in this line.

70. Comedy of Errors. Dec. 11, 1819. Here we have all the Shakespearean lyrics out of all the plays, set by Arne, Stevens and Bishop. Not a dish to be proud of, but it includes the well-known "Lo, here the gentle lark!" and a very pretty ballad "Sweet rose, fair flower!"

71. Henri Quatre. April 22, 1820. The music here again is a curious medley, being largely French airs transcribed but including also the well-known "Tell me, my heart" the duet "My pretty page" and the really fine chorus "Allegiance we swear."

72. The Battle of Bothwell Brigg. May 22, 1820. Simply Scotch tunes transcribed.

73. Twelfth Night. Nov. 8, 1820. There are twelve numbers, six being adapted and six original. The latter include "Bid me discourse."

75. Don John, or the two Violettas. Feb. 20, 1821. A very inferior work. Thirteen numbers, of which three are by Ware.

76. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Nov. 29, 1821. Here all the music is new. There is a nice Quartet "Good night, good rest!", a clever duet "On a day" and the popular song "Should he upbraid." The title-page of the vocal score says "The music composed—with the exception of the melodies—by Henry Bishop." This is certainly not correct and it would be a large exception if it were true.

78. Montrose, or The Children of the Mist. Feb. 14, 1822. This contains a good Trio, "How deep the sighs." The rest is Scotch broth.

79. The Law of Java. May 11, 1822. An average specimen, with conventional songs, a nice duet "Away when we flee, love" and the famous chorus "Mynherr van Dunk."

80. Maid Marian. Dec. 3, 1822. After so many weak attempts, Bishop seems to have pulled himself together and produced in this his best work. It is a truly English ballad opera on a truly English subject. Out of the eighteen numbers four are somewhat cheap, but there is a superior Overture, half a dozen excellent choral numbers, including "Though he be now a grey, grey, friar," "Hart and Hind" and "O, bold Robin Hood," a florid song "Let us seek the yellow shore" and a beautiful ballad "O, well do I remember", closely akin to "Home, sweet home!". Even the Finale is better than usual.

83. Clari, or the Maid of Milan. May 8, 1823. This domestic drama had a long lease of popularity, but only on account of the attractiveness of the world-famous ballad "Home, sweet home!" round which the whole thing is written. About this I shall speak later, but there is

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also the pretty serenade "Sleep, gentle lady!" and a very strong chorus "Pursue, pursue!" Concerning the rest of the music the less said the better.

84. The Beacon of Liberty. Oct. 8, 1823. Another of the inferior works. Contains nothing worthy of mention save a vigorous patriotic song, "Away, in glory's trumpet sound!".

85. Cortez, or the conquest of Mexico. Nov. 5, 1823. A better example, showing Bishop both at his best and worst. As usual, the choral pieces are best, "Hark, 'tis the Indian drum!" being a brilliant specimen—one of five. The songs are rather better than usual.

87. Native Land, or the return from Slavery. Feb. 10, 1824. This seems vamped up from a Rossini opera, fourteen numbers out of twenty-one being Bishop's and the others adapted. There is one dance with a very good tune and one excellent ballad; the rest is poor.

88. Charles II. May 27, 1824. A Comedietta. Only one song was published.

89. As You Like It. December 1824. The music (fifteen numbers) is mostly old Shakespearean stuff by Arne, etc. One Glee "Lo, in the orient!" is excellent.

90. Der Freischütz. Jan. 1825. An adaption of Weber's opera which owes nothing to Bishop but some deplorable cuts. But according to the Life of Weber there were some scandalous interpolations. These do not appear in the published vocal score.

91. The Fall of Algiers. Jan. 19, 1825. A wretched work, showing Bishop at his worst. Nine numbers.

93. Faustus. A Romantic drama by G. Soane. One wonders what it can have been about, so strangely incongruous are the thirteen pieces in it. The Overture is that to Weber's *Euryanthe*. The opening Glee of Fishermen has a curious melody of only three notes, which must be a record. And the last number, a scena "O Saul, O king!" can only be called a piece of astounding balderdash. It begins in F. sharp minor and suddenly goes on in F. minor, finally relapsing into the tune of the Fishermen's Glee.

94. William Tell. Bishop mentions in his list having adapted this opera thrice, in 1825, in 1830 (when it was called *Hofer*) and 1835 (Guilleaume Tell). The first version has only an interpolated ballad for tenor called "The Savoyard's Air." Produced May 21, 1825.

96. Aladdin. This is Bishop's solitary specimen of a real opera without spoken dialogue. It was produced on April 29, 1825 at Drury Lane in rivalry with Weber's Oberon at the other house. Of this work Bishop says; "Chiefly owing to the imperfect state in which it was brought out it was not successful" but my own father and two other persons (George and Walter Macfarren) who witnessed the production contradicted this emphatically. They described the staging as magnificent, but the music as insipid, a study of the vocal score confirming this. Indeed it is so phenomenally dull as to be quite unlike Bishop and to engender a suspicion that he never wrote it at all. His subsequent work, though not his best, is quite different from this.

98. Englishmen in India. Jan. 27, 1827. Described as a Comic Opera. It contains a spirited opening chorus, two pretty ballads, a good sailor song and an elaborate "Echo Quartet," the rest being poor.

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99. The Rencontre. July 12, 1828. A work similar to the last, but with no striking numbers.

100. Fidelio. Adapted from Bethoven, but without alteration, so far as is known.

103. Yelva, or The Orphan of Russia. Feb. 5, 1829. Bishop says that he translated this himself from the French "except the poetry." There are nineteen musical pieces, all very trivial and uninteresting.

104. "Home, sweet home!" March 19, 1829. An examination of the score of this work makes it apparent, that "Clari" having outlived its popularity a fresh medium for the exploitation of Bishop's immortal ballad was demanded. The "Ranz des vaches" is thrown in as an additional attraction, but all the music is sorry stuff.

107. Hofer, or the Tell of the Tyrol. May 1, 1830. This is the second adaptation of Rossini's opera to a new libretto, in order to evade the performing rights. This version had a fair success, though many numbers of the original are omitted and some very shoddy ones by Bishop inserted. There is a Soprano solo cleverly made on the time of the march in the Overture and the *Tyrolienne* is arranged for Soprano with choral accompaniment, but the rest is poor.

110. The Romance of a Day. Feb. 3, 1831. Contains one charming ballad "The Marriage of the Rose," but the rest is only average.

This was the last of Bishop's operas which got into print, so that the remainder will never be more than mere names. It is as well to state that my authority for the above particulars is that of the works themselves, all those published having been in my possession and the majority being now in the library of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

For the sake of completeness I may as well give here a list of Bishop's other works, for the correctness of which I cannot vouch, as the composer's diary is the chief authority, and I have found this to be rather unreliable. No less than fifteen dates of production which he gives are quite wrong.

1805	Grand Sinfonia in C
1807	The Travellers at Spa. Entertainment for Mrs. Mountain
	Twelve Glees
	Concertante for Violin, Flute, Oboe, Bassoon and Bass
	Trio for three Flutes
	Sonata for Violin and Piano
	Part of an Oratorio, *The Deluge*
1814	Hanover Cantata written for Braham (omitted by H. B.)
1816	Selection of Scottish melodies
1817	Funeral Cantata, "Mourn, Israel!"
1818	Funeral Anthem for Queen Charlotte
1819	Several separate songs
1820	An Irish Overture
	A collection of Irish melodies
1821	A Triumphal Ode for George IV

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1821 Melodies of various nations, vol. I
Books 3 and 4 of National Airs (?)
1823 Many songs, including "Evenings in Greece."
1825 Several volumes of national airs.
(Probably the 72 to words by Thos. Moore, pub. in 3 vols.)
1826 Cantata "Waterloo" for five voices
Legends of the Rhine, vol. I
1827 " " " " vol. II
Grand march
1828 Very many songs and glees
1830 to 34. Many ditto for Vauxhall.
1835 Arrangement of Handel's Songs, in 2 vols.
1836 Cantata, "The departure from Paradise."
Crucifixus for 4 voices
1837 Many Glees and Songs
1838 Oratorio, "The Fallen Angel".
1839 Handel's Songs, vols. 4 and 5
1840 Arranged many pieces for the Antient Concerts
1841 Songs and Glees. Handel's Songs, vol. 6.
Own Glees collected: 8 vols

There are several unperformed works not mentioned and finally the Liverpool Town Library possesses three volumes (the D. N. B. says one volume) of supplementary scores, being wind and brass parts added by Bishop to various operas and oratorios which he arranged at different times. But in the above list there is nothing of the slightest interest save two collections of 'national' melodies, of which more anon.

It must be owned that Bishop's vast bulk of production sifts down into a very small compass. Ignoring arrangements, the seventy stage works which achieved the dignity of print comprise

48 Overtures
190 Airs and Ballads
53 Display songs
73 Duets and Trios
150 Glees and Ensemble pieces
340 Melodrames, Marches and Ballet airs

1. *Overtures.* These are nearly all of the lowest type of Pot-pourri. They frequently begin with a Haydnesque introduction, often of considerable merit, then comes an Italian Allegro in the style of Spontini; half-way through, this gives way to a popular air for a solo instrument and this is followed by a trivial Rondo intended to keep on until the stage is ready. At the best, the subjects are devoid of interest, at the worst there is no workmanship to compensate us for its absence. In no single instance has

the composer tried to do his best, or indeed done anything but his worst.

2. *Ballads.* The one hundred and ninety here reviewed probably constitute not half the total number that Bishop wrote; there are in addition the "National Airs," twenty-four with words by Hayner Bayley and seventy-two to poems by Moore, besides many others. In the department of ballad-writing no deep musicianship is demanded; the composer has only to be simple and sincere. Simple Bishop always was, but no man can be sincere four hundred times running. I confess that the large majority of these songs appear to me to have been turned out of a machine, so cheap, so cut-and-dried are they. But a few of the best such as "The Dashing White Serjeant" (not in an opera, this) "My pretty Jane" and "The Pilgrim of Love" are so good as to make one marvel at the badness of the others. In the second rank come about a dozen quite beautiful specimens, such as "Adored and beauteous Isabel", "O, well do I remember" and "Home, sweet home!" (of which I shall speak separately) but these stand out brilliantly from the hundreds of absolutely futile specimens on exactly similar lines, but too hopelessly trivial to awaken even a passing interest. A song by Bishop when it is not of his best is a truly melancholy thing.

3. *Display songs.* Under this heading I class the operatic songs which Bishop wrote for the delectation of particular vocalists. Four of the florid ones—"Bid me discourse," "Tell me, my heart," "Should he upbraid" and "Lo, here the gentle lark!" have achieved immortality, but there are several others, now forgotten, which are quite as brilliant. In this class of work Bishop shows far more ingenuity and brillance than one would expect to find in one who could write such feeble ballads. The tenor songs of the "Death of Nelson" type written for Braham are also clever but as to the comic songs, if they ever had any humour it has long since evaporated; the music is pitifully trivial.

4. *Duets and Trios.* Here Bishop is seen to somewhat better advantage; a man cannot write concerted music without taking trouble, consequently he has made few failures. The chief fault is the undue employment of Allegretto $^6/_8$ time and the consequent sameness of the accompaniments. One little piece stands out from all the rest and deserves an immortality which it has not obtained. This is a Trio for three male voices, called "The Sailor's Welcome" from the opera of "For England, ho!" It should have found a place in every collection of English nautical music. Let the reader judge for himself.

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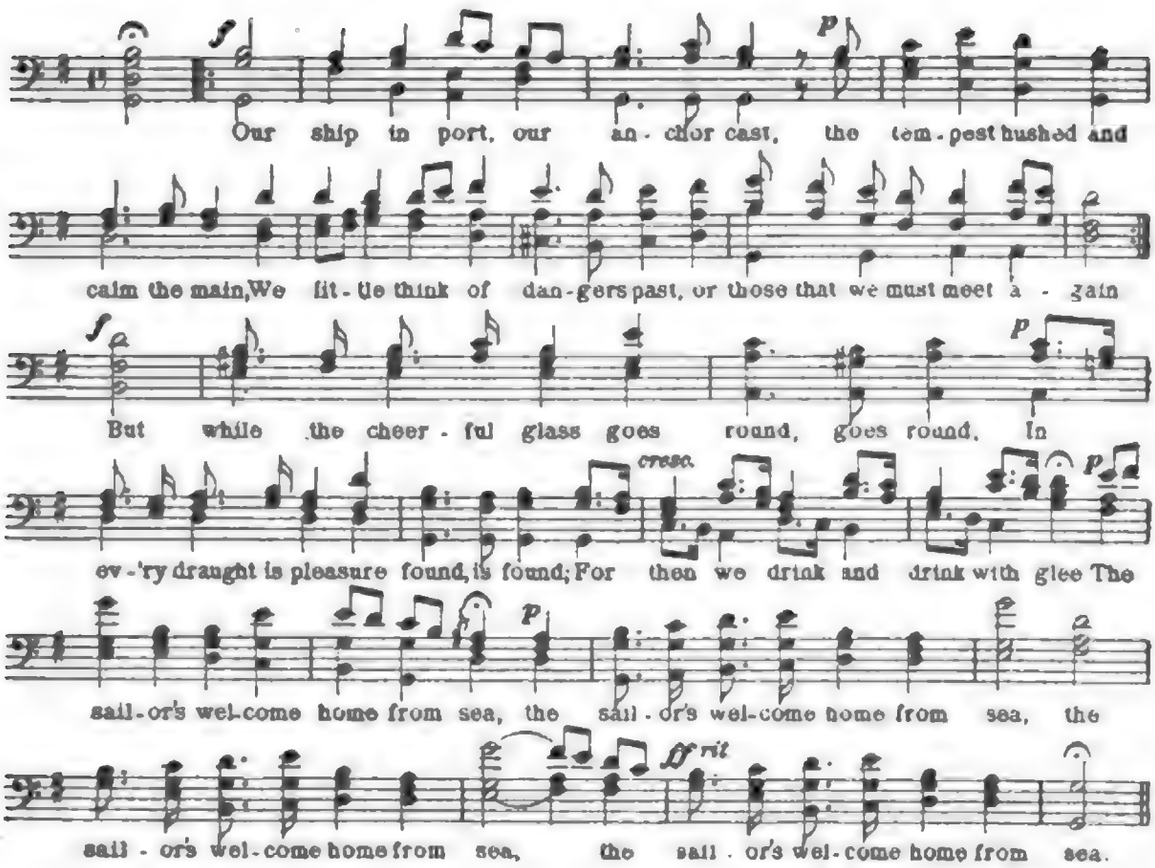

6. *Glees and choruses.* Writers of books on music have been much put about to frame any satisfactory definition of the term "Glee." Bishop applies it to such diverse pieces as the Trio just quoted, a fully accompanied Trio and chorus, like "The Chough and Crow" and a dramatic ensemble like "Blow, gentle gales!" or "Now tramp!" This heedless misapplication of a name is a common thing in music and is of little consequence; what concerns us is that Bishop, in most of these concerted pieces, whether lyrical or dramatic, has left us something in the way of a solid contribution to our national art. The words are now and then disregarded, as in "Where art thou, beam of light?", the harmony may sound trite to modern ears, as in "Now tramp!" but the melody has an enduring charm and the vocal part writing is nothing less than masterly; in short, the large majority of these pieces are as good of their kind as it is possible to be.

7. It is curious to turn from these brilliant successes to the hundreds of *Melodrames, Marches and Dance-tunes* and to find these no more worthy of consideration than the little scraps which every theatrical conductor writes or vamps up. They are

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absolutely devoid of merit or interest, save in a single instance, that of the little dance in *John of Paris*, which Bishop used on several other occasions. This was adopted into the British army as a regimental parade-march and, I believe, still survives.

The History of "Home! sweet home!"

It should be interesting to Americans to read the authentic history of this famous song, as a belief has got about that John Howard Payne composed as well as wrote it. The earliest account of its genesis is incorrect in detail, but runs thus: In 1821 Bishop was engaged by Messrs. Goulding and Dalmaine to edit for them a volume of National Airs, the success of which caused a demand for a second collection. Bishop endeavoured to supply this, but could only find eleven suitable tunes. The publishers, knowing his facility, suggested that he should choose a country which had no known melodies and draw upon his invention. He did so, and "Home, sweet home—a Sicilian Air"—was the result. The tune was wedded—none too fitly—to Howard Payne's verses and leapt into immediate and enduring popularity.

This was the account taken down by me from the lips of the late Mr. Henry Littleton, who professed to have had it from the publisher Dalmaine. But upon examining the now scarce original collection it will be seen that Bishop's air appeared in the *first* volume and with other words. Further, the work consisted of three volumes, of which Bishop was responsible for the first and third and Sir John Stevenson for the second. Further, the "nationality" of nearly the whole of these thirty-six songs extends no further than the titles. Out of the twenty-four songs, which are labelled Portuguese, Bohemian, Sicilian, Hindostanee—anything but English—eighteen are certainly and twenty-one probably by Bishop himself. But the tunes in vol. II are, I think, all genuine. In a much larger collection published in 1825 with words by Thomas Moore no less than sixty out of seventy-two are by Bishop, though unacknowledged by him. There are also numerous bogus foreign melodies in his operas which are really his own. That this patent fact has never been exposed till now is to me quite unaccountable, but I stake my reputation upon its accuracy. As regards these first twelve National Airs, two of them, Nos. 3 (Unknown) and 5 (Spanish) are from his operas, where they are signed with his name. The twelfth is the "Sicilian Air" and runs thus; (the words of all are by Haynes Bayley.)

To the home of my child-hood in sor - row I came, and I fond-ly ex-pect-ed to

similar accomp.

find it the same. Those scenes were un-alt-er'd by time and I stood look-ing

down on the vil - lage half hid by the wood. That hap - py a - bode which I

used to po-sess; A fa - ther's af-fec - tion, a mother's ca - ress.

This tune cannot have attracted much notice in this form and so far from making a success the collection, from its extreme rarity at the present day, cannot have sold well. Two years later, when writing his opera of "Clari," the libretto of which was a bald translation of a French play, Bishop is said to have dragged out this "Sicilian Air" and adapted it to Howard Payne's words (which do not fit very well.) But it is somewhat curious to observe that the opera seems really written up to the ballad—as the rest of the music undoubtedly is—so that one would have expected "Home, sweet home!" to have had a prior existence as a ballad.

However this may be, Bishop seems to have had very little sense of the merits of his song. On reading through the opera one is horrified to find the most diverse and tasteless variants of it—half a dozen of them—in all sorts of times and keys. I must quote the two last and worst of these, as specimens of "frightfulness." In the last act it becomes a chorus of happy villagers welcoming home the tearful heroine.

Grazioso

and as a Finale it is squeezed into *polacca* time as a solo for the servant maid, Vespina, the chorus repeating it.

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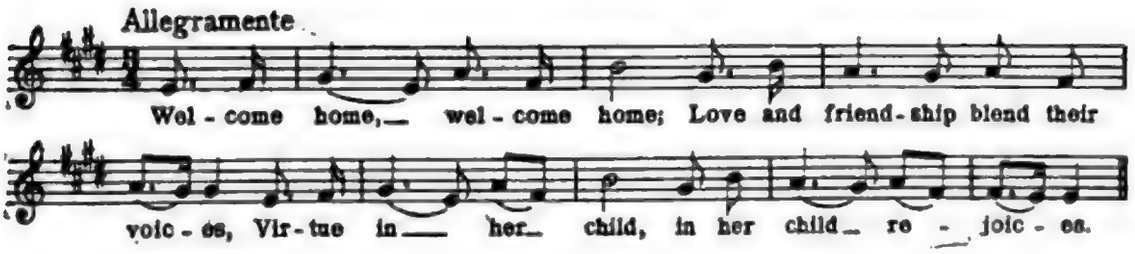

Even this is not the worst. The singer (Miss Tree) seems to have thought the ballad not good enough and a "*Grand scena*" indispensable, so Bishop has supplied one (of wretched quality) with the following elegant words.

In the promise of pleasure
The silly believer
Home forsaking, to brave
The betraying world's wave
Is left the world's scorn
By the wily deceiver
And finds but too late that wherever we roam
There's no pleasure abroad like the pleasure of home.

Allegro

But droop not, poor castaway, O be not dejected!
If still from the world's heartless bosom rejected.
From your home on earth tho' cast houseless to roam
Hope for mercy in Heav'n and be sure of a home.

The experienced musician at once perceives that the music was written first and this doggerel fitted to it—very possibly by the composer himself. I would not believe it of Howard Payne. That Bishop wrote both the "Sicilian Air" and its improved ballad version there can be no shadow of a doubt. Tentative phrases of the tune will even be found in works of his a little earlier in date. Whether the opera of "Clari" was written round it or not we cannot tell—possibly this was not originally the intention but became so during the writing of the work. But never was a tune of such abiding fame. Besides Bishop's second opera (No. 104) written avowedly on it, there is an opera *Anna Bolena* by Donizetti in which it is the leading motive (*pace* the anachronism) and it has taken a permanent place in the folk-songs of most—perhaps all—European countries. Did space permit I should like to quote some of these versions, of which I know seven, including a Spanish one in 5/8 time and a Hungarian one, transcribed by Liszt in one of his Rhapsodies under the title of *Pesther Carneval*.

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I cannot find that any of these are of earlier date than between 1830 and 1840, so there is no question of prior claim to the melody. But one must own that it is the combination of domestic sentiment in the words together with the ultra-simple melody that has caused "Home, sweet home!" to attain absolute immortality. Neither Bishop nor Howard Payne can claim the sole credit; it belongs equally to both.

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THE ENERGY OF AMERICAN CROWD MUSIC

By T. CARL WHITMER

Prologue: Our Composers and our Crowds

AMERICAN composers have been so self-disciplined that they have missed the cue of the world. Even now we are so artistically reticent or intellectually snobbish that our large output of ladylike works tied with baby ribbon is entirely out of proportion to our other qualities, so elemental for the most part.

The "timidity of our courage," or whatever you wish to call it, is so considerable that we must have missed something. We now are making an effort to find this something—this vital cue—by trying to follow the words of Walt Whitman: Chant Me the Poem that comes from the Soul of America.

Naturally we have asked, What shall we chant? What shall we write? For, when we write small things they—the critics, anybody—say unto us, Write big things. Having written big things they say, Wherefore write you not that which is easily produced? When we are serious they say, You are heavy. When we are light we are told that frivolity becometh not our ambition. If we are original we are told that it certainly is not national. It surely is French or Russian inspiration. If, perchance, we write in quintuple time we are asked whether duple time is not more natural and we are informed that we are forcing our individuality and that our work is the result of a mental attitude. If we are simple in our outpourings we are using over again the things which already have been said simply, and are told the age is a complex one.

Then, too, we have to decide by some method what is national. We recognise that it is easier for small Ireland, for example, to have an art called national than for the United States. If the United States were only Kentucky or California our art at once would be stamped as distinctive. It will take the world at large a long time to label us. Perhaps we had better find ourselves first and pay no attention to labels by outsiders. If we object to the word national and say that the modern impulse will lead

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us rather to the international our problems seem to become yet greater. But, at bottom, if we are quite human we shall be both national and international. Everything we see, hear, feel, experience in any way becomes subject matter for music, poetry, painting and sculpture. The things seen and heard in Kentucky or New England or the Ozarks become material for use. But, it is not the Indian, the Negro, the Western or the Eastern which is national; only the worked out and thoroughly assimilated knowledge and feelings with these varied materials which form the basis for inspiration. From the local and provincial and sectional come coupled a thousand impressions from the world music, a new way of stating things in a large manner. The provincial gives us an impression and an impulse and acts as a fundamental for a national voice. We need not speculate on what is national. All we need is just to live, move and have our musical being along with our fellows. If we are distinctly ourselves, quite human and heartful, our music is American. As David Grayson put it in his book: "Yes, I said, if one could only see this Hempfield of ours as it really is, all the poetry of it, all the passion of it, all the dullness and mediocrity, all the tragedy of failure, all that is in the hearts and souls of these common people—what a thing it would be! How it would stir the world!" There is one thing which is healthily characteristic of the American composer who is trying to find his country's voice. That is, he is comparing himself with the greatest on earth. Nothing else satisfies him. No critic is half so hard on him as he is on himself. And this American composer need not be afraid to write in the simple, modern or ultra-modern manner so long as it is natural to him. Ultra-modernism or simplicity has little to do with permanence any more than a particular method used in playing has to do with the more vital issues of greatness.

Undoubtedly our art must eventually be a wider emotional product than that of any other nation. Feeling this, we may be too serious. If that is so, we should loosen up and not have light opera too light and serious opera too heavy.

Unfortunately there is, to quote Arthur Farwell, no national art-sentiment to throw its vast force behind any American who composes. But this art-sentiment of ours, when it comes, will unquestionably be formed upon the basis of what the American composer can achieve with the material at his disposal—the wonderful plastic power of the masses, or crowds of the American people.

We know that "the scholarship of the world has never made enough of the crowd. Nor have the master classes in any of the

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arts or in trade ever done it. Nor has the crowd itself done it. In fact, the crowd has belittled itself. Yet all starts with the crowd. You can't get away from it. Because the crowd is fundamental. For after all even the top men in the crowd are of, by and for the crowd, whether they know it or not. You can't get rid of the crowd by climbing on its back and vaunting your superiority" (Traubel).

Most writers talk about the crowd and crowd-music as if we were but now discovering it. In a sense that is true. But, at bottom and outside of some recent applications, it is a revival and not a discovery. Our old Singing Schools were precisely the same things. If we here in America had been simple enough and possessed of primitive instead of an ultra-sophisticated observation, we should have noticed our frequent group formations and given them something to do musically worth while all through the century.

A glance at music and general history will show you the stuff of which crowds are made and out of which they always have been made. Music is now being applied to such crowds in a way never done before. The crowd is the instrument, not only of observation—that is, the audience—but it is the instrument itself—this instrument which is being made and tuned so we can play on it; the instrument which will play for the world in the time to come.

Rise of Folk-Song Power

Not the least interesting phase of present folk-song in all countries is that it is being used to whip into shape composers' thoughts. We have become quite obsessed with this form of economy of effort. So, we utilise all possible material and behold! it blossoms like the rose. We have all imaginable kinds of instrumental and vocal music based on Negro and Indian themes, Irish jigs, Russian and Norwegian folk-song and dance without end and therein the world finds the special artistic functioning of this folk-music. It acts as a stimulant, as appetizer for the world to the temporary cutting off of works originally generated. But, Arnold Dolmetsch points out an important truth when he says that it is "not by pressing a few old English tunes into a work that might be French or German, or by disguising popular tunes with incongruous harmonies that the English school"—or any other—"will be revived"—or created, as the case may be. We hope, however, that as the chorale made Bach and German

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music, so the modern folk-song habit is bringing out the best—perhaps sometimes the worst—of our modern writers. At least something is coming out, thank Heaven!

Popular Music

The music of the streets is not necessarily fundamental or of the crowd essence because it seems to emanate from the crowd. Lots of things pretend to come from the crowd which are only purchased by the crowd—often possessed of mere childish tastes. The actual spurring on of sales is brought about in commercial offices. *The crowd buying and the crowd creating are two essentially different things.* For the crowd when it purchases likes to have somebody else think for it and boom its playthings hard. There is a great deal of bosh written and spoken about the crowd—the beloved crowd—always being correct in its instincts. It may be correct when it is at its best, but the crowd nods frequently from mere inertia due to its own clumsy bulk.

The result is that not one out of five thousand works of the popular stamp is really folk-song. It is song foisted by promoters who have the most commercial of instincts back of the foisting.

The distinction is clear, perfectly clear, to most readers. The popular is usually the topical. Like some of the topical songs, it has a thousand verses and they all die with the topic.

Chorales, Hymns and Gospel Hymns

A few lines about this large phase of the crowd music seems *à propos* at this point. The church everywhere since Reformation days has been the seat of community singing.

The chorales created the highest type of artist-music. (Alas! the successors of the chorale are very weak-kneed specimens.)

The chorales are full of the crowd feeling, a kind of objective feeling which spells power.

The Gospel Hymns specially designed for crowd expression have no poise, a factor making for their transitory character.

The chorales have variety of the larger rhythm as well as interest of the specific meters.

The Gospel Hymns have swing, but it is the swing of a few lines, not of the whole mass. They are monotonous in the larger rhythms and have a tendency to stereotype easily. They have no interesting rhythmic basis which makes works germinate. They are childless.

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There are a number of reasons why the community singing of nearly all congregations is the most dolefully anemic thing which could be imagined; why the church crowd is without the urge and energy of the street crowd. One of these reasons is that the demand for better words has given us more thought in our hymns than a large group can carry when they sing. You know brains in lyrics are at the present time singularly destructive of pure vocalisation, especially when the thought constantly changes. We really think rather than sing the best words. That is, the intellectual pulls back genuine power of song. It is needless to say that this reason for poor singing is limited to only a few churches of advanced stamp.

Another reason more broadly holding good is that there are too many small variations in hymn harmonisations. So different in detail are many of the hymns that one is no sooner launched on, say, the bass part, before you—the bass singer—discover that things are not going well and you drop out discouraged. In other words, the arrangers have several times changed your part in a given hymn in the interest of simplicity or complexity or history or something else and have arranged you out of it. Until there is either established uniformity or unison singing, our music in the churches will remain urgeless and non-expressive.

A Short Talk about Talking Machines

The nasal impudence of the phonograph has passed. *Requiescat in pace.* A new quality is here. Even it will have to be improved. We are arriving, however, in spite of handicaps of materials.

The greatest force of the talking machine is the democratising and educational influence. The world has been having its teaching done in the past by a man for a few men. Now it is being done by a man or machine for multitudes. We think in communities, in large groups. We are getting the superman habit and are never satisfied—as was God of old—with but two or three which happen to gather together. We are mortals and therefore reckless with our legions.

Not only does the enormous output of machines stagger our imagination, but when one begins to estimate the variety of uses to which these instruments are put we know that we are in the golden age of education—golden equally to the seller and the buyer. Read the following circular issued by the Department of Fine Arts of the University of Arkansas and you will get a glimpse

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at the astonishingly endless vistas brought out by the phonographic imagination.

More and Better Music for Arkansas

The desire for a true understanding of music is strong in many communities where, for lack of proper leadership and a knowledge of how to gain this understanding, the desire must remain unsatisfied. It is just these communities the Department of Fine Arts wishes to aid.

For this purpose, it will send to any club or school that has or can borrow a Talking Machine, four sets of fifteen records each, to be used for instructive purposes, each set of records being accompanied by a typewritten "talk" explaining the music about to be heard, and giving a few interesting facts regarding its origin, the instruments, the singers, etc. Each set of fifteen records will provide a complete entertainment for one evening.

The talks are entirely informal and devoid of technical terms and, while educational, are primarily for the purpose of making the music understandable and therefore more enjoyable. When a song is sung in a foreign language a translation will be found in the "talk."

In short, every effort has been made to aid intelligent listening to music and to give a liberal amount of instruction along with a fine entertainment.

We ask that you give these entertainments in the evening so that parents as well as children may attend; that no admittance fee be charged; that you use care in unpacking and packing the records to avoid breaking or scratching; that you pay transportation expenses on the records, which will be sent you collect; that you send them collect to the address which will be furnished you by the Department of Fine Arts.

The arrangement for these four entertaining and instructive evenings will bring children and parents together to the school or club; will interest the parents in all phases of your work; and will make more effective and efficient your endeavor to take part in the great movement of Community music and music appreciation.

Movie Music

Music used with moving pictures is, on the whole, better—much better—than music used with the spoken drama. The "spoken theatre" has old traditions. The movie made its own traditions at the start and decided in favor of the finer things. When a government report gives ten millions of people patronising film productions every week in this gigantic country of ours, we can easily see the force of the music end for good or ill. Everything within the realm of the world's best music is served to movie audiences. It is interesting to observe that the introduction of good music in such theatres has in every reported case been followed by a larger attendance and greater gate receipts.

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Then, too, there exists a new type of music adaptation. I refer to the so-called ticketing of emotions which is practiced in theatres which have a large library. That is, the music is listed according to mood, not according to title.

We have also the matter of extemporisation by organists in these places. It is horribly crude just now, but with the higher kind of organists in establishments which handle pictures on a huge scale we hope to see a type evolved which will bring a new appropriateness into our pictures, a new and more vital relation of phonographic films and musical moods.

Original music created for certain works naturally is the only legitimate art product for moving pictures and promises to bring a new variety of musical structure into existence. This type will show not the usual picturing of every detail, from a dog barking and a cat mewing (*via* the *vox humana!*) to the jumps of a lively horse, but will show the essential moods governing the pictures as a whole, not a few childish peculiarities of a single picture.

Concerning Municipal Music, The Urge of the Times

At the end of July, 1916, the writer took occasion to analyse the programs given by bands under municipal control in the parks of his city. This analysis was published August 2nd in the largest Pittsburgh newspaper.

So interested and generally stirred up did the city become over the question—an interesting symptom in itself—that within two weeks the present writer, backed by the Musicians' Club, effected a change which placed programs, hitherto at the bottom of the list of cities, very far towards the top. It was one of those times when everything was ripe. This ripening of public sentiment is one of the most encouraging things in American life—this maturing of the sense about city affairs. The people are no longer the mob, but the people are the real executives. And all this is preparation for the better community life.

And what is this big thing we secured in the summer of 1916 but the people's chance to hear better things; a chance to hear things which only the wealthy heretofore have been able to pay for. These things are now common property. Some of us acted for the people in place of several bandmasters who thought that they would keep their jobs by so-called catering, by serving up trash as principal numbers on programs which were a musical and sociological disgrace.

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In this connection it is of considerable interest to read the following statement at the end of a summer in a leading journal of the country:

> Pittsburgh's series of park concerts arranged at the expense of the city ($10,000 for the Summer) are at an end. During the season of about two months about three hundred thousand persons attended them, the largest crowds appearing at those in which announcement was made that the people were to be given an opportunity to decide whether they liked classical or the so-called popular music the better. It sustained its reputation by showing as much taste for the good as for the trashy stuff.

I would also say that the late Director of the Department of Public Works, Robert Swan, told me at the close of the Summer, "Our bandmasters have had an increased pride in their work since they knew the public were looking up to them and watching their movements." Not a bad example of the power of the people. Surely all citizens deserve the best they can understand, the common garden variety of excellence.

Objection is sometimes made that city bands are too small for good music. That condition in itself needs investigation, for it often is the result of a political basis of distributing favors in numbers rather than quality. But even then there is good music for every reasonable combination of instruments and for many very unreasonable combinations.

There are also objectors to a good standard, but a few objectors to better music do not constitute "the people" by a large majority. Their chief argument is that these park concerts are not intended to be educational. Such remarks hark back to less progressive times than these; to times when municipal control was exclusively political and cared naught for higher questions. Are there people in authority in our large cities who still believe that entertainment precludes that which is worth while? I have cited the music used by the organists in our large, popular-priced moving picture shows. It is largely of the best. Note also the music used in the settlements of the cities. Most of it by preference, not "education," is good music.

We would say to believers in the non-education theory: You need only to look over several parts of our small earth to discover that education, whether concealed or openly announced, is the watchword—certainly America's watchword. Do not fear to raise the crowd. The crowd is much more plastic than you think.

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Certainly, it is plainly our "duty to see what ought to be desired by the people and to use all plain and brave speech and action to bring others to that desire" (Curtis). Furthermore, it is a minority which will first see to this; for there is always an influential minority, as Theodore Thomas put it, back of every good thing. (Also every bad thing is governed by a few.) His words pay reproduction in this connection, as no one interested in popularising good music can ever forget the Thomas methods. This is what he had to say:

> The clamor for so-called popular music makes it impossible to present a good program without the support of this "influential minority," and yet a person who clamors for popular music does not know that he means only familiar music; that Beethoven's symphonies would soon become as popular to him as "The Star Spangled Banner" if he only heard them oftener, and that it is only his unfamiliarity with the great classic masterpieces which prevents his enjoyment of them. Good music, of which a Beethoven symphony is the highest expression, is the language of the soul. Popular music, in the true definition of the term, is the expression of rhythm, such as a Strauss waltz. If people only knew it, a Beethoven symphony, like a Shakespeare drama, creates a distinct atmosphere, even a world of its own, but its secret beauties are not to be wholly revealed without a little effort on the part of the listener to appreciate them."

What is Good Music?

Not long ago a newspaper man said to some of us: "Now tell me what good music is. What cheap music is. I, too, want a viewpoint when I hear a program given for the people in the parks."

That is a fair question, but it is quite certain that we have our hands full when we attempt to tell the average non-musical man some way to decide what is good music for the crowd. We may recognise it, but how label it without being technical? In other words, without being "high-brows."

It is not always possible on first hearing to tell the good from the bad because of some superficial resemblance, just as the texture of stuffs in fine imitations may be misleading to the average buyer. But there are several ear-marks which bear noting.

One thing to be observed is that titles are absolutely necessary to poor music. Such music would not get very far without a label. Good music of course often has titles, but its life is not dependent upon them. In the case of cheap music the vulgar title and the sentimental title are much in evidence; for the

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"crush," the squeeze, the moonlight tendencies, the sob and the overworked mother spirit are always salable. By their titles shall ye know them!

Good music, when gay, will be really gay and frolicsome rather than smack of vaudeville or fox trot. If sentimental it will be free from over-doneness or mawkishness.

The orchestration of good music will have variety of color in all the divisions of the standard orchestra or band. The cheap kind will be varied mostly by drummers' traps. Drums, xylophones, clappers, fifes with "glittering counterpoint"—all these will make up the gaiety of tin and tinsel. That is, poor music is overdressed and overspiced.

Good music is solidly built, as will be noticed on second or third hearing. Cheap music will be either in very common usual, conventional form or altogether out of plumb. As a rule, common music is correct in the sense of mere measurements. It could not so easily be grasped at one hearing otherwise. The good will have a new structure as well as other original traits of novel harmony, unusual rhythms and distinctive turns to the melodies.

The good music is based on a greater chord variety. The poor is built over a groundwork of but three or four chords and these are in evidence in every piece.

What first strikes the layman in all good music of the art-class is what he likes to call its queerness. It soon loses that character on repetition, but, inevitably, good music will be somewhat puzzling at first and the uninitiated hearer will take it on suspicion.

Good music has brains back of it. Poor music is mainly instinctive and hence goes 'round in a circle. Ordinary pieces are like so many ordinary people, exact duplicates one of the other. The parrot theory is overworked. Good music is based on several melodies at once. The poor is mighty glad to boast one at a time, although in recent years there has been great improvement in this line.

What Many Cities are Doing

Some time ago I sent out questionnaires to the mayors of many large cities and a few of the smaller ones in this country and Canada in order to discover the status of summer out-door music. Some of the questions were designed for local use and hence many answers are not vital to our present discussion.

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The following is a summary of the most interesting and valuable answers[1]:

Philadelphia, with 1,850,000 people, gives $30,000 a Summer. It has two bands, giving 90 and 72 concerts respectively, and at one time had dancing in the streets at certain appointed places, to the great joy and value of the city. There is a supervisor for the programs and popular music is played as encores.

Kansas City, with 300,000 people, appropriates $3,500 a season. About thirty-seven concerts are given. The people sing to some extent. Programs are published in the papers and also handed out to the audience.

Montreal, Canada, with 650,000 people, has five bands, with no supervisor of programs, which are very mixed in nature. The city appropriates only $2,000; about twenty-five concerts are given. The people seldom sing.

Quebec, Canada, with about 80,000 people, gives $3,000, has seven bands, presents one hundred concerts. People sing seldom, and programs are badly mixed, not having any supervising body.

Madison, Wis., is a place of 25,000 people. $325 is given by the city. For this five band concerts are given, with mixed programs and no singing.

Minneapolis has 375,000 people. It gives $16,000, presents one hundred and twenty-two concerts, has nominally a supervising committee to insure good programs. Two rehearsals each week are allowed each band. The programs have several unique features. One is the presentation with soloists of operas, such as last season Aïda and Faust. The people as a whole do not sing. This seems to be the prevailing condition so far as concerns the national anthems. Whose fault is it?

At the bottom of the programs is the seemingly strange request, ENJOY YOUR PARKS. Even this sign or slogan is one of the signs of the times. We are just beginning to be a people who believe we deserve to enjoy everything, for it is ours, not some impersonal city's.

Louisville, Ky., with a population of 400,000, has no appropriation, no "nothing" in a municipal way. Its enterprises are driven by private club forces.

Omaha, Neb., with 190,000 people, gives $4,000 a year. For this sum two bands furnish fifty or more concerts during the Summer. The

[1]The Union rates for bands are different from the rates for orchestral players; but the scales of prices for both kinds of players are so complex, covering so many varieties of engagements, that the figures for the different cities given above must not be taken as a basis for the computation of incomes and rates of American bandsmen. Naturally, season rates are somewhat lower than rates for one special time. Rates differ, also, according to whether the engagement is afternoon or evening; cost of second hour is different from first hour; marching and "settin' still" differ in price, dances and educational institutions cost not the same; etc., etc., etc., up to a twelve page pamphlet. If any person interested will write the author or consult the nearest Union bandsman he will receive answer at once. It takes a book to answer by letter and thirty minutes' time to explain by word of mouth. It may be added that in all cases the bandsmen are able to take many outside engagements during the period of their city work because relatively little time outside of the actual two-hour band concert is required, the rehearsals in most cases being very brief affairs, mostly 'synthetic' rehearsals.

programs are not supervised and so are badly mixed. The people sing to some extent, let us add.

Boston has 725,000 people. The city gives $9,000, for which the people receive 75 band concerts, with mixed programs. Last year there were nine bands giving forth more or less mixed programs. The programs are announced by megaphone, presumably without any Bostonese annotations.

Rochester has 251,000 folks of all sorts. $15,472 were devoted to music. There is one park band, with its director the final arbiter as to quality. From 78 to 90 concerts are given. The national airs are not sung with any particular gusto.

Cincinnati, O., with its 406,000 people, gives only $1,300 from taxes, although a goodly sum from private donations.

Programs are given out by ushers. There are about 57 concerts with good or much mixed programs, according to the "section" of city. The people sing very seldom.

Chicago does not handle "the music end" of things at all, the music in the parks being dealt out by park commissioners, who are state, not city, officers. The wording of the one answering my letter was, "Chicago is not in the music business." Quite a commentary on Chicago.

Cleveland, O., with 800,000 people, gives but $9,000, has bands of but 20 to 25 men, gives 150 concerts each season, and has mixed programs according to "locality."

Denver, with but 250,000 people, gives $20,500 a season, has one band of 50 pieces, gives 108 concerts, has a supervisor, furnishes free programs and has popular singing.

Buffalo, with its 465,000 people, has two concerts each evening for eight weeks. Its programs are popular and the singing element seems to remain silent. Appropriation $7,200.

Detroit, with 850,000 people, gives $11,000 for its one band, giving mixed programs. People do not sing with the band.

Indianapolis has 300,000 people. There has been no appropriation with any regularity. There was a fund of quite small proportions, so that one concert could be given each week. No programs and no singing. Bad showing.

St. Louis has 800,000 people. $17,000 was given last season. The bands have from 25 to 30 men each. About 145 concerts were given, with no singing. The city had printed programs.

The last two cities of general interest are Baltimore and New York, and these are so very interesting that I shall let the answers go to my readers as they came to me. First, I would say that Baltimore has a municipal journal which is sent to about 12,000 carefully selected people, to keep them abreast of all the work being done by the city. The city authorities naturally have their "own time," as is seen by the following excerpt from their very interesting journal, which suggests an ever-present difficulty in community work:—

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Why is it that every time a movement semi-public in its nature is started, the people at large applaud the movement and then sit down and wait for the municipal government to do it all? There are some movements where the responsibility falls distinctly and properly on the shoulders of the municipal government, but there are some things this government cannot do single-handed. The government may do its part in all of its fullness; and yet, if the people at large fail to respond with an equal degree of performance, the undertaking will prove an utter failure.

Baltimore is also municipally managing its own symphony orchestra and the following account of how its singing and some matters of detail—as a band stand—are managed is highly edifying.

There were two community singing concerts at Washington Square and one in conjunction with the centenary exercises at the Battle Monument. At these concerts the airs of folk-songs were played by the band and the words thrown upon a screen so that the audience could join in the singing. Printed programs were distributed. The season opened May 26th and closed September 13th. Eighty-one concerts were given. The approximate attendance during the season was 300,000.

The stand for the band was designed by John F. Ireton, Superintendent Highways, Engineer's Department, and was built by the Highways Engineer's Department. It is mounted on wheels, so that it can be transferred by automobile truck from the city property yard along with the chairs, lights and other equipment. This stand has a floor space of 500 square feet, giving ample room for the band of thirty pieces. Chairs are hired to the audience at five cents each, and this revenue, added to the receipts for ice-cream and pop-corn privileges, produced a total revenue of $556.45 in 1915. The net cost of the concerts last season, including salaries of musicians, cost of stand, equipment and other incidentals, was $9,993.69.

And now to the specific questions put to, and answers from, this very much alive city.—

1 Name of City—Baltimore, Md.
2 Population, 1916—589,620.
3 What percentage foreign? by Census 1910, 13.8% foreign born white.
4 What appropriation this year for bands? a. $11,520 for Park Band; b. $10,000 for Municipal Band.
5 How many bands? Two, one the Park Band, and the other the Municipal Band.
6 How much are Conductors of bands paid? $40.00 per week conductor of Park Band, which gives seven concerts a week. $36.00 per week conductor of Municipal Band, which gives six concerts a week.
7 Do you think a large band under one Conductor for chief occasions, split up into two bands for small parks practicable? No.
8 Have you a supervisor or supervising committee to pass on quality of programs? No; but the Park Board keeps in touch with all

the activities of the Park Band, and the Mayor and Board of Estimates with the Municipal Band.

9 How many band concerts each season? Park Band, 111 concerts. Municipal Band, 97 concerts.

10 How many rehearsals are provided for? The bands rehearse once a week.

11 Is popular music used in regular program or only encores? Both.

12 How many men in Musical Union? All the musicians are members of the Musical Union.

13 Do the people sing when bands are playing "America," or "Star Spangled Banner?" Yes.

14 How do you get programs or program notes into the hands of the people? The newspapers gladly print each day's program in the news columns.

15 Is a Municipal Band, a permanent organization, preferable to hiring several bands? Yes.

(Signed) JAMES F. THRIFT,
Comptroller.

CONCERNING NEW YORK CITY.

No city to which my questionnaire went took the trouble to answer so fully and interestingly as the City of New York. I shall set down in full what the Acting Commissioner of Parks, Robert W. Valentine, placed in his reply.

The Mayor of this City has referred your questionnaire of September 8th, to the Department of Parks, Boroughs of Manhattan and Richmond. The answers to your questions are as follows:—

1 Boroughs of Manhattan and Richmond, New York City.

2 The population of Manhattan and Richmond, by the latest police census, was respectively—Manhattan, 2,590,455—Richmond, 102,614.

3 We have no statistics to show what proportion of the population is "foreign."

4 The appropriation for band music in parks of Manhattan and Richmond this year was $23,207.

5 This Department employed during the present season one band in Central Park, and four bands in the smaller parks of the City, giving each band an average of four concerts a week for eight weeks in the smaller parks, and two concerts in Central Park per week. Owing to the summoning to the Mexican border of the First Regiment Field Artillery, that Regiment Band, which had been engaged for the Central Park concerts, was unable to fulfil its engagement. Pending arrangements with Nahan Franko's band, several conductors were tried in Central Park. The final concerts were given by Nahan Franko.

6 Conductors of the concerts in Central Park received $25 per concert, which included $10 for conducting rehearsals. Conductors of other bands received $10 per concert. As they were engaged for four concerts per week, this made their compensation $40

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per week. The leaders in Central Park, playing two concerts per week, received as compensation $50 per week.

7 No, this Department does not think a large band under one conductor for chief occasions, split up into two bands for smaller parks, practicable.

8 The Secretary of the Park Board, Mr. Louis W. Fehr, supervises the programs and attends concerts for purposes of general supervision.

9 This year the Department furnished one hundred and thirty-six concerts.

10 The contract for concerts in Central Park with this Department provides for a rehearsal preceding each concert.

11 It is the policy of this Department to encourage the better class of music, and the programs are built up with a view to musical education. However, this Department believes it unwise to lose sight of the fact that many people attend the concerts purely for diversion, and because the concerts afford them an excuse for gathering together in large numbers. For that reason the better class of popular music is placed on the programs to balance, with a view to making the programs appeal to all classes of the public. The character of the encore, whether classical or popular music, depends on the neighborhood in which the concerts are given. In many neighborhoods classical music is given as encores.

12 The number of men in the Musical Mutual Protective Union is about 6,000.

13 The people do not generally sing when the bands play "America" or "Star Spangled Banner." This year, however, the Department gave a permit for choral singing in the parks by the public. This has been very successful. Last night and night before the season was concluded by a "Song and Light Concert," which was attended by 60,000 people. In many of the parks subsidiary choruses have been built up. All this has been encouraged by the Hon. Cabot Ward, Commissioner of Parks, Manhattan and Richmond.

14 This Department has printed through the "City Record" programs for each concert given under its auspices. These programs are placed in the hands of the public by park employees. I enclose herewith sample programs of the Nahan Franko concert, West Side Municipal Band, East Side Municipal Band, Up-Town Municipal Band, and Down-Town Municipal Band. I am sending you, under separate cover, copy of Annual Report for 1914, believing you will find the music section interesting.

15 The experience of this Department is strongly in favor of municipalizing band music. It is possible to furnish better music and a better spirit is obtained. Commissioner Ward has gone thoroughly into the matter in this report.

The size of this City is such that not only one, but several municipal bands are necessary. If the appropriation had been sufficient the Department would have continued the practice of having its municipal bands play seven times a week instead of four times a week, as was done in 1915.

Very truly yours, (Signed) Robert F. Valentine,
Acting Commissioner of Parks, Manhattan and Richmond.

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Epilogue

The hugeness of our municipal schemes is enough to fill our American minds with unmatchable joy. In fact, it plays a large part—this hugeness—in handling the success end. Nothing succeeds like immensity when it is successful. Look at the recent San Antonio Christmas celebration. It would make old Berlioz turn dark-green with envy to see the bands of the Nineteenth Infantry, the Twenty-seventh Infantry, the Sixteenth Cavalry, the Seventh Field Artillery, the First Missouri Infantry, the Third Illinois Infantry, the Fourth Illinois Infantry, the Seventh Illinois Infantry, the First Wisconsin Infantry, the Second Wisconsin Infantry, the West Virginia Infantry, the First Alabama Infantry, the Washington (D. C.) Infantry, and a great special band of one hundred and forty-two musicians. Also, the San Antonio Orchestra, a chorus of over five hundred soldiers, the Municipal Chorus and the soloists—in all eleven hundred and forty-seven musicians. The audience was made up of twenty-five thousand persons.

Then we have New York with its tidal wave of Community music. Sixty thousand for an audience last September. Notice the evangelistic terminology used by the reporters: "thirty thousand hit the trail the first evening and sang." Just think of it: sang!

We have railroad and shop workers everywhere organising; into bands especially. One of the best amateur bands I know is made up of men who are at rough work all day.

Department stores organise choruses and sing the best music there is, with the best orchestras there are. What wonderful unification of our country's resources! It is as if some mighty power was getting ready for a large crop of great geniuses and was now creating the audiences to respond to them and also to stimulate them.

And what does all this wonderful musical activity mean? What I have set down is only the municipal portion. We have titles like the following coming out in our daily papers and musical journals constantly: U. S. Government helps cause of Community Singing; The University of Kansas or some other University organising choruses in Forty to Fifty Towns; Atlanta this and Memphis that, etc., etc., etc. Read our music papers. What I would have you notice is that America is coming and coming fast; that there are big, broad, brotherly, socialised musical groups bent on having a good musical present so that we may have an

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amazing future. Our future is assured, for we are making the material out of which geniuses come, viz., a large musical nucleus for inheritance. Also, we are making the stuff out of which geniuses derive their nourishment, a great audience made into a knowing audience by the actual doing. The creative power of the people is the thing.

We are passing from the patriarchal control of things to municipal encouragement, which brings more people into the doing. There is a new consciousness being revealed, as one of our very much awake women put it. We are getting past the time when we had the habit of simply being spectators. We are finding ourselves and teaching others to find themselves. We get out and say, let us be it and do it.

We are also getting over what might be termed the warm weather habit which said, 'Nothing good should be given in the Summer. Cold weather is the stimulator.' Well, you and I know that the advancement of the quality of music in the parks and the birth of societies like the New York Civic Orchestral Society, have put the veto on cheap stuff because the mercury is high. (Incidentally the prices are low,—from ten cents up.)

We not only are doing things but, what is so dear to an American heart, we are making it pay. We long ago learned that good things pay in some kind of coin: the coin of health, the coin of morals, the coin of happiness, the coin of friendliness, all of which have a fashion of ultimately putting money in the purse of the people at large, if we care to push it to that point.

Recently I had an interesting conversation with the director of one of the largest community choruses in America. One new angle was brought out: namely, that certain sexual energy which has been set loose by the conditions of present day feminism has a distinct and definite outlet for women in the singing with the crowd. Certainly a very interesting theory and which, while we can force that theory too violently, we believe works out satisfactorily in practice. Surely, the close, warm, unified effort and the contact of men and women will take away loneliness and exercise the activity of the average person to physical and moral health. That is, energy has an outlet, the one thing needful. Waste of energy is due to lack of tendency. Just as the play of our youngsters is directed, so the activity of adults is given a turn into human channels.

Some of the weak points in the program of the people as given by the enthusiasts need also to be considered.

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The greatest of all their fallacies is a belittling of technical standard, substituting therefor a norm based on sociological necessity. Underrating of artistry—which is technical efficiency—will never lead to vital art or permanent art-force. The power of the people tends to form only the basis for the generation of genius rather than to make every man think he is an artist and that his work is necessarily an art-product. If we believe that the people's work will take the place of the higher musical perfection, we are losing sight of the humanising tendency of the beauty of the cathedral in thinking abstractly of the people for whom it was made. The crowd can build a cathedral neither of stone nor tone. If attempt is made to substitute crowd work for skilled artisans' work the thing reared will tumble into ruins, no matter how valuable a humaniser the attempt. It is childish to get end and means confused, for the permanence of the great work is the vital contribution to the people's life.

Many, many holders of the community idea are manifestly in error when they decry this artistry. Artistry is only the thing that stands as the thing to be attained. As John Stuart Mill put it, The beautiful is the good made perfect. The singing of the masses and beautiful singing are different. Opera, symphonic music and all so-called "high" things in art are not only for the elect—as some writers have averred—with "the people" left out. For a given generation certain great works may be sealed, but the next generation profits thereby in the strictest of community senses. We must recognise the difference between the people becoming leavened and the people creating a Fine Art—the latter a final and specially urgent necessity. Evangelism is a method, not a result. A nation cannot get along without its private, highly skilled, isolated, apparently selfish "laboratory" workers. The ultimate end of such workers' work is The People. The lonely chemist may be a national saviour. Entirely too many Americans profess that they who serve the people just now, right off, instanter, are the only ones who are human, are the only ones who serve. The few still continue and will continue to think for the many and serve the many. We could not organise into results were that not so. That is the reason that we need idealists as conductors. One of the community conductors said that the "people would not sing a bad thing." That is not true. They will sing most anything good, bad or indifferent that their conductor submits, if he submits it in the right spirit. The conductor selects and the people follow. No matter how democratised we become, leaders are leaders.

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In conclusion, let us add that the popular out-of-door performances in summer from the highest art standpoint—which I always insist will later be the peoples' standpoint—are a delusion and a snare from the view of acoustics. Our open-air problems in acoustics have never been worked out, never solved. Music is not an art which is endurable for any length of time when only rough hewn lines are audible. It becomes monotonous. It is like architecture in that the highest periods are those in which breadth plus beauty of detail are in accord.

If we keep before us the essentials of Art and its activities on the one hand and the development of the people in the fullest sense on the other, we shall find that both Art and the people will come to their fullest mutual growth and interactive power. We are now ready to use the force of the world spirit so marked in our wonderful country.

With the full growth of the community life we shall have reason more and more to believe in America with the faith and poetry of Whitman:

Fecund America! Today
Thou art all over set in births and joys!
Thou groan'st with riches! thy wealth clothes thee as with a swathing garment!
Thou laughest loud with ache of great possessions!
A myriad-twining life, like interlacing vines, binds all thy vast demesne!
As some huge ship, freighted to water's edge, thou ridest into port!
As rain falls from the heaven, and vapors rise from earth, so have the precious values fallen upon thee, and risen out of thee!
Thou envy of the globe! thou miracle!

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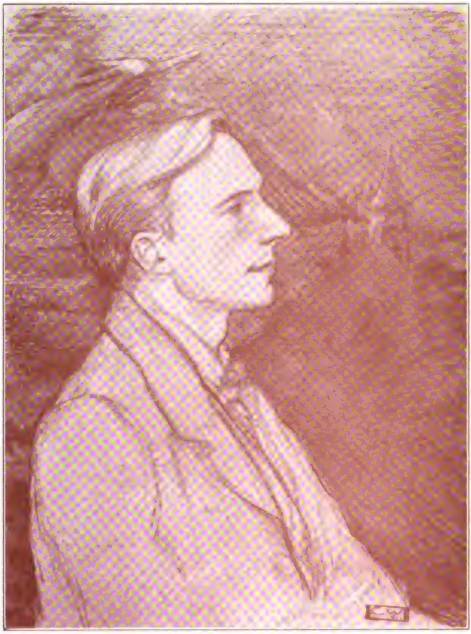

Rutland Boughton

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A BRITISH SCHOOL OF MUSIC-DRAMA: THE WORK OF RUTLAND BOUGHTON

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

BEFORE the upheaval caused by the great European War there was in England much expressive patriotism, which in the main found its outlet in art of all kinds, and most of all, perhaps, in music. Some of it was pure Chauvinism, which rightly aroused opposition; but the bulk was an honest striving to make the art of the nation what it should be. Moreover, it affected all classes of the community, artistic or otherwise, and whether working for the absolute and direct pleasing of the populace at the moment, or concerned with higher and more lasting ideals. With the outbreak of war this feeling was naturally intensified and extended, while to help it there came the inevitable revulsion of feeling against all matters hailing from enemy countries. In artistic matters, however, its expression was curtailed owing to the need of strict attention to more material and more immanent matters. Performances of new works were restricted in numbers because of the change of temper of managers and audiences, and of the conversion of resources to the meeting of distress and the supply of war material, and the actual output was cut down because many of the most talented of the younger men were called upon for military service or for work either in factories or in administrative offices, which restrained and even prevented entirely the exercise of their creative ability. Several, such as Edgar Bainton and Benjamin Dale, were in Germany at the time of the declaration of war, and were interned before they had time to get out of that country. Others, of a highly emotional nature, were so unstrung by the new conditions that they were unable to pursue their work in any way satisfactory to themselves.

One of the ablest of them, however, was able to continue his work for the first two years almost undisturbed by either of these considerations, first, because up to the end of that time, though he had made several attempts to enlist, he was rejected from military service on medical grounds; and secondly, because he was a man of strong purpose not easily overcome by adverse circumstances. This was Rutland Boughton, socialist and patriot, musician and domestic genius, an agnostic of deep religious

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feeling, and generally a man who possessed an uncommonly large number of contradictory characteristics in his nature. Although he felt his early rejection very keenly at the first, he had the good sense to take the fullest advantage of it in order to develop what he had begun earlier and to continue what he rightly regarded as the great enterprise of his life. It was only at the end of the second year of the war that the objection to his undertaking military duty was removed and he was called to the army; this time somewhat against his will, for he felt he was already doing a national service—a service at least greater than he could do as a private soldier. This enterprise of his—the Glastonbury Festival of Music-Drama, with its attached school of opera singing, acting and dancing—forms the pivot of the movement that should, if properly worked, do much to revolutionise British ideas upon and to remake the conditions which exist in England with regard to music and all that appertains to the art of the theatre.

There has always been native opera of some sort in England, from the days of Purcell right down to those of Stanford and Holbrooke. As a rule, however, it has been of a somewhat feeble character and imitative in its type, and the common people have found little enjoyment and reposed little faith in it. The few exception in any of these respects have been the light operas of Sullivan, Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" and Wallace's "Maritana," and in their own day one or two of the operas of Macfarren, Bishop and Benedict. (It has been said that the most successful English opera composers, like the most successful English Generals, have all been Irishmen). In the present century the strongest opera composers of the country, like Ethel Smyth and Stanford, have had to go outside Britain for a real recognition of their ability in this direction, though even they have not been denied altogether a hearing in their own land. Neither they nor the few who have gained the patronage of wealthy opera supporters or of generous minded producers, have secured the suffrage of their fellow countrymen as a body, even when they have been ardent followers of either Wagner or Verdi. Wagner, notwithstanding the war, and right through the war, was and is the most popular composer with British music-lovers, and were it not for the expense involved in the effective mounting of his works these would be the most profitable for opera managers to produce. He was slower in attaining popularity here even than in other countries, but having been placed in the premier position, nothing but the change of

opinion brought about by the slow effluxion of time and the development of circumstances will remove him from it.

Even this, however, has not created a taste for music-drama as music-drama, any more, perhaps even less, than the popularity of "Il Trovatore," "Madame Butterfly" and "I Pagliacci" has created a demand for opera. Those who have attempted to follow him have, from the point of view of public acceptance, been dismal failures. Not all of them have grasped the essentials of his musical and dramatic technique, though many have imitated his mannerisms and his more obvious methods. Undoubtedly the reason for much of this is that Wagner is first of all a German event. Now a great national art can never spring into being through the popularity or the right principles of a foreign artist unless there has been some native preparation beforehand. Shakespeare affected the work of German drama profoundly, but before he did so the dramatists of Germany had been busy preparing the way by their own efforts and experiments, and the people of Germany had prepared the way by their all-round interest in the theatre.

This was realised by Boughton and others who shared with him in the work of preparing the way for a revival, or a commencement, of British music-drama. They took Wagner as their *point de départ*, but they early gathered in the assistance of classical drama, both Eastern and Western, of Thomas Hardy and Maurice Hewlett, of Purcell and Gluck, and of British folk-music and British folk-lore and all the influences and currents of thought and feeling which these represent. Their aim was not only to discover the best methods employed by dramatists and dramatic writers of all ages and all countries, but to find and to use the material which should be most worthy and most suitable for the creation and development of a really great national drama or school of drama. They felt that great as was the result of Wagner's treatment of the story of Tristan and Yseult, British legends such as this ought to be the basis of British drama, and particularly of British music-drama; that these legends were the birth-right of British drama, and that the serious attempts to dramatise them should not be left even to the greatest of aliens. Without being fanatics (at least on this subject) they were enthusiasts for all that they considered essentially and typically British.

Boughton himself among his many enthusiasms (and he is a creature of enthusiasms) counts the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, the philosophy of Edward Carpenter and the drama of Bernard Shaw. He is as much at home with the songs of the man

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in the street as with those of the man in the study or with the arias and recitatives of the man in the theatre. He was, therefore, in these respects as in others, well qualified to make the experiment in which it seems probable he is to find the work of his life. As a composer he had also met with a degree of real success that qualified him for the work, and which was of such a nature to commend whatever he wrote to those who look for popular success as a criterion of artistic ability. His "Choral Variations on British folk-songs" were *jeux d'esprits* of uncommon cleverness and humour and of much deeper expressive power than is common to such works; his cantatas showed real constructive power as well as daring and capacity in writing for large choral and orchestral bodies; his few songs were works of real genius; as a critic he had displayed a catholic taste and a wide knowledge, besides deep insight, his little book on Bach being almost a standard work, and his contributions to musical and other journals being strongly provocative of thought. It was only actual stage experience which he required to qualify as one of the real powers in the combined arts of music and the drama, and this he gained in various capacities, some of them of the humblest. Having this, he proved himself to be not only all that might have been expected, but something far higher and more powerful in that most difficult of all worlds to conquer and to rule.

The real beginning of the positive work was made by a young journalist, Reginald R. Buckley, when he started to write a series of dramas on the legend of King Arthur and his knights, applying the morals of that story to the conditions of his own day. His original aim was to provide a good readable drama, written in a modern and somewhat individual form of verse with which he had already experimented in earlier poems, and which was based upon the freer methods of Whitman and his successors. Being a musician in education and feeling, and thoroughly saturated with Wagnerism, however, he could not let it remain at this. Some of the early drafts were in a form more or less operatic, and these were shown to Mr. Charles Manners. This well-known impresario thought the scheme was too big, and advised Buckley to seek a publisher rather than a composer. Disregarding this advice Buckley sent the work first to Sir Edward Elgar and then to Granville Bantock, the latter of whom recommended Boughton as a likely man to take up the work. The recommendation was a good one, as events proved, for author and composer had ideas in common with regard to national music-drama. What those ideas were has already been suggested.

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The coming together of these two young enthusiasts, each possessed of at least unusual talent, in a work of portentous proportions, and one requiring entirely new arrangements of stage and orchestra for a complete and satisfactory presentation, suggested the building of a theatre in conditions more or less in accord with their ideals. They wished primarily to produce their own work as perfectly as possible; but they were ambitious to do more than this, and to encourage and assist in the cultivation of a taste for drama, with or without music, as a natural and national art in their native country. Poor men as both were in this world's goods, they were not without some few friends possessed of money and influence, and wisely they did not hesitate to make use of their advantages in this direction. After appealing for assistance by means of one or two isolated performances of extracts from the music, and by the issue of the words of the first of their dramas in conjunction with two strange, but remarkably well-written essays on the subject, a first effort to give practical effect to their ideas was made in 1913. The result, though not large, was a satisfactory one, enabling certain work to be undertaken, and relieving the two promoters of so much of the worry of organisation as to leave them free to deal chiefly with the artistic aspects. It was not possible, nor would it have been advisable, to start with the building of a theatre, but a site was chosen and acquired in the district considered most suitable on account of its romantic interest and its direct connection with the events with which the chief work to be presented dealt. This was the little corner of the County of Somerset of which Glastonbury is the centre—Glastonbury, the place where Joseph of Arimathea settled and planted his staff which afterwards became the Christmas flowering rose, where St. Patrick was born, where he founded a monastery and where he died, and close by which was the Isle of Avalon, where King Arthur and his knights had their home. Here Boughton settled down to teach and to gather his forces, monetary and human.

The most effective way of arousing practical interest seemed to be that of starting a "holiday school," a method which at the time was rapidly gaining ground in England. He had had experience as a lecturer in other schools of a similar type to the one he was starting, and he was not slow in finding those who wished for the tuition and experience and the social life he could offer them. The number of meetings of the school gradually increased from one in the Summer to several at that time of the year and one each at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide.

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In many ways this School has been characteristic of the whole movement. It has never yet paid its way financially, but it has been marked by a thoroughness and originality of method that make it more striking, and in its way more successful, than any of the older and more firmly established schools. Every member has been allowed to take some part in one or more of the works produced, and all have been expected to do their share in the organisation and administration in detail of the festivals. This rule has worked for the benefit of the festivals in a twofold manner; first by giving to the students a greater interest and a wider and more precise experience, and secondly by economising the financial resources of the whole concern.

Another feature which has proved of immense benefit has been the splendid and gratuitous assistance given by a number of well-known operatic artists, led by the stimulating example and suggestion of Mr. Frederic Austin. They have not only given excellent presentations of the parts for which they have been cast, but have acted as real leaders, throwing themselves into the life of the party with a spirit that can have no effect that is not beneficial, and personally assisting the less experienced members in a way that entirely belies the reputation of jealousy from which their class as a whole suffers the world over. Quite unforgetable are some of the social meetings of artists and friends which took place after the performances, when the wholesome spirit of fun, directed against themselves as much as against any others, and not infrequently providing a healthy criticism of works and interpretation, was allowed full play.

While the original purpose was to produce what they considered was to be their masterpiece, or at least their *magnum opus*, Messrs. Boughton and Buckley have not depended entirely upon each other for the supply of words and music for production at Glastonbury and elsewhere. Boughton's most popular opera,—a real opera, though pretty well up to date in its methods,—has as its book Fiona McLeod's short play, "The Immortal Hour," with the addition of some of the same writer's poems. John Drinkwater has supplied the words for a ballad opera, Boughton himself has constructed a musical mystery play based on the Coventry Nativity Play, an early religious work dealing with the mysteries of Christmas; while the children's ballet, "Snow White," which delighted all who took part in it as well as all who saw it, was designed by Margaret Morris. Buckley, on the other hand, has found sympathetic composers in Edgar Bainton for his children's opera, "Walooka the Bear," and in J. Weston Nicholl

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for a one-act romantic opera, "Comala." These two composers, it may be noted, are comparatively young men whose work deserves a wider recognition than at present it has obtained. Not all of these works have been produced at Glastonbury, though all help forward the cause which has its centre there; but the choice of works has been very eclectic.

Perhaps the shortest and most obvious way of showing the catholicity of taste and the sound principles which obtain there will be to outline the program of its most recent festival. In August, 1916, which was very shortly before Boughton and several of his principal artists were called upon for military service, the festival opened with "The Round Table," the second and latest completed section of "Arthur of Britain." This was followed on the next evening by the old English morality play, "Everyman," and a new one-act opera, "The Sumida River," by Clarence Raybould. On the afternoon of the third day was a remarkably fine performance of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," and in the evening a recital of ancient Celtic songs and stories by Mrs. Tobias Matthay. The closing performance of the series was "The Immortal Hour." This first series was immediately followed by two others, each of four days duration, the program of which varied only slightly from this.

The conjunction at the same evening's program of "Everyman" and "The Sumida River" was arranged with a definite object, but proved to be one of the few weak spots of program building which have appeared in the whole series of festivals. The play upon which "The Sumida River" is based is a Japanese Nô drama, dating from the fifteenth century of the Christian era; that is, the same period as "Everyman." Hence, it was scarcely necessary to mention that the object was to raise a comparison. Unfortunately for the artistic balance the comparison was not at all a good one, for the Japanese drama, although concerned with the religious question of cummunion between the living and the dead, is in its essence nothing more than a pathetic story, and has not the universal appeal which belongs to the English morality play. The fault, or rather the mistake, arose from an innate defect in the nature or education of Boughton himself. Earnest and sincere as is his character, in its way almost religious, he fails entirely to grasp the significance of the really religious spirit of those whom he considers mere followers of the priests; to sympathise with this spirit or to understand that there is a vast difference between the pretty stories which are often used in the teaching of the elements of religion and the realisation

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of the elementals of religion which belongs to the ordinary sincere Christian. This one failure, however, emphasises the fact that the sequence of the programs, their relation and contrast, throughout the whole course of the various festivals has been as successfully achieved as has the selection and production of the works.

Besides "Iphigenia in Tauris," which has been played half a dozen times in all, other classics have often been presented, among them being Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (seven times), the Grail scene from "Parsifal" and the second act of "Tristan and Isolda," and spoken plays like Euripides' "Heraclidæ." Lady Gregory's "The Travelling Man" and W. W. Gibson's "The Night Shift." Only two new operas besides Boughton's own compositions have been produced, these being "The Sumida River," already mentioned, and "Oithona" by Edgar Bainton. This is the fault of circumstances rather than of any lack of willingness on the part of the Director and his Committee, and it is probable that with the revival (which can hardly take place except under different and more favourable conditions) of the festivals at the close of the war this list will be considerably extended.

One of the most remarkable features of the "show" at Glastonbury has been the staging of the various works. This has been under the direction of Christina Walshe, an artist specially gifted as a designer of stage scenes, and still more useful in the circumstances, as the utiliser of unconsidered trifles. She it was who designed all the scenes and dresses, including those for the classics; for anything in the way of tradition and precedent was taboo not only from the nature of the artists principally concerned, but from the conditions obtaining. Under her direction the ladies of the company made their own dresses and some of those of the men, and the latter were allowed a small share in this side of the organisation by being instructed in fitting and other details, and a larger one in the execution of the stage scenery, all being put practically under the jurisdiction of the stage carpenter.

The great thing to be aimed at was simplicity, and in this direction the influence of Gordon Craig, who is a warm supporter of the movement, of Reinhardt and Granville Barker is seen, though it cannot be said, by any means, that any one or all of these have exercised any controlling influence. The whole modern idea of stagecraft has been co-ordinated for the purpose, and Miss Walshe has ideas of her own which she has employed freely.

The same aim has had to be kept in view in arranging the actions and dances. In such an effort as this—an effort to revise

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general stagecraft as well as music-drama craft—dancing takes naturally a position of considerable importance. But with the whole theatre something less in size than a decent stage it has to be reduced to a minimum of spaciousness—movements have to be restrained, the number of dancers limited to the smallest possible, individuals to represent numbers, and quartets to represent crowds; in brief, a return has had to be made to the methods of days when the stage of the theatre was a platform erected in an inn yard or on the steps of the village church. In this matter again the advice and assistance of authorities and experts was willingly made available, and Miss Margaret Morris has done much, her professional pupil, Miss Florence Jolley, acting as a more or less permanent *Directrice du Ballet*. Nevertheless these considerations of lack of space were never allowed to interfere with the object in view. This idea of the importance of dancing and mimicry in dramatic expression was so strong that, however restricted its scope, it was on no account allowed to be omitted. It was in view of this, and with the intention of training children for the work, and supporters of the festivals for its proper appreciation, that the children's ballet "Snow White" was designed by Miss Morris and composed by Boughton. That it largely achieved its object was abundantly clear by the delight of the local children who took part in a number of charming presentations, and of the local audiences who thronged to see them.

One insists somewhat strongly on this point of the successful struggle against adverse circumstances in the way of limited stage accommodation, because it has been the means of proving certain things that the promoters had no thought of proving, yet which are essential to a complete success of their work as the revivifiers of British dramatic taste. The most important of the things proved is that the common people not only appreciate drama specially written to meet their circumstances, but that they can appreciate and even perform in a worthy manner, much that has been written for the conditions surrounding the professional stage. Boughton set out to prove that these people possessed an instinctive though undeveloped dramatic and musical taste; he has proved that they possess much more.

One of the most striking bye-products of these experiments, and one brought about at least partly by the limitations of scenic properties and accommodation, was an invention by Boughton himself. This is "Living Scenery," or, as he more frequently calls it, "Human Staging." It was at Bournemouth, during one of the tentative "holidays," that the idea was first mooted and

attempted. It proved so successful that there has scarcely been a work produced since in which it has not been used in a greater or less degree. The idea is not new in its essence, for the dress and actions of both principals and chorus always is taken into account when the *mise-en-scène* of any stage piece is considered. In this method of Boughton's, however, it is carried very much further than anything previously attempted, and the human element is employed to supplement the fixed scenery, and to represent or suggest things usually left to the scene painter or to the imagination of the audience. It is specially useful where moving scenes such as river or lake with their surrounding circumstances are required. In "The Sumida River," for instance, no attempt was made to bring the ferry boat across the stage in order to represent the crossing of the river, while the usual futile appeal to the imagination by means of cloths was equally avoided. Instead, the chorus, suitably garbed, moved slowly along against the backcloth (which was of a neutral tint and with no tracery), and by the movement of their limbs suggested, in a manner more vivid than could have been expected, the motion of the water and the progress of the boat. In "The Round Table," where it is also used freely in important scenes, it has not hitherto been quite so successful, probably because the nature of the scenes in which it is employed demands a large stage and wide distances. Nevertheless the suggestion of the lake scene, with the Lady of the Lake and her attendants actually forming the waves, is very effective.

One great condition of success with such a device as this, of course, is that it should not be obvious; that it should fit in with the general scheme of the staging and action, and be naturally consequent upon the dramatic action and thought; that it should never be a cause of immediate wonder, or strike the average onlooker with its remarkable technic. And it is this which has made it a success and marked its inventor as a daring and successful innovator. By reason of his ideas on this and cognate matters, and of his ability to carry out those ideas, Boughton stands as one of the few composers of to-day who is in every respect qualified to compose and produce music-drama. In quite a number of cases he has been compelled to adapt the libretti to stage conditions, the appeal to himself in the first instance being that of the poetry or the philosophy, or of its suitability to choral treatment.

His first idea in this scheme (and of course in the scheme of the music-drama cycle) was to take the British *penchant* for choral singing and develop from it a form of music-drama in

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which the chorus should supply the emotional and descriptive texture in the same way as does the orchestra in Wagner's later works. He has always put forward the idea that the chorus must and does represent "mass-feeling," and though in practice he has perforce varied his methods considerably, he has kept the main idea constantly in view. In "Arthur of Britain" Buckley had much the same idea, which he used in the development of his literary technic. He has also employed a system of frequently recurring phrases which he regards (though the system is not as highly or as subtly developed as it should be to justify the term) as literary *leit-motive*, and of course this is not without its effect on the music, which in its main principles is Wagnerian. Much of the choral singing is off the stage, and forms a kind of commentary on the action of the drama, generally helping it forward by its psychological suggestion rather than by any assistance it gives in the unfolding of the story. It is understood that in the design for the theatre a place will be provided on each side of the orchestra for a chorus which will be supplemented on the stage by a small group of singers sufficient only for the purposes of the action and scenery.

In choosing the Arthurian legends as the principal subject of their work Messrs. Boughton and Buckley believed they had found an essentially British fount of inspiration. In practice it has turned out to be rather less so than was expected, for the incidents treated have little in them that is characteristically British, while the British people as a whole know little, and probably care less, for their national legendary. It is in general ways rather than in choice of subject that Boughton has developed the music of his country, while Buckley (who is concerned in many dramatic and literary efforts, including the Shakespeare Festival), has been doing much in the same way with regard to drama. Boughton has seized the imagination of a widespread body of influential artists and dilletanti, and has proved to them and to all interested that music-drama is at least not foreign to the nature of his countrymen. With time and the opportunities it will afford, it seems probable he will do this, and more, on a larger scale.

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WANTED: A HISTORICO-MUSICAL CLEARING-HOUSE

By H. T. HENRY

SOME writers and editors appear to consider the question of accuracy in respect of the historical side of music as practically a negligible thing. Minutiæ here seem to such men to be trifles. And yet it was Michelangelo, I think, who declared that perfection was made up of trifles, and that perfection was not a trifle. As the present paper deals with these small things, perhaps my readers will indulge me to the extent of a clarifying anecdote.

Many years ago it was my privilege to sit under a professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania who was wholly wrapt up in his work. His zeal for the progress of his pupils was marked by notable self-sacrifice; for he would stay in his class-room, day after day, when all but a chosen few of the pupils had been dismissed, in order to read carefully, side by side with one of the students, an essay submitted for correction. The professor paid special attention to the "small" matter of punctuation. This subject was, indeed, a hobby of his. He had published a volume devoted to it alone. He seemed to fear, however, that thoughtless critics would sneer at such particularized devotion to small things, and on the title-page of his volume he had accordingly placed the simple and apologetic legend: "De Minimis." This fact might well disarm criticism; for the critic would be immediately reminded of the legal maxim: *Non curat lex de minimis.* True it is that the majesty of the law will not brook being troubled with trifles; and yet sometimes a legal decision will turn on the small matter of a misplaced comma.

It cannot be pleaded, of course, that any weighty issues depend on minute accuracy in historico-musical data. A scholarly instinct may nevertheless find itself needlessly affronted by small inaccuracies committed by a musical editor. These inaccuracies proceed, as a rule, from sheer ignorance, and not from any editorial carelessness. And in many cases the editor can not be blamed for an ignorance which is not so much his own as that of the books of reference he consults. Music, like every other branch

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of human endeavor, has its patient historians, who delve into unattractive masses of old documents—manuscripts, letters, out-of-the-way printings and engravings, personal memoirs in which musical allusions are of the most unexpected and at times most fragmentary character, "monkish chronicles," and the like. It is a quaint, an antiquarian, taste; but the results are not negligible from the standpoint of scholarship, and meanwhile they give a satisfactory sense of definiteness in the solution of some musical problems, such as those of the date of composition or the correct attribution of authorship of a national song or a popular hymn. If it be not important to know exactly things such as these, it is (as a side product) of some importance to settle a long discussion and to end much fruitless writing.

At all events, it seems a pity that, once definiteness even in such "trifles" has been achieved, the previous errors should be repeated in newly edited books and newly written articles. These forthwith become the prolific parents of a new progeny of inaccurate statements. The writers and editors are not wholly at fault. The facts they would be happy in stating accurately are for the most part hidden away in casual contributions to non-musical publications, and these do not suggest themselves naturally as sources of musical information. Religious magazines and weeklies often give interesting details of hymns that have achieved popularity. But the name of such publications is legion, and human life is short, and the editor of a school-hymnal is usually a busy man. He may append the name of Martin Luther to one of the best known hymns of William Cowper, and thus utterly bewilder the hapless pupil whose attention has been specifically directed to a noble piece of literature by the professor of English Literature in the very school in which the hymn is sung. Egregiously wrong statements may gain currency in respect of a national anthem. Their refutation will perhaps be found in a learned and elaborately constructed monograph appearing as a Government publication, and the editor of a national song-book will continue in blissful ignorance of its issue by Congress.

When taken to task for their inaccurate statements, writers and editors, being only human, are apt to indulge a sense of indignation and to reply variously—by dogged insistence that what they have said is correct, by a high-minded refusal to discuss the minutiæ of historical criticism, by a wounded silence, or mayhap by an angry retort. Or the replies may be such as those chronicled by Mr. James Warrington, a hymnologist and musical antiquary of note, who had labored for fifty years in his special

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fields of investigation, and who, shortly before his recent death, recorded some of his experiences as follows: "I am often called upon for information, and the result is sometimes laughable. When I pointed out to one editor that he had appended the name of Martin Luther to one of the best-known hymns of William Cowper, he wrote me that he was not interested in such controversies and did not care about being more correct than the usual run of editors. Another waxed furious, scolding me for daring to say he and Julian had erred in several instances. Still another told me he did not care for errors, as not one in a thousand would discover them."

I trust I shall not be misunderstood as writing in disparagement of editors or of their often arduous and thankless labors. I have been an editor myself, and have made my own fairly full quota of mistakes. But I fear that some of us, like poets, belong to the irritable tribe, and are apt to lay the blame for disturbance of the peace on the critic, instead of frankly acknowledging that *humanum est errare* or, better still, that there is no obvious and ready access to a source of correct information. Such an obvious source is the thing pleaded for by the present paper.

If the desirability of such an obvious source could be demonstrated, a discussion of the characteristics of that source might well follow and, possibly, a concrete suggestion might be made. A full demonstration of the desirability would carry me far afield. It will be more convenient simply to offer two illustrations, one from the field of hymnology, the other from the domain of national song.

First of all, then, let me select a hymn which, for various reasons, is rightly considered as being of widest interdenominational interest, and which has been the subject of much discussion. I refer to the *Adeste Fideles*. The latest summary of its history that I am aware of appears in an annotated catalogue issued in December, 1915, by a most prominent firm dealing in "musical records." Here is the information given to the purchaser of this "record":

"Adeste Fideles (*Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful*) (*Tune by Marcas Portugal, 1763-1834*) (*Christmas Hymn*).

"The origin of this grand old hymn is unknown, but it is supposed to have been first sung in England about 1797, in the Roman Catholic chapel attached to the Portuguese Embassy, from which it takes its name. The tune has been variously attributed to John Reading, Thorley (an English organist), and to the Cistercian monks. More than thirty-eight translations of the Latin words are known, but the one by Oakly (*sic*) is now generally adopted."

In such a brief summary one must not look for a discussion of moot-points or for references to authorities. But one might fairly look for more correct information. First, the tune cannot have been composed by "Marcas Portugal," the limits of whose life are given as "1763-1834," for it is found in authentically-dated English manuscripts of 1750, 1751, 1760. Second, the legend that it was first sung in England about 1797 has been long since disproved. Third, the information given concerning "John Reading" is highly equivocal, for there are three John Readings whose names have been associated with the music of the hymn. Fourth, the theory of a Cistercian origin has been rendered untenable. Fifth, "Oakly" should be "Oakeley" (a small point, indeed, but still worthy of note). Sixth, the attribution to Thorley is an easily demonstrable mistake. Seventh, "Marcas Portugal" is open to correction, if only for the purpose of eliminating the vulgarism implied in an English rendering of Simao's sobriquet of *Il Portogallo* ("The Portuguese") as "Portugal." If one may insist on minute correctness, the dates, also, might be changed from "1763-1834" to 1762-1830.

Such is the brief account given of the hymn in a formal catalogue issued as late as December, 1915. As the Latin text of the hymn is undoubtedly of Catholic origin, shall we confidently consult *The Catholic Encyclopedia* as a ready and reasonable source? It is a work of recent publication, in sixteen royal octavo volumes, and in the first volume (issued in 1907) I find the following appropriate information:

> "It was sung at the Portuguese Legation in London as early as 1797. The most popular musical setting was ascribed by Vincent Novello, organist there, to John Reading, who was organist at Winchester Cathedral from 1675-81, and later at Winchester College. The hymn itself has been attributed to St. Bonaventure, but is not found among his works. It is probably of French or German authorship."

Now all of this appears to be taken from Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, for it is all given there. Presumably the source was the first edition of Julian's volume, issued in 1892, for the revised edition of 1907 could hardly have been consulted for a volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* copyrighted in 1907. Although much information was found concerning the hymn, between the years 1892 and 1907, Julian's revised edition does not correct any of the misleading statements of his first edition, except the one concerning the text. Let me say here that the words of the hymn can not be traced further back than to the middle of the eighteenth century, whereas St. Bonaventure died in 1274, and

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that there is not only no reason for supposing the words to be of French or German origin, but there is great reason for assuming them to be of English authorship. A condensed but very satisfactory treatment of the hymn was given by Cowan and Love in their volume on *The Music of the Church Hymnary* (Edinburgh, 1901), and additional matter is found in the *Historical Edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1909).

Now, the unacknowledged source of most of the information given in *The Music of the Church Hymnary* is probably the long-continued discussion found in various issues of *Notes and Queries*. And Grove's *Dictionary* appears equally to have depended for its information on this unacknowledged source. The editor of a musical publication would indeed find the discussion of the musical authorship of the hymn very entertainingly treated in *Notes and Queries*. But he may be pardoned nevertheless if he manages somehow to overlook the many "Series" of that enlightening periodical. He may also be unaware of Cowan and Love's excellent book issued at Edinburgh in 1901. And both he and these two editors might easily be forgiven for not consulting the pages of *The Month* or *The Dolphin*, two Catholic monthlies issued in London and in Philadelphia respectively, in which the subject is treated (in the former, casually; in the latter, professedly). The information gleaned from these various sources needs to be checked and counter-checked, if one would arrive at a fairly correct account of the present status of our knowledge concerning the text and the tune of the hymn.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if we find very strange declarations made concerning the text. For instance, that it dates from the persecution under Diocletian (as a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* opined in its issue of 25 December, 1900); that it is to be ascribed to St. Bonaventure (as the editor of a Catholic hymnal issued as late as 1912 supposed); or that it is of Cistercian origin (as the editor of a Catholic hymnal issued in 1913 declares).

Similarly, we are not amazed to find the tune a subject of most diverse assertions even in lately issued volumes of hymns, or that the catalogue I have quoted as a sort of text for my remarks should have indulged in so many misstatements concerning the tune.

What is the difficulty? Apparently, it is the lack of an obvious source of reference.

Turning next to the field of national song, we find a recent and rather lively controversy about the authorship of both words and tune of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Much previous discussion

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had been summarized and handled with masterly skill in an elaborate monograph printed, by order of Congress, in 1909. A humble confession is said to be good for the soul, and I accordingly admit my ignorance of this subject at the time when, as editor of a magazine entitled *Church Music*, I gave hospitality to a brief account of a certain Philadelphian's "discoveries" in the British Museum concerning our national anthem. Again, let me point out, I had not access to any obvious source of correct information, or I should not have committed such an error. Subsequently to all this, a new claim was made for the authorship of the tune, rejecting the common ascription to John Stafford Smith and asserting the probable authorship of "the last of the Irish bards," O'Carolan. This contention spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and begot much writing which was again summarized in a new edition of the Congressional volume (or rather of that part of it which dealt specifically with this one song) published in 1914. For those who find leisure to keep fully abreast of definitive musical publications, this volume must be looked upon as a final source for the history of this one tune, so far as present knowledge goes. But in a few years from now, the future editor or writer who touches casually on such a topic may be quite unaware of the volume. He, too, will have need of an ovbious source.

I have emphasized, by much repetition, the word "obvious." It seems to be clear enough that "sources" are not sufficient in this hurried, workaday world. The sources must be fairly obvious, or errors will be renewed and will become the parents of a long lineage of error.

Now such a corrective source must be a periodical, and not a book of reference. The stately reference-library soon goes out of date where historical matters are concerned. The *Dictionary of Hymnology* issued in 1892 became an uncertain guide for the writer of the article on the *Adeste Fideles* in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* of 1907, for fifteen years had meanwhile elapsed, and much new knowledge had been gained of the history of the hymn. Who knows at what moment some new light may be shed on the history of *The Star-Spangled Banner* and thus necessitate a re-statement of some portion of its history as given so critically and so satisfactorily in the Congressional publication of 1914?

The source must be scholarly and exact. A periodical which deals with such matters must never be guilty of the lapse of misapprehending the contentions of a writer which it undertakes to summarise. An illustration may be cited here. To the December, 1913, issue of the *Records of the American Catholic Historical*

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Society, I contributed a very long review of the controversy concerning the Carolanian authorship of our national anthem-tune, and unequivocally declared myself adverse to that claim. Nevertheless, my article was referred to by one paper as demonstrating the claim set forth for O'Carolan.

Finally, the source must be an obvious one. It should, of course, be a musical magazine, but one of commanding status. It cannot be local or national merely, but of international breadth of scope in its editing. It must survey a very wide field, and must be generally known as contemplating such broad horizons. If, when occasion serves, it points out in a summary fashion the contentions of historical and musical interest appearing in volumes or in periodicals issuing from the presses of various nations, it soon becomes an obvious source for consultation. In the very restricted field of Catholic Church music, this result was soon attained by the *Rassegna Gregoriana* published in Rome. Each issue of this magazine contained a full and departmentalized bibliography, in the construction of which editors who were scattered all over the globe coöperated. Many of the entries gave merely the titles of articles and the names of their writers, together with a reference to the source. Not a few, however, of the entries stated succinctly the contentions of the writer, when the subject treated by him was of some special interest from a historical or argumentative standpoint. With little effort a reader could glean, almost unconsciously, a wide survey of the important literature in whatever department of the field of Church music his own special interest lay. And the bound volumes of the magazine became a library of current reference, constantly kept up to date.

I should not advocate, however, such a bibliographical department for the musical magazine which might become an "obvious source" for future writers and editors concerned with historico-musical matters. I should rather suppose a definite department assigned to succinct statements only of really important data, whether found in volumes or in periodicals. Once such a department was opened, I think it would attract the keen sympathy and hearty coöperation of all the readers of the magazine, who would be stimulated to call the attention of the editor to items of current interest in historico-musical affairs. All of his readers (and all of their reading in various lines) could thus be laid under contribution for "small" additions to the common store of knowledge.

Have I been indulging the most hopeless of day-dreams?

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN PARIS DURING THE FIRST TWO SEASONS OF THE WAR

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

WOULD not the music lover who applauded *Parsifal* at the Opéra, or who attended a performance of the Wagner-Italian cycle given at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in the Spring of 1914, or who was present at any of the really cordial gatherings of the Congress of the International Musical Society, have been highly astounded if it had been predicted to him that within a few months these artists, gathered together from all parts of the world to perform some new work or some venerated masterpiece of the past, these peaceful savants and scholars, would find themselves face to face in a struggle, the most dreadful, without doubt, that had ever shaken our old Europe?

Thus, however, it was destined to be; and our journals and musical reviews had not yet finished discussing the merits of Richard Strauss' *Josephslegende*, or comparing the Wagner performances at the Opéra with those of the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, or reporting with enthusiasm the meetings of the International Musical Society, when the musicians liable to military service were already being called to their respective colors.

To be sure, it was the vacation season, and musical life had already died down in Paris, or rather it had taken refuge in the casinos of the watering places. Only the music halls, the cinematographs and the Opéra could give the passing stranger some idea of our lyric-dramatic art. The declaration of war and the mobilisation immediately closed all these theatres. And even a long time after the actual beginning of hostilities one could see on the streets of Paris the bills announcing the performance of the *Huguenots* on Monday, August 3, a piece which was a real Summer attraction, assured of success with the provincials come for a visit to the capital.

The little beer café orchestras, after having sent out to all the corners of the earth the patriotic strains of the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du Départ*, were silenced, their members for the

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most part mobilised. All theatres and show places had closed their doors, and Paris lived through its dull, gloomy evenings in the silence of death. In the course of the month some cinematographs and some concert cafés opened up, the patriotic numbers of the programs they offered being received by the public with enthusiasm. The receipts were turned over to the Red Cross or to similar organizations.

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However, once a semblance of normal life was re-established after the battle of the Marne, the world of the theatre, the artists, musicians, machinists and others who were left behind, viewed with apprehension the approach of a new season, marked by the cessation of an activity by which thousands of people in Paris had made their living. (The receipts of the theatres, until then ever on the increase, amounted in 1913 to sixty-eight and one-half million francs, of which eight and one-half fell to the cinematographs.) Furthermore, about the middle of November, 1914, the Prefect of Police, who was anxious to authorize the re-opening of all show places, which, after the war, were to be placed under a special régime, gave notice, in an ordinance of the 23d of November, that the license would be granted to all establishments which might apply for it, save dance halls. But it was determined that a supplementary tax of five per cent. of the receipts (a tax of 9.09 per cent. had already been levied) would be imposed on the profits of performances for charity. One hundred and ninety different establishments re-opened under these conditions on the 1st of January, 1915. On the 1st of December following they numbered two hundred and twenty-five. The actual musical enterprises—need one say it?—were in the very smallest minority. After the return of the government from Bordeaux to Paris, the Opéra-Comique was the first musical theatre to open its doors. The Trianon Lyrique followed on the 20th of December. The Théâtre des Arts, now become a home of light opera, did the same eleven months later, and the Opéra resumed on the 9th of December, 1915.

The public at large, on the one hand, to the number of 272,080 had rediscovered the way to the theatres and concerts (that is to say, to the music halls) by December, 1914. The figures were increased to 805,765 by October, 1915. For the cinematographs the figures were 788,504 and 1,604,519 respectively. The really musical public, on the other hand, the music lovers,

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made up before the war in part of colonies of strangers, were longer in being set in motion. On the 29th of November, it is true, "National Matinées" were inaugurated, and on the 6th of December the great symphony concerts were resumed; but the habitual Sunday concert-goers no longer found the same orchestra, nor the accustomed concert-hall, nor, above all, the classic programs—also a matter of routine—to which they believed they were entitled.

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It is not our intention to attempt a psychologic analysis of the French musician or of the French music lover, although a few notes on this head may not be out of place here. The present cataclysm has brought just judgment upon many a prejudice, many an admiration, many a snobism. The individual, in such times, reveals himself more clearly than in times of peace, when every one, consciously or unconsciously, dons a mask and plays a part. Now, from the musical point of view, the average Frenchman regards the art of music in general merely as a *métier* or as a frivolous distraction, and scarcely considers it under any other than one of two forms: the chanson or the dance. A piece of music which does not serve either for singing or for dancing is inconceivable to the majority of our citizens, to many of those, even, who call themselves cultured. These, when they speak of music (Oh, how rarely!) hardly think of anything else than the *opéra comique* of the last century. The *opéra*, the "grand opera," means Rossini, Meyerbeer or Auber; and this, moreover, scarcely attracts them for its own sake, for—"one does not understand the words."

As for the music lover, who does not look with disdain upon symphonic music or chamber music, he is in a very small minority —10,000 at the most in Paris, 20,000, perhaps, in the whole of France. And this art lover, for whose favor the three larger and older concert organizations (Conservatoire, Colonne, Lamoureux) and some other younger organizations (Victor Charpentier, Sechiari, Hasselmans) vied with each other, is characterized by a very singular mental make-up. For, to him, the concert very often still partakes of the nature of the theatre. Who, in effect, leaving out Beethoven, are the composers that have dominated our programs during the last forty years? Berlioz and Wagner, two rival brothers; the one, exiled during his own lifetime from the theatre and seeking compensation in the concert-hall with

works of a dramatic character; the other, the victim of patriotic ostracism (which bids fair to be renewed), the consequence of which was the arrest of the musical development of the French public for thirty years.

Dramatic music having thus invaded the concert-hall, the education of the French concert-goer was dramatic rather than symphonic, and that is why a musical program which embraces nothing but pure music will always bring smaller receipts than another. But, you will say, the name of Beethoven will always suffice to draw a crowd of music lovers. That is true; but it took almost a century, it required exhibitions of foreign kapellmeisters, and, almost beyond belief, it was necessary that M. Fauchois play his drama of *Beethoven* at the Odéon, the performances of which have done more than anything else to popularize with the French public—the works of Beethoven? Not at all; but simply his name, his symphonies, three or four concertos and some overtures. And here we touch the capital defect in the character of our music lover. Like the subscriber of the Théâtre-français or of the Opéra, he supports, with impatience, only the novelty, the unpublished work, or simply the unknown. He is wanting in care or in sympathy for that which for years he has been unable to prove and assimilate. He scarcely knows Mozart or Haydn, much disdained in our "grand" concerts. He has ears and plaudits for those names only which have been thrust upon him: Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner; and so he suffers our orchestra conductors to impose upon their audiences new names and new works as Habeneck once did with Beethoven and as Pasdeloup, Colonne and Lamoureux did with Berlioz and Wagner.

But the experience of the season of 1914-1915, when every Austro-German composer was banished from the programs, has shown that it is a difficult matter, when one follows music as a livelihood, to interest our music lovers in our own school alone. Whereas, in ordinary times, the sum received by each member of the orchestra upon the partition of the proceeds of a concert was fifty or sixty francs, his quota on one Sunday of the season of 1914-1915 fell to eighteen francs! Such was the practical, the palpable result of the first "war season" at Paris.

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Let us close the parenthesis and now attempt to describe the musical physiognomy of Paris during the first two years of the war.

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Since music is reputed to be a frivolous art (has not M. Saint-Saëns written in the *Grande Revue* for March, 1915, that in his time under the Empire, "men of the world affected not to love it at all and left this taste to their wives"?) it was looked upon merely as a means of attracting the public, which was to be brought together to participate in this, that or the other work of charity or solidarity. It was under the cover, above all, of these two virtues, so hard to practise at times when they are their own reward, that people sought the justification for the re-awakening of musical life toward the end of 1914. Misfortune, want, misery of many kinds, cried, after the beginning of hostilities, for the exercise of public charity! If the cry was to be heeded, it was necessary to afford generous and charitably inclined people some other satisfaction than merely that of a duty performed. Artists (among them artists of great worth) were literally reduced, as in the darkest days of our past crisis, to the necessity of singing and playing in the courtyards. Was it not better to bring them together to some concerted action (which they never declined) and to re-open the concert-halls?

But the artists, who had been so often called upon and who were now so hard put to it, appealed in their turn to the generosity of the public for help. The response, fortunately, gave them good reasons for congratulating themselves.

The Matinées Nationales

The *Matinées nationales*, founded by the *Oeuvre fraternelle des artistes* under the high patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, were opened on the 29th of November, 1914, and continued every Sunday until the month of May. They were given in the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, where that wonderful fresco *The sacred woods* by Puvis de Chavannes furnished a sublime background such as none of our usual concert-halls can offer.

In this quarter of the city, on the left bank of the Seine, where public musical performances are rarely heard, the first matinée was opened by the Dean of the Faculty of Letters, M. Croizet. Poetry and music alternated, national anthems of the allies being sung at the beginning and at the end. The orchestra was composed of the artists of the Conservatory concerts and of the Colonne and Lamoureux orchestras, conducted in turns by MM. Messager, Pierné and Chevillard. The second matinée, on the following Sunday, met with equal success. Among the artists

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who took part were Mmes. Croiza of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, the violoncelliste Caponsacchi, Dussane of the Comédie-française, MM. Gabriel Fauré, Director of the Conservatoire, Vincent d'Indy, Director of the Schola Cantorum, Gemier, Director of the Théâtre Antoine and de Max, now of the Théâtre-français. Thus during twenty-six weeks the Sorbonne extended the hospitality of its amphitheatre to the *Oeuvre Fraternelle* twenty-two times, the Trocadero three times, and on the 11th of July, a solemnity without precedent, the court of the Sorbonne itself was the scene of a performance of *Oedipus Rex* with Mounet-Sully in the chief rôle.

Beginning with the third performance the orchestra of the Matinées nationales was that of the *Société du Conservatoire* under the direction of M. Messager. Henceforth the success of the enterprise was assured, and music was not slow to take the first place in the subsequent performances, where, nevertheless, a place was always reserved for poetry and eloquence. After the overture an orator always took the floor, and so there appeared upon the platform of the Sorbonne during the first year a most varied succession of noted speakers from the University, the Academy, the bar, or from the literary or political world: MM. Alfred Capus, Adolphe Brisson, Maurice Donnay, Paul Strauss, Paul Hervieu, Tristan Bernard, Emile Boutroux, Abel Hermant, André Antoine, Lieutenant-Colonel Rousset, Paul Adam, Henri-Robart, Pierre Wolff, Pastor Ch. Wagner, Ernest Lavisse, Albert Dalimier, F. Labori, Painlevé, Flammarion, Louis Barthou.

The music executed at the Sorbonne was chosen from the French, Russian and English schools exclusively: Franck, Massenet, Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, Paladilhe, Berlioz, Chabrier, Pierné, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Lalo, Duparc, Th. Dubois, Bruneau and others, somewhat indiscriminately assembled, filled out the programs. It was evidently necessary to sound a public still unknown, which was attracted as much, for example, by M. de Max, M. Albert Lambert or Mme. Segond-Weber, as by Mlle. Breval or Hatto of the Opéra or some noted orator. The first programs, accordingly, were composed chiefly of small fragments, always ending with the *Marseillaise* or with all the national anthems of the Allies. But little by little the Matinées ventured to present larger works: for example, the *Symphonie Française* by M. Th. Dubois, Berlioz's *Fantastique*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Schéhérazade* and *Antar*, Igor Stravinski's *Pétrouchka*, etc.

Encouraged by their success the managers even risked some novelties, the execution of which was not always fortunate for

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want of rehearsals: the *Rhin Allemand* by the lamented Albéric Magnard, orchestrated by Guy Ropartz; *Aux Morts pour la Patrie* by M. Henry Février, poem by Charles Péguy; *Leila*, melody with orchestra by René Lenormand; *Le Soldat* by Ch. Silver; *Pâle Étoile du Soir*, *Le Dormeur du Val* by Alfred Bachelet; and *La Tête de Kenwarch* after the poem of Leconte de Lisle by Mlle. Marg. Canal. All these works were melodies more or less developed, generally less.

The second year of the *Matinées nationales*, which began on the 10th of October, was characterized by the same ardor and eagerness as those which marked the first.

After the overture *Patrie* by Bizet, the Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts, M. Dalimier, delivered a thrilling address. Not less enthusiastic was the applause which rewarded M. Camille Saint-Saëns, who performed several of his own works assisted by Alfred Cortot in uniform. The baritone Allard sang the closing *Marseillaise*.

Twenty-four concerts followed in which were enlisted the services of orators, actors and artists who had already been called upon during the previous year. Meanwhile a new feat is accomplished: a name, glorious above all others, the name of him to whom the *Société du Conservatoire* has for ninety years owed its *raison d'être* and its most substantial fame, the name of Beethoven, appears on the programs. Not a soul, strange to say, uttered a word of protest, and the success of the *Matinées nationales* was only more animated. The musical public seemed to find itself at its ease again, as if renewing an old acquaintance. Only some grumpy old critics and some composers ailing with the desire to hear their own works found occasion for censure. In re-inscribing on their bills the name of Beethoven the *Matinées nationales* (which in the absence of M. Messager were conducted chiefly by M. H. Rabaud) merely followed the example of the Association of the Colonne-Lamoureux concerts.

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The Concerts Colonne-Lamoureux

This association, which likewise looks back upon an existence of two years, is the very unexpected product of a "holy alliance" brought about by the war. The Colonne and the Lamoureux associations were, if not exactly enemies, somewhat like two rival sisters, each having its own public, its own traditions and its own repertoire. In the latter M. Camille Chevillard, in the

former M. Gabriel Pierné, each with the collaboration of a committee of members of the orchestra, bent his energies to the maintenance of these traditions based upon a past equally glorious in either case. Each attempted—with too little success in spite of the support of an advance guard of real music lovers—to introduce a few novelties into his repertoire. These two organizations were always prosperous. When in December, 1914, the partial resumption of musical life was actually accomplished, M. Chevillard and M. Pierné, each for himself, reunited that part of the personnel of his orchestra which had not been called to the colors. It was decided in each group that steps should be taken to unite in one orchestra all musicians left in Paris. The most curious fact about it all was that each of the societies had hit upon the same thought without having been consulted by the other, and that at the very moment when M. Pierné was calling up M. Chevillard on the telephone, the latter was asking the telephone operator of Chatou to connect him with the former at Paris. "My surprise was so great," M. Chevillard declared later, "that I could not inhibit a very brusque movement which was not without effect upon the telephone apparatus. I had actually broken it. We resumed our conversation, Pierné and I, at Paris some hours later, and came to an agreement in accordance with which we were to give a series of twenty concerts, each of us alternating with the other in conducting our united orchestras, or conducting several concerts successively."

The first concert of the new association took place on the 6th of December, 1914, and the twentieth on the 5th of April, 1915. Of these twenty concerts, that of the 3d of January was consecrated to Berlioz; another of the 14th of February to César Franck. At a third M. Maurice Donnay delivered an address and pronounced dire judgment upon Richard Wagner. The program was devoted entirely to French composers who were under arms, missing or fallen for their country. It included the second act of *Bérangère* by Marcel Labey; *Feuillets de Voyage*, orchestra suite in five movements by M. Florent Schmitt; *Quatre Poèmes en Musique, op. 15*, by Albéric Magnard, who met death at the hands of the Germans at Baron; *Le Cortège d'Amphitrité* by Ph. Gaubert; *Deux Poèmes avec Chant* by Philippe Moreau, assistant conductor of the Colonne concerts, who had fallen in battle; *Andante Symphonique* by Paul Pierné; and *La Cathédrale Victorieuse* by M. André Reuchsel.

The works by MM. Labey, Florent Schmitt and Reuchsel were performed for the first time. Other compositions never

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heard before were likewise played during this first season: *Hommage à la France* by M. Henri Büsser, words by Victor Hugo; *Paris* by César Franck, composed during the siege of Paris in 1870; two melodies by M. André Wormser: *La Passante*, words by Rodenbach, and *L'Abandonnée*, words by Daniel Stern.

The activities of the new society may be summed up thus: 75 performances of French works, 29 performances of foreign works which represented 15 Russian, English, Italian and Rumanian composers.

The motto inscribed by the association on its program of March 28, 1915, *Ars et Patria*, is without doubt very beautiful and no one would dispute its aptness. But it must be noted that the public, accustomed to the Sunday concerts, accustomed to the point of routine, did not, at first, seem to take much pleasure in these patriotically intentioned programs, which had been the basis of the success of the Sorbonne matinées. The explanation is to be found in the fact that each of our large societies has its exclusive clientèle, jealous of its habitual programs. The subscriber to the Conservatoire is classical and likes Beethoven; the Colonne audience is for Berlioz, that of Lamoureux for Wagner. Franck seems more at home at the Châtelet under the direction of Franck's pupil, M. Pierné, than at the Salle Gaveau, where M. Chevillard displays all his tenderness for Schumann, the Russian school and Richard Strauss, while at the Conservatoire every novelty, whencesoever it may come, appears suspect and is never warmly received. It was a problem, therefore, about the month of December, 1914, to amalgamate these different audiences and to attract them to the Salle Gaveau with programs of "allied" or neutral music. Now, the habitués of the great concerts doubtless thought with M. Joséphin Péladan, "A most unfortunate consequence of the great war is, that for a long time we shall be deprived of the music which cannot be replaced by that of the Allies." (Mercure de France, Aug., 1915, p. 685.) And for some time they stayed away from the concerts. That was evident from the receipts. On the other hand, a new public appeared at the Salle Gaveau; but it was an audience not well up in symphonic music, attracted rather by the name in bold relief of this or the other artist from our lyric theatres than by a program too eclectic for real "amateurs." With the season of 1915-1916 things took another turn. At the opening concert (Oct. 24, 1915) M. Chevillard boldly placed Beethoven's *Eroica* at the end of a program which began with Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, conducted by his colleague, M. Pierné. The name

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of Beethoven had a magical effect. It rallied the subscribers, decided those who hesitated, infused enthusiasm into the audience, and swelled the box office receipts for the members of the association. The two symphonies smothered the first performance of a very frail work by M. Debussy: *Berceuse Héroïque*, a tribute of homage to His Majesty King Albert I of Belgium and his soldiers. The press in general dealt severely with this slight production.

Other novelties produced in the Salle Gaveau were: *La Fantaisie Pastorale* by the organist Henri Mulet; the melancholy *Chant pour les Morts* by M. A. Berthelin; *L'Ame de la Terre, pièce symphonique* by M. Fumet; a *Poème pour Orchestre et Piano sur un Cantique de la Camargue* by M. Darius Milhaud; *Quatre Odelettes* by M. Guy Ropartz (verses by H. de Régnier); *Pour les Funérailles d'un Héros* by Mlle. Lilli Boulanger (on verses by de Musset).

Berlioz, Franck, Lalo, Chabrier, Saint-Saëns and our modern composers filled out a large part of the programs, on which Beethoven appeared no less than a dozen times, often followed by Mozart, Bach and Schumann. An interesting experiment in a sort of history of music in action was made in a series of concerts laid out on a definite plan. Thus we had the "Classics and the first French symphonies," Haydn and Mozart in combination with good old Gossec, Beethoven with Méhul. These programs incited comparison, alas! not very flattering to our ancestors as symphonic composers. Beside this series there was an exposition of "Musicians and the Orient": Félicien David, the father of musical orientalism, with his celebrated *Désert;* Balakirev and Borodin, undisputed masters in this genre; Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Emile Fanelli, with his vibrant *Entrée Triomphale du Pharaon*, (a fragment of *Thèbes*, after the *Roman de la Momie* by Théophile Gautier); A. Roussel with his *Evocations*, the first performance of which in 1912–1913 was a veritable latter day revelation; G. Huë, with his *Croquis d'Orient*. The series of the Romantics was easy to establish with Berlioz, Schumann, Schubert and Chopin (but why the absence of Liszt?). "Popular Themes and the Musicians," Russian or French, passed in review in a similar series. Then "The French Symphonists" (modern) and likewise "Spain and the Musicians" presented the names of Saint-Saëns, Franck, Duparc, Debussy, Ravel, Albéric Magnard, whose Fourth Symphony is one of the solidest works of our contemporary French school, d'Indy, Simia, Berlioz and . . . . Beethoven. One must admit, however, that aside from the Symphony in C minor with organ by Saint-Saëns, that in D by Franck, one in C major

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by M. Dukas and one in E minor by M. H. Rabaud, most of the works executed had not the character of symphonies properly so called. Albeniz, Debussy, Turina, Lalo and Chabrier represented Spain. Finally "Nature and the Musicians" included, of course, the *Pastorale* followed by *Un Jour d'Été à la Montagne* by M. d'Indy and the *Rondes de Printemps* by M. Debussy.

These "expositions musicales" according to a given scheme (Edouard Colonne once tried a similar plan) brought about curious combinations. The directors doubtless did well to have recourse to this grouping of works of different schools and of diverse tendencies the success of which was assured. Without adopting this method the Chevillard-Pierné orchestra would never have won over its public.

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THE GRAND CONCERTS, THE MATINÉES FRANÇAISES, ETC.

M. Victor Charpentier had for a number of years given concerts with an association called *l'Orchestre*, organized by him and composed partly of amateur musicians, instrumentalists and vocalists. Early in the year 1915 he in his turn resumed these performances on a large scale in the hall of the Trocadéro, performances often of greater excellence in the intention than in the realization, but which at least had the merit of acquainting the public with the large choral works which the other concert organizations neglected. Thus on the 21st of January he performed Massenet's oratorio, *Marie-Magdelaine*, with Mlle. Marie de l'Isle and Carton MM. Plamondon and Narçon, the *Marseillaise* following. The 14th of March brought the *Damnation of Faust*. On the 28th of March he performed the lyric cantata which recently won the Prix de Rome for Mlle. Lilli Boulanger, followed by Saint-Saëns's *La Nuit* and his *Psalm*. On Good Friday he attempted Berlioz's formidable *Requiem*, followed by a new work, *Aux Morts pour la Patrie*, by M. Henri Fevrier to the words of a hymn by Charles Péguy. The *Damnation of Faust* was repeated on April 18, the *Requiem* on May 2, accompanied this time by several modern works: *La Forêt Enchantée* by Vincent d'Indy, *La Chasse Fantastique de Saint-Julien l'Hospitalier* by Camille Erlanger, the prelude of *Messidor* by Alfred Bruneau, and *Les Perses* by M. Xavier Leroux, all conducted by the composers.

When the season re-opened in October M. Charpentier, after a performance of the *Damnation of Faust*, transferred his activities

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from the Trocadéro to the modern auditorium of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, which had not opened its doors after the season of German and Italian opera in 1914. There he won applause first with Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*, the funeral march from *Hamlet* and "the *Nuits d'Été*, which latter cycle has been rather neglected of late, but which charmed us by its springlike freshness and its youthful sensibility, and of which *l'Absence* is without doubt the most touching and *l'Ile Inconnue* the most effective number." (Ad. Jullien in the Journal des Débats, March 4, 1916.) But beside Berlioz we heard not only classical composers like Handel (*organ concerto*), Beethoven (*Septuor*, and *Ninth Symphony*), and Bach (*St. John's Passion*, April 20, 1916), but also modern writers such as Massenet (*Marie-Magdelaine*) and Saint-Saëns (*La Nuit, La Terre Promise*). This last work, which had not been heard before in Paris, was first performed in the Cathedral of Gloucester in the autumn of 1913, then in London and in San Francisco. The book, divided into three parts pictures, first, the desolation and the revolt of the people of the Hebrews which does not yield to the objurgations of Moses until he causes the water to break forth from the rock in the desert. Then follows the fervent supplication of Moses and Aaron before the face of the Almighty, who reproaches them with not having enforced His law with the children of Israel. The last part treats of the arrival of Moses before the promised land in sight of which the prophet of God must die, foregoing the supreme joy of entering. Sung by Mlle. Demougeot and Madeleine Caron, the tenor, Plamondon and the baritone Ghasne, this work of M. Saint-Saëns's old age was warmly received by an audience which applauded the master himself as he appeared on the stage and accompanied several airs or melodies with the youthful virtuosity which marks his eighty years. The criticism was just one eulogy, —deferential, I should call it—some critics praising "en bloc the simple, sober tendency, the nobility and clearness of the work, or emphasizing once again the typical French qualities of M. Saint-Saëns's composition," as did M. Schneider in Le Gaulois (Feb. 21) who did not hesitate to compare *La Terre Promise* with the oratorios of Handel; others, like M. Ad. Jullien, seeing nothing more in it than "a work exhibiting great experience and routine in which there are no weak parts, but in which nothing shines forth with special brilliancy."

Before leaving M. Charpentier's concerts we must mention the recent performances of *l'Enfance du Christ*, of the *Fantastique* and its sequel, *Lelio*, all by Berlioz. *Lelio* had not been heard

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here since Colonne produced the work some twenty years ago. This ultra-romantic "melologue" was executed this time with M. Gemier in the autobiographic rôle, for such the composer made it. It was a curious restoration of that epoch which is today farther away than ever.

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Other Concerts

Besides the great concerts requiring 200 or 300 executants, the *Matinées Françaises* given to the number of nearly eighty at the Palais de Glace des Champs Elysées aroused a relative interest only. Their programs were made up chiefly of fragments of dramatic works (opéra or opéra-comique) which had found favor with the public. As at the Sorbonne, the aid of the orator was summoned, each concert being preceded by an address.

Greater musical interest attached to some entertainments given in the same hall by the *A. C. P.* (*Association Chorale Professionel*) under the direction of M. Inghelbrecht. We heard, beside Russian and French symphonic works, old sixteenth century madrigals, other choruses by M. Cl. Debussy (three *Rondels* of Charles d'Orleans), the *Danse des Devadasis* by M. Florent Schmitt for chorus and orchestra, the national anthems of the Allies, etc.

The *Concerts Populaires*, directed by the pianist, Lucien Wurmser, at the Salle des Agricultures, were also short-lived. Either because of the difficulty of recruiting a personnel adequate in quantity or in quality, or because of the impossibility of securing a very great number of rehearsals, these concerts of French, Russian and of some Italian music came to an end after one otherwise interesting series. Among the works performed we mention the *Second Symphony* by Francis Magnard (first performance), the prelude of the *Sphinx* by M. Maugüé, the *Second Concerto* by M. d'Ambrosio, executed by Mlle. Yvonne Astruc.

All these musical undertakings, which extended over three years, had, as we said in the beginning, a more or less charitable aim, as may be easily understood. In normal times before the war how were not the artists used or abused for charitable purposes? Then, when war came and misery followed in its course, it was quite natural to look to the artists, themselves subjected to the greatest trials, to come to the aid of all unfortunates. Of all these tribulations, were any more terrible or more likely to move the souls of men than those which overwhelmed the

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noble people of Belgium? The *Foyer Franco-Belge* and the *American Hostels for Refugees* accordingly organized a series of concerts which were given in close succession, beginning with February 11, 1915. The earlier programs were made up of chamber music, French and modern, but at the third concert Mme. Blanche Selva played a program consisting of *Cinq Pièces dans le Style Ancien* by Castillon, the third *English Suite* by Bach, the *Sonata, op. 11,* by Beethoven and the *Prélude, Aria et Finale* by César Franck. It was the first time after the beginning of the war that the names of Bach and Beethoven appeared in a concert announcement. The preceding concert had been devoted to the works of Ernest Chausson. Others afforded opportunities for hearing interesting works by a younger composer, M. Darius Milhaud (a sonata, four *Poèmes* of Leo Latil), an unpublished sonata by M. Ch. Koechlin, three pieces for string quartet by Stravinski, etc. Mme. Jane Bathori, always ready to further the interests of young composers, found a hearing for unpublished songs by Raymond Bonheur, Roger de Fontenay and Ch. Koechlin.

Another charitable undertaking, the *British-American Y. W. C. A. War Relief Service,* summoned its supporters to a recital by the pianist Tecktonius, who had arranged a frankly international program. One French name only figured upon it, that of Debussy. A Dvořák quartet (op. 87) opened the concert and was followed by works by MacDowell, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, Sonatas by Beethoven and Sjögren, a Barcarole by Rubinstein, a Liszt Rhapsody, etc.

M. Georges Enesco gave a concert in behalf of the Red Cross on May 13, 1915, playing compositions by Nardini, Tartini, Martini, Couperin, Pugnani, Saint-Saëns and Wieniawski. On another occasion he played for the benefit of the Meurthe-et-Moselle refugees, a sonata by Handel, a concerto by Vieuxtemps, pieces by Corelli, Leclair, Sarasate, Couperin and Cartier. With M. Lazare Lévy he performed, for the *Soldat Isolé du Nord envahi,* the Violin Sonata by Lekeu, etc., etc.

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The Opéra

About the middle of the year 1914 the Opéra had reached the culmination of a crisis. The preceding winter had seen a complete renewal of personnel in the managements of four Parisian theatres subsidized by the state. M. Barthou, then Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, had nominated successively

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M. Albert Carré, director of the Opéra-Comique, to the enviable but perilous post of Administrator of the Comédie française, where Jules Claretie had held sway since 1886. He replaced M. Carré at the head of our second lyric theatre by MM. P. B. Gheusi, poet and romancier, and the brothers Isola, the directors of the Gaité, the municipal lyric theatre. A little later M. Antoine, who had left the Odéon in a sad financial condition, was replaced by M. Paul Gavault, playwright.

Some weeks before, among the many candidates for the succession to MM. Messager and Broussan, whose seven years term of office was to expire on the 31st of December, 1914, M. Barthou had chosen a director unique for the Opéra, in the person of M. Jacques Rouché, whose little "Théâtre des Arts," (the old Théâtre des Batignolles) transformed by him into a most progressive lyric theatre, had procured a hearing for the most audacious of the modernists and had made interesting excursions into the domain of the music of the past as well. Among others, Monteverdi, Lulli and Rameau had found at the Théâtre des Arts a hospitality which for lustrums and centuries the musical stage of all Europe had denied them. To assets of an artistic nature rare indeed, M. Rouché, thanks to his personal means, united a financial independence which for years had been unknown to our opera directors. The choice, therefore, of the Ministry was unanimously ratified. But events were precipitated. On the 10th of July MM. Messager and Broussan, foreseeing that by August 31st they would have consumed almost the whole of the capital of the association founded in their names, handed the Minister (at that time M. Angagneur) their resignations, to take effect on the 1st of September. The Minister (in conformity with the contract) could do no more than accept and find some method of finishing out the year as best he could, either by asking the new director to begin his administration four months earlier, or by naming a pro tempore administrator. The crisis at the Opéra was destined to have an entirely different ending, the theatre being closed on August 1st. When, in the following month, the papers announced in four brief lines that the old Association of the Opéra was dissolved, the minds of men were universally preoccupied with things quite different.

The Opéra with its doors closed was placed under the direction of the Ministry of Fine Arts and M. d'Etournelles de Constant, chief of the Bureau of Theatres, took charge of the partitionment of the monthly instalment of the annual subvention of 800,000 francs among the few remaining members of the personnel, thus

relieving the misfortune, only too real, of the singers and the theatre employes.[1]

Meanwhile, looking forward to brighter days, the new director set to work. At the end of a year, on October 30, 1915, M. Rouché addressed to the subscribers to the Opéra a circular in which, among other things, he said:

> There are too many French families threatened or wounded in the dearest affections of their hearts for the Académie nationale de Musique et de Danse as yet to recommence its evening performances. We shall defer until less troubled times the care of deliberating with you upon the date of our reopening and the resumption of the subscription.
>
> In the meantime it seems to us that some effort should be made to ameliorate the condition of the artists deprived of that contact with the public which is necessary to their welfare, so that we may add one more proof to all those which France has already given of her recuperative energy, and of her confidence, and finally to present to the public and particularly to the youth of our country performances which are of educational value as well as beautiful. The opera is, in effect, a tragedy in music; its authors are to be considered classics just as those of literature. Its history is bound up with the history of French music, which is one of the loftiest manifestations of the spirit and the taste of the nation. Its glory is one of the treasures which our arms defend.

M. Rouché then announced his program, which may be summed up thus: performances of our repertoire works and works by our noted composers, selected airs and symphonic pieces, "each program, in general, including one act of some older or modern opera with costumes and scenery, a ballet, and in fine, the constituents of a concert, the series of which will make up, as it were, a history of operatic music."

This last part of M. Rouché's projects, long under consideration, of which we had a foretaste at the Théâtre des Arts, is the most interesting part of the Thursday and Sunday matinees at the Opera. In this way, under the title of *Mademoiselle de Nantes*, we saw and heard a concert of the time of Louis XIV, in which Lully furnished most of the material, coupled, by a slight

[1] Before the reopening of the theatre, the artists of the Opéra gave several matinées in the hall of the Trocadéro, at first in concert form, then, beginning with March 11, 1915, with scenery, costumes and dances. Thus was executed, after the second act of Faust, *l'Offrande à la Liberté ou le Camp de Grand-Pré*, a lyric divertissement in one act, music by Citizen Gossec, words by J. M. Chenier, the first performance of which goes back to the time of the French Revolution, (January 27, 1793) under the somewhat different title of *le Triomphe de la République ou le Triomphe de la Liberté*. It was in this score, composed in great part of borrowings, that Gossec introduced to the theatre the Marseillaise, at that time still a novelty. Thus, then, evoking the triumphs of the first republic in the defiles of the Argonne, where the fighting had been going on for two years, the opera was revived before the people of Paris. The performance was terminated by M. Ravel's charming ballet, *les Contes de ma Mère, l'Oie*, which had just been produced for the first time at the Théâtre des Arts.

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anachronism, with his rival, Marc-Antoine Charpentier, the pupil of Carissimi. *Les Virtuosi de Mazarin*, the story of which was written by M. Louis Prunières, showed us a concert in the minority of Louis XIV and took us back to the time of Atto Melani and of the virtuosi who came to play Luigi Rossi's *Orfeo* before the court of France; while *le Roman d'Estelle*, with a moral approaching the improbable, by the erudite Frantz Funck-Brentano, coming a little nearer to our own time, lets us live again in the year 1830 in the salon of Cherubini, the director of the Conservatoire, and passes in review before us the celebrities who sang and danced in those days: Carlotta Rossi, Rubini, Lablache, the pantomime actor, Debureau, etc., with music by Auber, Bellini, Cherubini, Hérold and Berlioz.

Finally, in *Carême-prenant*, M. Funck-Brentano introduced the spectators to one of the great Parisian mansions of the time of Louis XIII on the night of *mardi-gras*, with the sole aim of letting them hear old music by the illustrious composers of that epoch (Guesdron, Boësset, Couperin, l'aîné) arranged by MM. Laloy and Quittard, orchestrated with discretion by M. H. Büsser, and of showing some old dances in a picturesque reconstruction. With this tableau of taste and elegance in the time of Louis XIII the historic review of French music which had begun with *Madamoiselle de Nantes* was terminated.

The question arises, have these carefully mounted productions in themselves any such "educational value" as to be for the ordinary lay public and for the youth of France what the classic productions of the Théâtre français and the Odéon are from the literary point of view? It might appear so; and yet, on the other hand, it does not seem, at first glance, that such works as *Samson et Dalila* could gain in the beginning by being dismembered for two or three matinees and played act by act.[1]

In the case of a work like *Les Amants de Rimini* by M. Max d'Ollone, of which the third act (the love scene between Paolo and Francesca) was played, a fragment of such importance could give to the hearer or spectator a foretaste of the whole score and prompt a desire to hear the whole work, but for older works and for repertoire pieces would it not, perhaps, be worth more to give them in their entirety, provided the difficulties of execution, with which one must always reckon in our days, were not insuperable? Thus the habitués of the Opéra heard, some with

[1] The Opéra has abandoned this practice for certain works and has presented them without a break: in April, 1916, *Rigoletto*, M. Vincent d'Indy's *l'Etranger*, *Faust* and *Samson et Dalila*.

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a certain amount of pleasure, others without exaggerated joy, the fourth act of *La Favorite*, the second act of *Guillaume Tell* (under the direction of M. Camille Chevillard), or the fifth act of Gounod's *Roméo* and the second of M. Xavier Leroux's *Théodora* beside a fragment of the *Iphigénie en Tauride* by Piccinni, the rival of Gluck, or the fourth act of the *Girondins* by M. Ferdinand Le Borne. Verdi and M. Puccini, with the collaboration of Mme. Carmen Mélis, M. Amadeo Bassi and of the conductor Rodolfo Ferrari, won applause in *Aida* (Act 1. Scene on the Nile) and *Manon Lescaut* (Act. 4). Mme. Armande de Polignac gave a dramatic scene, *Judith de Béthulie*, in which the ghost of Strauss' *Salome* seemed to walk. The second act of M. Georges Hue's *Miracle* deserved more justly than other works thus dismembered a place in this review of ancient and modern music. Finally, an act of *Myrialde* by M. Léon Moreau afforded an opportunity to appreciate the masterly work of this young composer and an act of the *Landes* by M. Guy Ropartz brought the first and too long delayed appearance of this master on the stage of the Opéra.

One ought not to judge the new direction of the Académie nationale de Musique by the results obtained in a field so limited. These performances were too often invested with the atmosphere rather of concerts, of concerts in costume, if you like, than of real operatic productions, such as one is accustomed to seeing in the foremost lyric theatre of France, foremost in its dimensions if not always in the works executed. When the time comes to bring them to an end and to return to normal musical life they will at least have had the advantage of having made us acquainted with a great number of forgotten or unpublished works, will have caused the singers and the orchestra to read much music and will thus, perhaps, prepare for a rebirth of the theatre whose future, on the eve of the war, did not look very hopeful.

The Opéra-Comique

Under the direction of MM. Gheusi and Isola the Opéra-Comique had merely to follow the impulse given it by the eighteen years of prosperity under M. Albert Carré's directorate in order to continue its fortunate existence, when the war broke out. Unlike the Opéra, the Salle Favart closed its doors every year during the months of July and August. Its personnel was dispersed during this period. Like the artist body at large the singers and employés of the Opéra-Comique were very hard hit by the unforeseen catastrophe. The council of Ministers, therefore,

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determined, as in the case of the Opéra, to continue the annual subvention (it was more than 240,000 francs, i. e., 20,000 francs per month) and to divide it among the personnel. To each person, mobilized or not, was allotted the modest sum of 86 francs, 50 centimes per month. This situation, more lamentable for those who stayed at home than for those who were mobilized, would have continued for a long time if M. Gheusi, although entirely taken up with his duties as a staff captain, and the brothers Isola had not accomplished the impossible in obtaining permission to reopen their theatre.

In the course of the month of October the directors and M. Paul Vidal, the conductor in chief, managed to reorganize the various departments of the service which had been thrown into confusion by the mobilization of 127 singers, musicians and employés. But the Prefect of Police did not authorize the reopening before the 6th of December, 1914, after the return of the government to Paris.

The first performance, a matinée, took place on that date. The program consisted of Donizetti's *La Fille du régiment*, the *Ballet des Nations* by M. Paul Vidal, Méhul's *Chant du Départ* ably staged with a grouping of all the artists in a picturesque Alsatian scene, and the Marseillaise sung by Mlle. Chenal, who for several months had been making this number a veritable artistic creation, the "clou" of the Matinées in the Salle Favart. These performances continued as matinées, at first twice, later three times a week, with works from the ordinary repertoire of the theatre, including the following operas, among which those of Massenet were in the majority: *La Vivandière* (Dec. 13, 1914), *Manon* (Jan. 7, 1915), *Thérèse* (Feb. 6), *les Scènes Alsaciennes*, dramatized by MM. Courrier and Archaimbault with divertissements composed by Marquita (Mar. 18), *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame* (Apr. 10), and finally *Werther*, which, to please the (shall we say exaggerated) susceptibilities of the public was given in an Alsatian setting. One must remember that some time before, Massenet's score had called forth protests from the citizens of Lyons, who refused to hear the work, however little its Germanic character might be felt, on the ground that the subject was taken from Goethe.[1]

[1]A despatch from Lyons published in the *Petit Parisien* (April 21, 1915) read thus: "This evening *Werther* was to have been performed for the benefit of the *Ecole professionelle des soldats mutilés*, founded by the Mayor of Lyons, but because of the numerous protests against the selection of this work, the performance, for which the Director of the Grand-Théâtre had engaged a number of artists, all of the first rank, was prohibited.

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Under these conditions one heard anxious queries as to the country to which Gounod's *Faust* must be transplanted, which on the 24th of April the auditors of the Opéra had applauded with the customary scenery without the slightest evidence of displeasure. The *Cri de Paris*, commenting upon the performance of Massenet's masterpiece, writes:

> The action is no longer laid in Germany, but in Alsace. The scruples of the management have not yet gone so far as to change the trees. Nature remains neutral. Among other modifications we note the disappearance of the famous ladder from which Sophie sings at an elevation of two metres. This omission costs us two pages of music at least, one for each metre.

The other French composers who figure during the war on the bills of the Opéra-Comique are: Bizet with *Carmen* (Dec. 27, 1914), M. Henri Maréchal with *Les Amoureux de Catherine* (Feb. 6, 1915), Léo Delibes with *Lakmé* (Feb. 28), M. Gustave Charpentier, whose *Louise* (March 18, 1915) met with the customary success, M. Henri Rabaud, whose charming *Marouf, Savetier de Caire*, the last success of the theatre before the war, was performed under his own direction (May 2, 1915), M. Xavier Leroux with *le Chemineau* (May 20), Ambroise Thomas with *Mignon*, after Goethe like *Werther* (Feb. 21), M. André Messager with *Fortunio* (June 12).

Besides these revivals, always attended by a loyal public, M. Gheusi produced two lyric episodes of his own creation: *Soldats de France* (March 7, 1915) with adaptations by M. Paul Vidal, notably of the celebrated *pas redoublé, Sambre-et-Meuse* by Planquette and Rauski; and *Sur le Front* (May 13). The same day M. Albers sang, for the first time, M. Camille Saint-Saëns's *La Française*, alas! a very mediocre composition which met with little success in spite of the unprecedented publicity given to it by the *Petit Parisien*. (This journal, which prints an edition of a million and a half copies daily, had presented the composition gratis to its readers on the eve of the national fête. "It is the national song of the morrow," it announced without circumlocution).

The following winter was marked by a repetition of M. Erlanger's *Le Juif Polonais* and by three novelties somewhat more important than the occasional works of MM. Gheusi and Vidal. The first was *Les Cadeaux de Noël*, heroic tale in one act by M. Emile Fabre, music by M. Xavier Leroux (Dec. 25), *Le Tambour*, poem by M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, music by

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Alfred Bruneau (Jan. 20), and *La Charmante Rosalie* by M. Pierre Veber, music by M. Henri Hirschmann.

While, on the one hand, the Opéra-Comique does not include modern German works in its repertoire, (it scarcely needed to do more than to drop the *Fliegende Holländer* and *Hänsel und Gretel* to avoid further indebtedness to our enemies), its public, on the other hand, is very fond of the new Italian school, of *La Bohême, Pagliacci, Madame Butterfly, La Tosca, Cavalleria rusticana,* etc. Italy being at that time neutral, but with a neutrality leaning toward France in the international struggle, even the most punctilious patriot could not but approve of the performance of these works. Yet even at that, did we not see an unfortunate and grossly exaggerated incident deprive the habitués of the Salle Favart of a performance of *Tosca?* About the middle of February, 1915, the papers announced that M. Leoncavallo had signed one of the numerous protests against the bombardment of Rheims and had, on this account, been stricken from the programs in Germany. On the other hand, the French public took it ill of M. Puccini, who had sent to the secretary of the Society of German authors, M. Wolff, a letter dated Milan, December 21, 1914, in which he said: "It pleases me, on the contrary, to tell you that I have always abstained from joining in any manifestation against your country." This note, reproduced on the 7th of February, immediately provoked a legitimate feeling of resentment in the French press. Puccini's music, formerly received with acclaim, in spite of the prudent reticence of severe critics, no longer possessed great worth, and the composer himself seemed only a feeble exponent of his art and an unworthy representative of his country. M. Gheusi was urged to break off the rehearsals of *Tosca;* Mme. Sardou congratulated him upon it. Puccini attempted to exculpate himself in letters and telegrams. His collaborator, Paul Ferrier, on the contrary, spurned this very obscure "machination," this *traduction "malévole"*. . . . In short, M. Puccini was boycotted at the Opéra-Comique, where soon after, on the 14th of July, Mascagni's *Cavalleria rusticana* was played and where on Tuesday, the 27th of July, M. Leoncavallo in person conducted *Pagliacci* as well as a new composition, a *Hymn to France* (words by M. Gustave Rivet) for the benefit of the *Oeuvre Fraternelle des Artistes.* Two days later he appeared a second time at the conductor's desk. Meanwhile the Puccini incident was settled in an amicable manner. The composer explained to M. Serge Basset, a special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* in Italy, in June, that the words of his letter, "it pleases me to tell you" . . .

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"*Mi piace di dirvi*" . . . were only a simple form of politeness, the meaning of which had been greatly exaggerated in Germany, that he felt for France nothing but affection and gratitude, and finally, that when he returned to Milan in the month of June, it was to bid adieu to his son, an enlisted volunteer, who was departing for the front. Soon after M. Puccini was restored to favor with the Parisian public; *Tosca*, with Mlle. Chenal in the title-rôle, was performed at the Opéra-Comique on Tuesday, October 19, between an act of *La Traviata* and the first act of *I Pagliacci*. The performance, for which the composer had surrendered his rights, was given for the benefit of Italian and French war charities, the Italian ambassador and Mme. Titoni being present.

After this, the Opéra-Comique, having regained almost all the factors necessary for successful operation, resumed the regular course, somewhat reduced, of its performances. They took place in part in the evening as in times of peace, but only on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. A few figures will indicate the material results obtained by this theatre with the means actually at its disposal.

From December 6, 1914, to September 26, 1915, the theatre gave 136 performances, the receipts amounting to 766,941 francs, 25 centimes. That is an average of 5,639 francs, 27 centimes for each performance, whereas in times of peace, the ten months of actual work with an average of 385 performances produced about 2,700,000 francs, giving an average of 7,000 francs for each performance, and maximum receipts of 10,000 to 11,000 francs. (On December 24, 1911, the *Contes d'Hoffmann* forced the receipts up to the fantastic figure of 11,560 francs). While we wait for the golden age to return to the Salle Favart, we must note that in spite of the meagre receipts, the Opéra-Comique was able to turn over 35,000 francs to charitable works, and that, thanks to its activity, the *Assistance publique* collected, as the portion of the poor fund (reckoned outside of the receipts), more than 80,000 francs.

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GAITÉ LYRIQUE, TRIANON, THÉÂTRE DES ARTS, APOLLO.

A review of the lyric stage in Paris would not be complete if it did not treat of these four institutions. The Gaité, a municipal theatre, lately under the management of the Isola brothers, who sometimes brought out very interesting productions, came down

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to operetta and then to vaudeville. The little theatre of the Trianon on Montmartre, a sort of popular Opéra-Comique, subsidized by the City of Paris, reopened its doors the first year of the war from December 20th to May 24th, playing, as in the past, opéras-comiques and operettas of the older and the newer repertoire. In the season of 1915–1916 the theatre even had a *première: Fils d'Alsace*, opéra-comique in three acts by M. Lempers, the conductor of the theatre (Dec. 23, 1915).

It is just by way of remark that we refer, in closing this account of the lyric theatres of Paris, to the Théâtre des Arts. This stage, on which M. Rouché had once revived Monteverdi, Lulli and Rameau, has sunk to the very unpretentious level of a comic opera theatre, to the exclusion, be it well understood, of foreign compositions, notably those from Vienna, which, at the Apollo Theatre in the rue de Clichy, had enjoyed a hospitality very profitable to its director, M. Franck. The latter still continues to run the Apollo, where during the winter of 1915-1916 he produced a new work, *le Cocarde de Mimi-Pinson.*

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Such was the state of music in Paris during the first two seasons of the war. Viewed in its entirety the music offered to the public and accepted by it presents only two marked characteristics, the almost complete absence of new works and the suppression of all modern German music.

With regard to actual creative musical effort, that of to-day or that of to-morrow, let us hear what the composers themselves have to say. Interrogated at various times after the musical life of France had been renewed, their views were very diverse. It will suffice to quote a few of the greater masters.

The venerated Nestor of the French school, who in the month of October, 1914, displayed the most ardent patriotism, writing a series of articles in the *Echo de Paris* under the title of *Germanophilie*, declared in 1915 to M. Francis Casadesus:

> I declined to write the ballet which I had engaged myself to produce at Monte Carlo. I cannot sing while France suffers. For me France comes before all else, music has only a second place. And if by pledging myself not to write a single note all the rest of my life, immediate victory in this horrible war could be assured to my country, I would gladly dash my pen to pieces.

However, M. Saint-Saëns consented to write *La Française*, which has not had the success which was hoped for it, and despite

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his eighty years, he embarked in 1915 for San Francisco to deliver an address on *Musical execution* and to conduct a grand orchestral fantasy entitled *Hail California* in the French pavilion at the exposition. On his return to Europe, he took part in some concerts to which his presence alone was enough to draw a dense throng. He has undertaken, for the publisher Durand, a French edition — not favorably received by all commentators — of Mozart's sonatas. He has, moreover, written a great deal in the papers and in reviews. His old-time admiration for Wagner has been transformed into a terrible and inextinguishable hatred, which found expression in an article on *The Future of Music in France*, in the *Grande Revue* (March, 1915). Summing up and reinforcing the arguments advanced by him in previous articles the master writes, among other things:

> The German public, more frivolous in its musical tastes than one would have believed, admires Wagner as a matter of discipline [sic!]; it sets his portrait beside that of the Emperor. It is the musical symbol of the Fatherland.
>
> And for this reason we no longer want him here.
>
> Tristan, Yseult, Lohengrin, Perceval (of whom he makes Parsifal) are, we are told, characters in our own romances of chivalry. What boots it! He has germanized them all, as Berlioz and Gounod have gallicized Faust. As for Tannhäuser, Hans Sachs, the Gods of Valhalla, France, it seems to me, can find nothing in them. Need we remind ourselves that the *Meistersinger* ends with a hymn, "TO THE SACRED ART OF GERMANY."

In everything which was written about the present state or the future of music since the outbreak of the war, it seems that for most of our composers the problem is centered in the "Wagner question," which has come up so often within the last forty years. At bottom the matter is (as I think I have shown with a wealth of argument in the *Revue de Hollande* of October, 1915) nothing but a question of money, of author's rights, of trade competition. It was thirty years ago that the agitation against Wagner and his works was launched by certain Paris publishers. If Wagner and his compositions have won an invincible position, neither pan-German policy nor snobism has anything to do with it. They are to be accepted in good faith. Neither the one nor the other would have been able to maintain him unshaken for a quarter of a century upon the stage of the Opéra, to which (let us admit it frankly) he has brought a certain degree of prosperity. It is doubtful whether this institution would have enjoyed the same well-being with the old repertoire or with more modern compositions.

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M. Vincent d'Indy, in contradistinction to M. Saint-Saëns (has not the latter accused him of "playing into the enemy's hands?") has manifested a loyal impartiality toward Wagner and has defended him in public in a lecture on French and German music. Far from repudiating the admiration which he has expressed in the past, as his illustrious antagonist has done, M. d'Indy hopes that we may "preserve all masterpieces of music in the repertoire of the Opéra, and wishes earnestly that the musicians of France may augment the number." In the unique number of the *Bulletin* of the *Société Internationale de Musique* (March, 1915) M. d'Indy predicts

> three developments, the beneficent influence of which cannot but be of great advantage to the rise of our French art. Firstly, reliable and cheap editions of the great works of music. In the second place, it is undeniable that we may affirm, borrowing a phrase from Hamlet, that there is something wrong in the state of France. Finally, let the musicians do nothing but make music, for there has been spread over this field the depressing atmosphere of election campaigning.

M. d'Indy has produced no new work since the beginning of hostilities. M. Debussy has hardly done more than bring out the little work mentioned before at the Concerts Colonne-Lamoureux, the *Berceuse heroïque* dedicated to King Albert of Belgium. But in the *Bulletin* of the *S. I. M.* he has, in the dedicatory article *Enfins seuls*, expressed his ideas on the art of which he is one of the most brilliant and illustrious exponents:

> We must realize finally, he writes, that victory will bring to the musical conscience of France a necessary liberation. For many years I have not ceased to reiterate it: We have for a century and a half been faithless to the traditions of our race. . . . In fact, after Rameau, we no longer had a really French tradition.

Developing this idea, which is dear to him, M. Debussy concludes by saying that

> until the moment when Destiny shall turn the page, the Muse should possess her soul in patience and collect her thoughts before breaking the eloquent silence which will follow the explosion of the last shell.

Alas! music and musicians appear to follow these counsels only too well.

It would be useless to pass in review the utterances of musicians on the future of musical art. Each one "preaches his own Saint" and too often considers things from the viewpoint of his own little personal interest. The majority of them, be it said to their credit, do not allow themselves to be blinded by momentary passion, and approaching closely the doctrine of M. Vincent

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d'Indy, give proof of a liberalism which has never in the past prevented, and will not in the future hinder original talents from manifesting themselves.

Without doubt we have, at times, welcomed with too much eagerness the works of men who did not merit the honors of a Parisian consecration. But time, which sets all things in their proper places, has already done its work. What the snobism of one season has been able to thrust upon us, another snobism has caused to disappear the next season. Those French works whose merit has been great enough to overcome the resistance of the critics and the public have found their places duly in the repertoires of our lyric theatres. Of this the repertoire of the Opéra-Comique offers abundant proof. If the Opéra has been less fortunate, it is due, possibly, to the fact, as M. Paul Vidal aptly puts it, that

> we have lived in a time which is too 'messianic.' Every one of our works was expected to bring a new gospel, to revolutionize the theatre, and in addition to fill the box office. Truly, it was too much to expect. They were little able to realize such a program! (*Le Cri de Paris*, Aug. 8, 1915.)

However, if our lyric theatres have preserved only a small number of enduring works during these last few years, the French school has, in the field of symphonic and chamber music, given evidence of a vitality which one would hardly have expected half a century ago. And this is assurance enough for the future which seems to disquiet our contemporaries so much.

(*Translated by Otto Kinkeldey.*)

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REPRESENTATIVE MUSIC

By E. SAPIR

THE contest between the absolutists and the supporters of "programme" in modern music has often been characterized by extreme and mutually irreconcilable attitudes. On the one hand we have the purists or formalists, who either explicitly deny or evade acknowledgment of any necessary relation between musical forms and states or functions of mind occurring in other than musical experience. To these a sonata or even a bare musical "theme" is æsthetically satisfying by virtue of its own inherent beauty of melody, rhythm, harmony, construction, or color, quite regardless of any non-musical "meaning" it may be thought to possess. Such people would be annoyed rather than helped by the interpretation of a certain Beethoven sonata as suffused by a spirit of moonlight pensiveness. Why mar the sheer beauty of a self-sufficing art-form by attaching to it a label of extraneous origin?

No less decided are some of the "programme" enthusiasts. While not denying to melody, rhythm, and the other means of musical expression an inherent sensuous beauty, and to musical construction the essential beauty of all design, they maintain that the enjoyment of such merely sensuous or structural beauty is an æsthetic one only in a more or less elementary phase. To a piece of music must, properly speaking, be denied the term art-form in its highest sense unless it does more than tickle our sense of rhythm or color or evoke our admiration by its skilful handling of the purely formal aspect of the musical problem. It must have vitality (to use a much abused word), that is, it must be associated in the mind of both creator and public, and this by virtue of its intrinsic quality, with some element or elements in their experience.

It dare not stand coldly aloof, on pain of degenerating into clever trifling, from the more definitely articulated currents of life, but must seek to gain in significance, and therefore in æsthetic value, by embodying, in its own peculiar way, one or more of the incidents or phases of that life. The nature of such embodiment may vary indefinitely. In some cases the music may be content to picture a mood, in others to catch some aspect of nature, in others to define an idea, in still others to mark a succession of moods or ideas that in their totality comprise a "story."

The progress of musical art is thus toward ever increasing complexity and definiteness of emotional and conceptual expression. In other words, music must tend to be "representative" in character. Music has lagged far behind plastic art and poetry in this respect, but this is due primarily to the great lapse of time which it has taken the art to develop a technique rich and flexible enough to fulfil its higher mission.

If the history of æsthetic criticism teaches us anything, it is the futility of trying to mark off the legitimate province of an art or an art-form. Over and over again a critic has demonstrated, to the complete satisfaction of the discerning, certain inherent æsthetic limitations. He proved his point, but some genius has generally managed to override his formula and consign it to the dust-bin of things that were. My own aim is, therefore, not the presumptuous one of a definition of the proper sphere of music but rather an attempt to state what music seems to me best able to accomplish.

To begin with, can the absolutists really succeed in eliminating an emotional substratum, of varying vividness, from the appreciation of a musical composition? I do not refer to the emotional components of musical appreciation that are evident in the enjoyment of any of the elements of musical expression as such (such as pleasure in certain instrumental combinations or delight in the recurrence of a well-defined rhythmic figure or the more subtle pleasure derived from consideration of a certain balance of form), but only to a mood or attitude of mind induced by the composition as a whole and to which the former types of pleasure must normally be considered as subsidiary. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to listen to one of the greater compositions even of pre-programme days without finding ourselves put into a rather definite mood, a mood which to all intents and purposes defines the meaning of the music for us. And does not the verdict of the present in judging of the relative merit or appeal of musical works of the past often clearly imply just such an emphasis on

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the æsthetic importance of definite emotional quality? Thus, it is no exaggeration to say that most of the Mozart sonata movements, despite their spontaneous flow of melody and finish of external form, are of lesser æsthetic value to us than many of the simply constructed Bach preludes of the "Well-tempered Clavichord." These preludes belong to a remoter period of musical history, but their deep-felt, though restrained, quality of emotion, (think of the devotional spirit of the very first prelude manifest enough without the Gounod Ave Maria pendant; or of the mood of serene sadness that permeates the beautiful E flat minor prelude of the first set) keeps them alive where the Mozart sonatas, on the whole, must be regretfully admitted to have become a respectable and faded musical tradition. Craftsmanship, no matter how pleasing or ingenious, cannot secure a musical composition immortality; it is inevitably put in the shade by the technique of a later age. True, such craftsmanship may be admirable, as a dynamo or a well played game of billiards elicit admiration; yet admiration does not constitute æsthetic enjoyment.

Aside from the emotional substratum which we feel to be inseparable from a truly great and sincere work of musical art, are there not in the earlier supposedly absolutist art plenty of instances of direct realistic suggestion, sometimes intentional, no doubt, at other times a spontaneous product of association on the part of the listener? Is it possible, for instance, to listen to certain of the Beethoven scherzos without sensing the gambling faun (or convention-freed ego) kicking his heels with a relish? But Beethoven, the idol of the absolutists, was no more an absolutist than Aristotle, the idol of the scholastics, was a scholastic. I do not think it would be going too far to say that all musical art worthy of the name has implicitly, if not avowedly, some of the fundamental qualities of so-called "programme" music; from a musical standpoint it should make little difference whether the emotional appeal is left to declare itself in the mind of the sympathetic listener or is trumpeted at him by means of a formidable printed analysis.

We have turned our backs on the uncompromising absolutist. Are we therefore to receive his most uncompromising opponent with open arms? I have already indicated in a general way the aims and procedure of representative music. It either uses all of its technical resources to define a mood or emotion, or it may, by the use of some special element of technique or combination of such elements, depict a selected feature of the external world

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(rapid passage work may be utilized to symbolize the flowing brook or the falling rain or the roaring wind, the high pitched piccolo tones may do service for the shrieking of the tempest or the chirping of birds, the loud discord of clashing harmonies may suggest a battle scene or the clangor of a foundry). Now there seems to me to be a profound psychological difference between those two types of procedure, intertwined as they necessarily often are in practice. That the former touches our emotional life while the latter plays upon our sense experience is obvious. The distinction I have in mind is more deep-seated. Realistic suggestion must make use of the principle of association, and the fact of such association becomes obvious to the listener on reflection. By the musical equivalent of a figure of speech, a feature common to two otherwise totally dissimilar phenomena (the thing symbolized and a certain mass of sound) is made to identify them. If, for some reason or other, the experience of the auditor has been such as not to make the association obvious, the suggestion loses all its force and the artist, insofar as he is writing merely representative music, has with that auditor failed of success. On the other hand, music is able to put us into more or less well defined emotional states without such associative intermediation, or, perhaps more accurately, the associative links are of so obscure and intimate a nature as never to rise into consciousness. In other words, the emotional effect of music is gained directly or, what amounts to essentially the same thing, gives the impression of being so gained. Once this point is clearly grasped, it becomes obvious that the function of music, insofar as it has æsthetic aims of other than a sensuous and formal nature, is primarily the expression of the emotional aspect of consciousness, only in a very secondary sense the expression of the conceptual aspect. This primary function is thus of poetic quality and may be briefly described as the interpretation of emotional quality in terms of sensuous and structural beauty. A still more concise way of putting the matter is to define music as an idealization of mood by means of tone.

It has often been instinctively felt that music which makes too free a use of realistic suggestion lays itself open to the charge of superficiality, of the abandonment of its own highest artistic capabilities. Even the greatest composers, in its employment, seem often to sail between the Scylla of triviality and the Charybdis of absurdity. And yet there is no doubt that it is capable of affording keen æsthetic pleasure. Probably the simplest and most fundamental element in such pleasure is the sheer delight

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that the mind seems to find in generalizing by analogy, in meeting familiar friends in new and unexpected guise; it is the tonal correspondent of the childish phantasy that interprets cloud shapes as battleships and monsters and human faces. More careful analysis, however, shows that this type of pleasure is, in the best examples of musical suggestion, powerfully reinforced by another though not always clearly distinct factor. The melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, or other musical idea which serves as the symbol of the concept represented has in such cases an independent sensuous beauty of its own, a beauty whose appeal transcends our normal interest in the concept itself. Hence such music amounts to an idealization of some aspect of the external world. To our greeting of a friend in disguise is added the much greater pleasure of finding him transported to a higher plane of being. And this brings us to a third and yet more significant phase in the use and appreciation of realistic suggestion, that in which the concept is not idealized for its own sake, is not merely represented as such, but is utilized as a symbol of the emotion simultaneously called forth by the music. Obviously this means a very considerable heightening of the quality of the emotion itself. The finest examples of realistic suggestion derive much of their charm from this very factor. In other words, realistic suggestion in music is most successful when it ceases to be merely what its name implies but contributes to the enrichment of the emotional aim of music. Thus even in so obviously suggestive a bit of music as the delightful "Jardins sous la pluie" of Debussy, the secret of the appeal, it seems to me, lies not so much in the clever devices of rhythm, melodic progression, and shading which symbolize the pitter-patter, the gustiness, the steady fall, and the tempestuous downpour of the rain as in the delicate and wistful line of emotion that runs through the composition; the rain but voices human feeling. And such humanizing of the external world *via* emotion is a significant indication of the primary function of musical art.

We have just seen that realistic suggestion may assist in the definition of the mood (thus, the suggestion of the shepherd's pipe may reinforce a mood or atmosphere of rustic peacefulness, a dancing rhythm of break-neck rapidity may accentuate a mood of reckless gaiety). In representative music, however, the emotion created by the music is conversely often employed to suggest an associated concept, concrete or abstract. When a certain harmonic progression, for instance, in one of Strauss's tone poems is used to symbolize a mountain, it is clear that the only

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associative link is furnished by the feeling of all-embracing massiveness suggested by the chords in relation to each other (I say "all-embracing," for a feeling of vast extension would seem to be implied in the sudden chromatic modulation at the close of the figure, the immediate juxtaposition of two harmonically remote keys being the musical equivalent of a bringing together of the widely removed in space; the feeling of "massiveness" is conveyed by the use of full compact chords in the bass). My claim here is that, considering the music itself as our starting point, the interpretation suggested by the composer is by no means the only justifiable one, psychologically speaking. Adopting the formula of "all-embracing massiveness" as expressing the quality of emotion conveyed by the passage in question, it seems clear that a quite unlimited number of alternative interpretations are possible (the vastness of the sea, Mother Earth, grim fate, eternal justice), each conditioned by considerations of personal interest and experience in the auditor. If the conceptual interpretation of a single musical passage of definite emotional quality is thus multiform without limit, how much more must this be the case with the conceptual interpretation of a series of such passages, in other words of an extended musical composition! The "story" which we are expected to read in a composition of the "programme" type must be considered as relevant only insofar as it conveniently summarizes in conceptual terms the emotional stream immediately expressed by the music. As such it may be highly welcome. Whether the composer wills it or not, the particular story suggested by his title or analysis is only a more or less arbitrary selection out of an indefinitely large number of possible conceptualizations. We cannot refuse him the right to his own interpretation, to be sure; no more can he refuse each one of us the right to his. All he has done or can do, aside from the possibility of direct realistic suggestion, is to determine for us the character and sequence of our moods. He may modestly direct attention, by means of his programmatic apparatus, to the conceptual genesis in his own mind of this emotional stream or, probably more often than is generally thought, to his own merely secondary interpretation thereof, but he cannot *via* a non-conceptualizing medium, i. e. music, force any particular stream of thought on us except insofar as we surrender into his hands our own individuality of judgment and association. In short, the music does not "tell" the story but the story tells or rather guesses at the music. If the composer absolutely must appeal conceptually, as well as emotionally, to his hearers, he must have recourse to

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the conceptual implement which society has evolved, i. e. language. In other words, he must supplement his own expression of emotion by calling in the aid of the poet. His art then takes on the special forms of the song, music drama, oratorio.

I have said that all the composer can do is "to determine for us the character and sequence of our moods." It is not worth while for him to aim at a purely representative ideal; his highest success in this direction will fall miserably short of what is attained by the merest balderdash in literature. In the expression of the emotions, however, he has a field the unending fruitfulness of which is hardly realized by most people. We think it a field of narrow range because words, mere conceptual symbols, are lacking to indicate its infinite nuances. Select a half dozen musical examples of the expression of any typical emotion, say unbridled mirth or quiet sadness or poignant anguish, and compare them. The feelings they arouse in us are identical only when translated into the clumsy conceptual terminology of language. In actual fact they will be found to be quite distinct, quite uninterchangeable. It is literally true that the aesthetic expression of mood in tone is an exhaustless field of human endeavor. Does not the very potency of music reside in its precision and delicacy of expression of a range of mental life that is otherwise most difficult, most elusive of expression? Nay more, does not music ofttimes create nuances of feeling, nuances that add in profound measure to the more external enjoyment of its own sensuous and formal beauty?

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THE SCIENCE OF PIANOFORTE TECHNIQUE

By WESLEY WEYMAN

CORRECT piano playing must be the direct expression of a preconceived musical idea, the reproduction of tones already heard in the mind. To express this idea exactly, one must have the technical means; and the sole object of piano technique is musical expression. Unless this is its purpose, the development of technique is an ignoble end. Thus the teacher's purpose must be to free the pupil, so that he may have an untrammeled means of expressing himself in the most exact manner.

In the past, the means of expression has been acquired by various more or less conflicting methods of study, based generally on arbitrary position, or on the development of limited kinds of touch. The method, or individual way of getting the result, consisted of arbitrary five-finger exercises to develop a certain position of the hand in connection with free movement of the fingers, through which each pupil was put, quite regardless of his individual physical or mental characteristics, or his requirements or abilities. The exercises were generally received from a venerated teacher and handed on with personal additions and interpretations. They may at first have had a logical basis, but in the transmission it was frequently forgotten; they may even eventually have been used for a purpose opposite to that originally intended. Often the teacher could not explain purpose or cause, and the pupil was forced to work unintelligently. The arbitrary finger exercises were supplemented by scales, arpeggios, octaves, etc., and by studies of Czerny, Cramer, and others, generally played with one touch, however, or varied only by quantity of tone, without consideration of the real source of the touch,—the object being fluency, speed, or evenness.

The results of this course of study were good if the pupil had a natural muscular control, or if he had patience for sufficient experiment; but conditions acquired in this manner make little mental impression and are easily forgotten. Furthermore, musical talent frequently does not go with natural muscular control, and many really musical players have never been able to express

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themselves with ease. Even after considerable proficiency has been acquired, there generally remain certain technical limitations, certain mysteries of touch; and even advanced and proficient players are unable to account for and to reproduce in themselves or in their pupils many subtle qualities of tone-shading which are quite obvious to the person who has analyzed their source.

There are no mysteries for one who knows the laws of tone-production. One can analyze all tone-effects of artists to their muscular sources, and approximately reproduce them. The properly equipped teacher must be able to explain the formation of all touches; to analyze directly every error, and to correct it; and to teach all technical difficulties with equal understanding and success. Nor should the pupils of a teacher be recognized by a one-sided excellence, or by an all-pervading limitation: the only legitimate distinction of a teacher's work is a general completeness of development on all lines. The preservation of the greatest individuality among his pupils, in accordance with the general laws of good taste in interpretation, together with the widest ability to express all possible shadings of tone-color, should be the test of a teacher of distinction.

A pupil should do nothing which he does not understand, or which he does not feel is right; particularly must he refuse to follow any course of study which leaves him with the discomfort of strained or fatigued muscles. Conditions of this sort must be fully and freely discussed, and no strain or fatigue must be allowed from the very beginning. Muscles which make themselves unpleasantly felt are invariably protesting against abuse. Many teachers claim that the strained feeling will wear away as the pupil advances. This fallacious claim is most often heard from those teachers who base their methods upon an arbitrary position, and force the student to develop an unnatural attitude of the hand at the expense of freedom. But this condition is in itself fundamentally wrong, and the pupil can advance freely only when it has been eliminated. Hence it demands the first attention of the teacher.

Both intelligent teacher and intelligent pupil have become dissatisfied with the waste of time, the lack of definiteness, the muscular distortions, and the general limitation of the old-fashioned system. Hence, it was at a time when the musical world was eminently ready to receive them, that the great scientists of the piano, Matthay of London, and Breithaupt of Berlin, produced their books, and thereby marked an epoch in piano-playing. By a scientific analysis, the laws which govern correct playing have

been made accessible to all; and no future student of the subject can fail to take cognizance of the work of these great pioneers. Indeed we may feel that the art of pianoforte playing has now been placed on a common basis of intelligence and logic along with the other arts and sciences.

However deeply we may feel the all-importance of the intellectual or emotional qualities in the player as he produces his tones, we must admit that the actual act of tone-production is a purely physical one, that of a string being set into vibration in a certain way by a hammer. Hence this act must be governed by purely physical laws, inexorable for all, yet simple to understand and accessible to all investigators. Since, then, there can be but one right way of fulfilling the laws of tone-production, why should so many methods have developed, differing often so widely from each other, to attain this end?

When the piano issued from the clavichord period, its powers were vastly different from those of the modern concert grand. Yet the action is practically the same to-day as that devised by Cristofori in 1711. The change in musical possibility has been very great, but at the same time so gradual that performers and teachers took little cognizance of it. Thus it has resulted that many clavichord or early piano principles have been handed down and are being taught to-day on an instrument to which they no longer apply. How nearly we are connected with that period we see in the fact that three generations of teachers take us back to the period of Beethoven.

The characteristics of the early piano were very light action, small dip of key, slight singing quality, little contrast, and limited power. For these conditions, actual muscular energy of the finger would be generally sufficient. Indeed, the "quiet hand," of which we hear so much in the development of technique, was a logical and necessary condition; for unless the hand were held gently in a quiet position, it was extremely difficult accurately to gauge the light force to fit the needs of the very delicate action. But the present conditions are quite different. The modern pianoforte is characterized by a comparatively heavy action (2½ oz.), dramatic force, and varied tone-color. Actual muscular energy of the finger is now the least used of all touches, and the mere element of additional force alone revolutionizes pianoforte technique. Yet many continue to call the force used at the piano "finger energy", when it is not that at all, and still cling to the obsolete fetish of the "quiet hand," not understanding how little it is adapted to the heavy modern action, and thus ignoring the

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incalculable importance of the rotary muscles in developing freedom and evenness.

To approach the subject of pianoforte technique in the most logical and successful manner, we must put aside for the moment all previous ideas which we have had, even though they have produced satisfactory results. We must accept the modern pianoforte as a new instrument, and analyze it from that point of view. We must know in detail exactly what it requires of us to produce the most satisfactory results. The general ignorance of the instrument which so many musicians show, must be eradicated; by a thorough understanding of the piano, our teachings will be incontrovertibly supported or refuted by scientific facts. This merely puts the art of pianoforte playing on a dignified basis along with other arts and sciences, the fundamental laws of which are quite commonly known.

The analysis of the instrument shows that the performer's muscles must be used quite differently now from a century ago. The element of increased force required even in a *pianissimo* entirely overthrows the working principles unquestioningly accepted from a previous generation of players. Here, again, the only logical procedure will be to analyze the means which we have to employ, to learn the available muscular or weight forces with which we can fulfil the requirements of the instrument in the easiest possible manner. This is the secret of true pianoforte expression.

There can be only three available fundamental forces—muscular force of finger, muscular force of hand, and released weight of arm. The active muscular force of the arm is a dangerous factor in tone-production, as its disadvantages far outweigh its advantages; therefore, it should be avoided as far as possible. It is more than balanced in quantity and quality by the weight force of the arm. These forces can be exerted rotarily as well as vertically,—a vital point sadly neglected in the majority of piano methods. The three fundamental touches, like the three fundamental colors, are generally used in combination; but it is only by isolating these touches first from the action of other muscles or of contrary muscles, that we shall be able to use the required muscles in combination in the easiest possible manner. Thus relaxation is the basis of all correct technique—the starting-point, not the end;—and muscular condition, not position, is the vital element to be considered. Correct position will almost always be the natural and logical consequence of correct condition, but correct condition is not by any means assured by position; indeed, the arbitrary

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development of the correct position may frequently lead one directly away from the muscular condition necessary to express one's self correctly. Thus many methods in the past have been based on the effect, not on the cause.

With an exact knowledge of the requirements of the instrument and of the easiest possible way of fulfilling them muscularly, the teacher is able to diagnose the difficulties of the pupil, and to show him the most direct and most rapid way of correcting them. What is already good should not be changed. Frequently a real musical ability, to which a pupil has already attained, is undermined by forcing upon him the different, arbitrary hand-position of another method, when he already does a thing excellently in the way that is best and most natural for him. Of all things, the individual hand-formation of the pupil should be considered, and he should be given the greatest latitude as regards position that the desired tonal result will allow. Teaching should be constructive from the start; and recognizing what is already good in the work of a pupil, and why, the teacher should go at once to the building up, on a secure basis, of what is lacking. Many unconscientious teachers, either through ignorance or through indolence, merely continue developing the qualities which a pupil has already acquired, instead of striving to develop those which he does not possess. It is rather those things which a pupil cannot do, than the things which he can do, that should interest a thoroughly equipped teacher.

Then, after the pupil has analyzed his instrument and his muscular means of expression, the first question should be, what idea does the music express? Then, what muscular condition will produce the quality of tone to express that idea? The choice of muscular condition must depend directly on the idea to be expressed, and all practice should lead to that end. Without that analysis, it frequently happens that passages are diligently practised with a touch which leads one directly away from the muscular condition necessary to express the desired result. At first, the choice of touch is a mental act, then the touch must as soon as possible be associated with the sensation which accompanies the proper muscular condition. Any touch may always be directly located by a visible movement; when it is once acquired, the unnecessary movement may be eliminated. Above all things, it must constantly be kept in mind that often the muscular condition or the source of the energy is not visible during playing, except when it is consciously and deliberately located by an actual test. Hence, to judge a touch by what one

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sees is in the majority of cases misleading. The teacher judges a condition only superficially by what he sees; indeed, it frequently happens that both correct and incorrect conditions may present quite the same appearance. It is the sound, primarily, which guides the teacher, supplemented by his knowledge of what is invisibly taking place within the player's mechanism. Finally, it is only the development of the power to express a message through music, which justifies him in teaching technique at all.

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ORNSTEIN AND MODERN MUSIC

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IT is not entirely irrational to claim that music has progressed through the last score of years at a rate of speed and with a degree of intensity unparalleled in any other epoch of its history. Twenty years ago Richard Strauss and Debussy were practically unheard in this country. Brahms, even, represented little more than a synonym for some excruciating kind of tediousness. In these last twenty years Richard Strauss has flamed his meteoric way into our ken—and out of it. His *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, once hailed as a last word, an ultimate in music, is now almost ignored for a kind of junk heap of fictitious, sterile splendors. Debussy and his evanescent harmonic scheme has wooed us, momentarily enthralled us and (I think I may dare say) ended by wearying us. We have found only vapors in his music when we have sought substance. Reger has had his little moment and gone his way.

Perhaps we may not rightly call this precipitant pace progress; whatever it is, it has culminated in a kind of contemporary music that seems to begin and end in a chronic cacophony. Music, as we of the Western world have understood it, is disciplined sound, sound made captive by a kind of mathematical set of figures and indications, sound arbitrarily compressed into intervals of whole tones and half tones and into certain conventional sequences of notes we call scales. The music of the last quarter of a century has tended unmistakably in the direction of a more acute perception, an obliterating of the boundary lines of conventional tonality. Consciously, or unconsciously, it has questioned whether our finite intelligences on which we pride ourselves have extracted a perfected beauty of ordered sound out of an embrionic beauty of disordered sound, or whether the forces of nature have withheld from us sound secrets of an esoteric and unimagined loveliness. In the most intense and salient manifestation that modern music has given—the music of Leo Ornstein—the question presents itself to us whether that sort of thing we call a mere primitive impressionism is in reality a keener degree of perception than our sophisticated senses attain to, or whether it represents a mere disorganized and uncorrelated sensory system. In other words, is

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Leo Ornstein

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law, as represented by our older ideas of harmony, rhythm, interval and so on, essential to the creation of a valid beauty, or does the emancipation of contemporary music from law, as we understand it, represent a kind of previsioning of some wider, keener music of the future?

Is it possible to attain to something approximating a just valuation of this latest development in music?

The other day, a writer whom we all know and admire was telling me that he made a hard and fast rule of never meeting an artist. He feared that if he did so the impersonal poise of his point of view might be distracted and impaired. The veteran critic, William Winter, felt otherwise. In his invaluable book on Richard Mansfield he distinctly affirms his belief that it is necessary for the reviewer to come in personal contact with the artist if he is to appraise the innermost pith and gist of the artist's significance.

I am saying this by way of a sort of explanation. Personally, I believe that the most significant insight we have into the extraordinary case of Leo Ornstein is revealed to us only through a direct intercourse with Ornstein's ideas. I believe that even now when Ornstein has smoothed down some of his most protuberant and irritating characteristics, the casual observer would receive a totally erroneous impression of his point of view. Judged hastily, his activities indubitably smack of charlatanism, and even to this day one would instinctively class them together with all the riff-raff, boudoir esthetics that our nouveau riche type of contemporary artist imposes upon us. Perhaps, then, the following bit of autobiography may not be altogether impertinent.

A couple of seasons ago, when Ornstein came more or less forcibly into the public notice, I, amongst others, went to hear him. I think it is important to admit that I went prejudiced against him. One has to follow these things up, but I confess that my state of mind in the presence of radical departures and latest "revelations" is much the same as that of the bucolic gentleman in the anecdote who tells his friend that he is going to Bangor to get drunk, "and Lord, how I do dread it!" Perhaps this is a confession of incompetence; for my part I frankly admit that the moment a thing is thrust at me and flourished under my nose for its "progressiveness," etc., that is the very moment I am convinced that the stuff is spurious, premeditated and therefore absolutely negligible. I am congenitally suspicious of "movements", "trends", "time spirits", and all the rest of it; as a matter of cold fact I have never yet known any good to come of them; and

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I confess that my first sight of Leo Ornstein did nothing to reassure me and to win my confidence in the validity of his art.

A short time after, I was commissioned by an editor to write an article on Ornstein. An appointment was made for us, and rather dreading the meeting I set out. I do not know just what I expected to meet, but it was something unpleasant. My preconceived vizualization of Ornstein fluctuated between the mental image of a sort of debilitated Oscar Wilde and a miniature caveman who would spring out at me from some unsuspected quarter, and whose conversation would be made up mostly of growls, snaps and snarls. I should not have been surprised if he had flourished a club or sprinkled his oysters with eau de cologne instead of horse radish.

Well, the Leo Ornstein I met was quite a different sort of person. I found him ingratiatingly frank, boyish, enthusiastic and lacking, in so far as I could see, any traces of pose, of self-consciousness. His manners were alert, jerky, a little shrill perhaps, but obviously honest. He talked with the same degree of fiery, intense interest about the music of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Franck, Ravel, Debussy, that he showed in discussing his own music. His nature appeared an extraordinarily simple one, frank and beautifully childish. To sum up, he appeared to be what is pungently if inelegantly called in modern Americanese "on the level."

I am laying so much stress upon these personal details because, in so far as I can see, they furnish us with the only clue, data or whatever one ought to call it, that we possess regarding the most salient musical phenomenon of our time. For this Ornstein certainly is. He is a salience just as Billy Sunday is a salience. You may experience extremities of admiration or abhorrence for these gentlemen, but you cannot ignore them. And what is more, you cannot analyze them, for they represent, I think, a peculiar, indefinable, psychological force rather than a concrete and easily discernible point of view and manipulation of material. For instance, I do not believe that it is possible to subject the activities of Ornstein to a sheerly impersonal analysis. I may be wrong, but that is the way I see it. One can say that they enjoy Ornstein's music or that they dislike it, that it interests them or that they think it a hideous, abominable, outrageous manifestation, but when one sits down in cold blood to inspect it from the abstract standpoint, what is there for one to say? I am willing to view art from the abstract standpoint, to subject it to a sheerly critical scrutiny, but that is never an easy thing to do, and in the

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case of Ornstein it is well nigh impossible. The artist of to-day has constituted himself so domineeringly a law unto himself that we are totally deprived of whatever standards we ever had to guide us in writing about him, and criticism is become even a less exact science than heretofore.

I have introduced the personal note in this article in order to submit whatever testimony I have to the high degree of integrity that actuates the activities—I had almost said antics—of Ornstein. To say that an artist is sincere is to state one of the stock banalities of perfunctory criticism, but in the present instance emphasis must be laid on the fact in view of the vehement and cataclysmic assault Ornstein makes upon our sense of propriety, our sense of beauty and—it must be confessed—our sense of the ridiculous.

I take the liberty of jotting down the following few hints. I exonerate Ornstein of any charge of insincerity that may be brought against him. In so far as I know him (I am repeating myself for the sake of emphasis) his soul is untainted by the faintest speck of conscious deception. People have told me that he is a poseur when he thinks (may I be allowed a bit of vernacular?) that he can get away with it. Well, I have never seen this side of him. He appeals to me as a simple, unspoiled, ardent, sensitive human being, full of fine normal feelings and senses of obligation and sympathies for other people's interests and welfare. That is the way I sum up the spiritual identity of the composer of the *Wild Men's Dance.*

But there is something more to be said. Granting all this, it obviously does not follow that Ornstein's music is any the better for it. Granting him superlative sincerity will not help his music one iota if the music itself is bad music. I am inclined to accept unreservedly the remarkable claim Ornstein makes to the effect that his music is an absolutely spontaneous thing, that he merely transmits to you certain sounds that come to him. Of course, many people believe that Ornstein prevaricates; they believe that, consciously or otherwise as the case may be, he premeditatedly elaborates his peculiar music. Ornstein denies this. He claims that these sounds are the spontaneous reflex of certain mental images and conceptions that come all unbidden to the surface of his mind. Now in the past we had something approximating a test of whether a music was a genuine, inspired music or whether it was not. For instance, we say Tchaikovsky is weaker than Brahms on the side of depth and profundity of thought. We mean that a certain sequence of notes arranged

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with a certain sense of inevitability represents in music something of the same degree of intellectual effort and capacity that an arrangement of words represents in literature. The ability to think coherently and consecutively, to concentrate, amplify and compress, is as essentially a part of a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner music drama as it is of a philosophical essay or a poem of Browning's. Now we know that the quality of a Brahms thought as represented by this certain sequence of notes is weightier and deeper than the quality of a Tchaikovsky thought. In this one respect—and this one only—Brahms is the greater composer of the two. To continue the example we would say that Brahms' thought was of the consistency of—well, Matthew Arnold occurs to me or Browning with the dramatic element eliminated, whereas Tchaikovsky's thought was of the unstable consistency of —say Swinburne. We would reverse the comparison when we come to a dozen other phases.

But what shall we say of Ornstein's music? We cannot say it *thinks* because Ornstein eliminates a thematic continuity; in place of a melodic line, a thematic material which is, as I have said, music's equivalent to a significant sequence of the written or the spoken word, Ornstein gives us masses of shrill, hard dissonances, chords consisting of anywhere from eight to a dozen notes made up out of half tones heaped one upon the other. To my ears color is eliminated from this music; it is merely a black and white. Now whether it possesses a sequence or not—that is to say, whether these masses of crackling, screaming sound follow one another because they are impelled to do so by some occult inner dictation, or whether they are a mere idiosyncrasy expressing itself, I do not know. Ornstein says that these chords obey as impeccable an inevitability as the *Meistersinger Overture*, that, in other words, one chord of the *Wild Men's Dance* or the *Notre Dame* follows another through the irresistible urging of some mysterious spiritual force.

To me it is not inconceivable that a human ear can hear these sounds as separate entities. I do not doubt for a moment that Ornstein hears them as such. I am willing to believe that each chord possesses for him its own peculiar intrinsic significance. I do not doubt that it is for him a perfect expression of the sensation back of it. But is it not too often incoherent from the very excess of its own vehemence? Sound as projected by Ornstein may be merely an acute development of the harmonic side of music *via* Strauss, the later Debussy, Schönberg and so on. But for me it is so acute that it neutralizes itself. When I heard Gabrilowitsch play the five piano pieces of Schönberg, Opus 19, I heard an

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absolutely sterile kind of sound. In other words, my ears did not report to me with a compelling conviction that one chord of Schönberg's followed another because it had to. I "registered" no impression of a pregnant and irresistible necessity. If I had played this music backwards I should have been able to detect the difference in sound, but I should not have experienced a different degree of emotion one way or the other.

My attitude towards Ornstein is that of a well wisher. I want to be convinced. I am open to any argument. No living human being can afford to dimiss a contemporary phenomenon, and Ornstein certainly is a phenomenon. One says to one's self that there must be some reason for a power such as we see in Ornstein. For it is a power—there is no possible argument over that. Think of the degree of sheer nervous and spiritual energy expended in Ornstein's performance of the *Wild Men's Dance!* Think of the unearthly, demoniacal strength required merely to grasp the notes and throw them out with the velocity attained by Ornstein. But I sometimes wonder whether it is a constructive power. Ornstein's conscious integrity is unimpeachable, but are the subconscious promptings back of his art constructive promptings? Ornstein's intentions may be—indeed are—of the highest degree of honesty and earnestness. But this does not necessarily imply that what Ornstein does is valuable. Even though we assume that he acts as a mere passive transmitter, we cannot be sure that the quality of his inspiration is worthy of being expressed. To say that his music acutely expresses himself does not compensate for the fact that it may be utterly meaningless to us. A certain chord may represent to me a perfect expression of pain, cold, isolation, terror; it may represent absolutely nothing to you but a hideous, unjustifiable cacophony.

Now Ornstein is to be commended for the fact that, contrary to the present custom, he does not go around breathing defiance, asserting some petty formula and condemning everything that is not just as he is. He goes quietly about his business. His progressiveness is not counterfeit. He plays music other than his own with a high degree of charm and loveliness. His is the most subtle, inveigling, intimate piano playing we have had since De Pachmann. He possesses to a superlative degree the clairvoyant faculty. And yet I note disquieting symptoms in his piano playing and in his views on music. A brief cataloguing of the idiosyncrasies of his that I have noticed point, I think, to a lack of a superlative stability of judgment. I jot down a few trivial indications.

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Ornstein's piano playing, often superlatively tender and caressing, errs at times on the side of a false emphasis, a tendency to over-sentimentalize, a too precious preciousness. His tendency in the direction of a tempo too slow may be noted. He dumbfounded me once by turning the coda of Chopin's *F minor Ballade* into a kind of andantino. He explains his mellifluous interpretation of Debussy's *Jardins sous la Pluie* on the ground that the important thing is not the rain but the *gardens under the rain*. His opinions on music are extremely vivid and interesting, but I do not think they are convincing. For instance, he is inclined, as I remember it, to place Schumann above Chopin. An abnormal appraisal! I have heard him select the *F minor Ballade of Chopin* for special praise. It is not too much to say that the *F minor Ballade* is the weakest in melodic interest and the weakest structurally of any of Chopin's larger compositions. He is inclined to undervalue Tchaikovsky. Perhaps his views on Wagner are supremely significant. He commits the fatal error of ranking *Meistersinger* Wagner's greatest work, and contemptuously disposing of *Tristan* and the *Ring*. Inexcusable idiosyncrasy! Who of us does not love *Meistersinger!* But to compare *Meistersinger* to *Tristan* or the *Ring* is to compare the chatter of a village gossip to the shriek of a northeaster, the roar of a mid-winter sea, the crash of the thunderbolt. He that is insensible to the elemental grandeur, pathos, humanity and beyondness of the *Ring* is either unawakened spiritually or permanently incapable of perceiving and reacting to the pre-eminent emotions, aspirations and defeats of mankind. The emphasis he lays on Moussorgsky is a legitimate reflex of his dominant characteristic and, incidentally, the dominant characteristic of most modern art. I mean the tendency in the direction of an uncurbed, uncensored, instinctive, indiscriminate expression, expression first and last at the expense of that poise, that satisfying equitableness that was once assumed to be the indispensable concomitant of all great art. There was a time when the artist accepted as a fundamental precept the fact that however much he wanted to express himself he must express himself beautifully or not at all. To-day he is concerned sheerly in expression—the beauty must take care of itself. To-day's professed admiration for work of an energetic, original, but, too often, undisciplined character may represent a valuable impulse towards a future consummation, but it fails to supply us with an actual, immediate and supreme achievement. The music of Ornstein, to a lesser or greater degree as you choose, is, I believe, an audacious experimentation rather than an

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accomplished beauty. For my part, I would say the same of Moussorgsky. Artists of this type are necessary; they contribute much that is valuable, but they do not supply us with that ultimate integration that marks the supreme masterwork. One would not commit the indiscretion of comparing them with the supreme masterwork if they themselves did not compel a comparison by their own valuations of themselves and disparagement of others. When these gentlemen throw their tentative trifling with effects, their preoccupation with sensation or sheer sound or sheer instrumental color into a challenge of a conception such as the last act of *Tristan*, let us say, we realize the pathetic invalidity of their scope, their vision, their judgment. The third act of *Tristan* is perhaps emotional art's high-water mark; nowheres else is concentrated so profound, significant and explosive a contents of spiritual and neurotic activity. It is Music's *King Lear*. But mark the intellectual strength that grasps in both hands this welter of almost intolerable anguish, holding it tenaciously, building climax in superb juxtaposition to climax, shaping a supreme and impeccable consistency out of the hallucinations of a fever-stricken, vision-haunted brain. We call this great art, just as we call the *Death and Apotheosis* of Strauss great art despite its tawdry, meretricious trimmings. Here we see art's various elements subordinating themselves to the commands of the master-builder who builds with the great end of the perfect whole in view.

The failure of modern music is, I think, its failure to hold in equitable relationship its various components, to work as with a foreordained and inspirational instinctiveness towards the goal of an ultimate and satisfying symmetry. It supplies us, perhaps, with a unique sensation; it fails to supply us with an indispensable utterance. That it has furnished us with a new kind of sound is indisputable, but it has not yet co-ordinated this sound with a significant appeal to the fundamentals of our human nature. It is sound that hints perpetually at the sinster and the supernatural; at times it seems full of the whirring and screaming of black wild wings in headlong hurry under winter skies. It is a strange, screeching, groaning kind of sound—a veritable travail of sound. In Schönberg and Ornstein it is devoid of sun, of the gracious glow of life and the thing we have hitherto believed to be beauty. In Loeffler, Ravel, Debussy, it is a very evanescent stirring and quivering of heat waves, of silver distances, of faint golden horn-callings out of an immemorial past. More and more has sound attempted to go beyond our conscious limitations, our mortal recognitions, to commemorate less and less the visible world of deed

and rhythm. It is music that echoes in an underlayer of our consciousness, hypnotic, insistent music, music that lures with its waving vaporous outline, its shimmering surfaces. But in attaining this very estimable quality of a superlative subtility, an *nth* degree of intimation, modern music—all modern art, for that matter—has sacrificed the strength that is inherent in a frank, open speech. It denies us a direct statement. It denies us a substantial message. We question whether a substantial message can be delivered through a harmonic system essentially suggestive rather than definite. To sum up, is not modern music deficient in an intellectual stamina; is not an inability to think vigorously and profoundly its dominant characteristic?

I would suggest that we are predisposed to think and feel and appraise within the infinitesimal limits of our convenience, our epoch, our environment. Without taking my own point of view at all seriously, I submit that no one of our contemporary musicians is great in the sense of personal permanence, of personal survival. But as influences, as contributors to that master of the unguessable future, they are all great. And that is what I personally think the contemporary composer is—tributaries, one and all of them, to that composer of the future who will succeed Wagner as Wagner succeeded Beethoven. This composer, vaguely adumbrated by our experience of what has been, will avail himself of the contributions of these men to the development of music just as Wagner availed himself of the contributions of his predecessors and contemporaries. He will weld into an equitable and comprehensive whole elements that, exploited to the exclusive extent that they are exploited by the men of our day, impair their own validity and stultify themselves. In common with all modern art, modern music has erred, I think, in allowing a personal and original idiom to become too often a premeditated idiosyncrasy, in allowing a personal method and manner of expression to become too often a sole preoccupation. I cannot believe that the human heart and soul finds an adequate response to its inveterate needs in the exclusive cacophony of a Stravinsky, a Schönberg or an Ornstein. I do not say their contribution is negligible. I believe it is a perfectly legitimate heightening and intensifying of the harmonic side of music, just as I believe Grainger's efforts to attain a new kind of sound and a greater rhythmic emancipation are invaluable efforts. What these men do not give us is precisely what the indispensable spokesman does give us—a clear articulating of that kind of simple, unforgettable proclamation that speaks to us of immemorial failings, of divine possibilities. In all those

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eminent moments in music where we feel that a great thought has been delivered, the masters are met on the cosmical common meeting ground of a stark, diatonic outspokenness. Choose what you please—the last movement of the *Fifth Symphony*, the Chopin *C minor Étude*, opus 25, the stupendous peroration pealed out by tonic, dominant and sub-dominant over the dead *Siegfried*, the last movement of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony;* here in these supreme moments, the means employed are almost identical. The sterilizing seductions and vagaries of mood are eliminated; sound stands forth a sovereign thing, not pretty nor luxuriant nor ornate, but hinting tremendously of some farther, higher scheme, austere and nobly reticent. In comparison with these moments, intricacy and color seem spurious things, and the experimentings of to-day mere travesties and caricatures of greatness.

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THE WAR BETWEEN THE FIXED AND MOVABLE DOH

By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

ETHEREAL as music is, it has not escaped the perpetual war between the Objective and the Relative. For this has raged for centuries between the Fixed and Movable Doh as a means of teaching singing from notes. The earliest notation and nomenclature known, those of the Chinese and Hindoos, were based on absolute pitch. The Greeks employed both principles. So did the Christian church; and the system of neumes which it invented to represent relative pitch was the first musical notation consisting of independent signs, as distinct from letters, in the world's history.[1]

Neumes were, however, so indefinite as to cause Isadore of Seville to declare that "unless sounds are retained in the memory, they perish, because they cannot be written." Then came the invaluable invention of the staff. But though the staff contains relative as well as absolute pitch, it does not express it.

Hence it is evidence of that consummate educative genius which earned for Guido of Arezzo the title "Inventor Musicæ" that he both developed the staff notation—adding two black lines to the red and yellow ones already existing—and invented a new system of relative notation.

Each line of the tune to a hymn written by Paulus Diaconus about 770 A.D. happened to begin one degree of the scale higher than the preceding line; or Guido purposely composed it so that it would. And Guido determined that the syllable which was sung to the first note of each line should be the permanent name for the degree of the scale which the note happened to be. These syllables were UT, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA. The scale was, of course, that hexachordal one which at this time had been substituted—most probably by Guido himself—for the tetrachordal system borrowed from the Greeks.

Some writers say that Guido used his syllables in place of the Greek ones previously in use—(presumably Hypate, Parhypate, Lichnos, Mese)—but his letter, "*De Ignoto Cantu*"[2] to his friend Michael, gives the impression that the prevailing practice was that of singing by ear. With this he compares the splendid

[1]I am told that the Japanese have a system of signs, but cannot give its date, as my informant, an official of the British Museum, is away on war work.

[2]*Gerbert Scriptores, ii, 43.*

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results of his new plan. "Certain of them [his choir boys] have succeeded, easily, within three days, in singing melodies previously unknown to them; a result which formerly, by the other methods, could not have been brought about in many weeks." But he did more than this: he taught the Pope, John XIX., to sing correctly at sight in one lesson!

This interchange between rote-singing and note-singing forms an interesting example of the ebb and flow always so conspicuous in human evolution. For as late as the mid-eighteenth century choir-boys in English cathedrals sang the elaborate contrapuntal works of Tye, Tallis and Gibbons by ear. Leastways John Camidge, a pupil of Handel's, appointed organist of York Minster in 1756, was the first to teach the cathedral boys to sing from notes.

The movable-tonic or relative character of Guido's system was necessitated by the lack of a seventh note (*e. g.*, B in the hexachord of C). To obtain an additional higher note, "La" was called "Re" and the following note was sung as "Mi." Other changes, or "Mutations," as they were called, were made in a similar manner.

Perhaps the reader should be reminded that the familiar word "gamut" for a scale, especially that of G, is a shortened form of "*gamma-ut*," meaning the hexachord in which the G on the bottom line of the bass stave, called by Guido "gamma" (it is a note lower than the bottom note of the Greek system) was "Ut" or tonic. It is the equivalent of our modern "Key G," or "Doh is G".

Students of harmony are sometimes puzzled by the old mediæval warning against the false relation of the tritone:—

> Mi contra Fa
> Diabolus est in musica,

for in our scale the tritone lies between Fa and Si, or "Te," as it is now called. The explanation is that in a hexachord there was no "Si," and the objectionable interval had to be described as lying between the Fa of a scale and the "Mi" of the scale beginning on its fifth note, modulation to which was then, as now, the commonest 'mutation.' The exigencies of rhyme obviously account for putting the syllables in the wrong order!

All sound is an effect of vibrations of the air on the 'drum' of the ear—where there is no ear there is no sound; and all music the effect of a certain class of sounds on the mind. But in recent times the term "mental effects" has been especially applied to the individual character which distinguishes each degree of the scale from its neighbours: a character which, being due to six

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intervals, in other words to the whole environment of a note in a familiar tonality, is stronger than that of any separate interval. Guido seems to have appreciated this fact and based his system on it, for writing to his friend Michael he says: "If, then, an experienced singer shall so know the opening of each of these sections [*i. e.*, lines of the hymn-tune] that he can, without hesitation, begin forthwith any one of them that he pleases, he will early be able to utter, with absolute correctness, each of these six notes, wherever he may see them" (*i. e.*, though the *interval* between each note and that which precedes it is different from what it was in the original tune).

Like all innovators, and revivers of forgotten truths, Guido met with keen opposition, especially, as was to be expected, in his own country. Johannes Cotto, or Cotton, a high authority of uncertain nationality but most probably English, writing just fifty years after Guido's death, says that the syllables *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, were used by the English, French, and Germans, but that the Italians had others! (Presumably they retained names founded on those of the Greek tetrachord).

Relative pitch, it is important to remember, may be applied in either of two ways: namely, either in Guido's way, by the relationship of each note to the key-note; or by the distance of each note from that immediately preceding it. This latter system is called "Singing by Interval." It is imperfect, since intervals nominally the same, whole tones for instance, are not necessarily really so; and intervals nominally a degree different, for instance augmented 2nds and minor 3rds, vary only to an extent almost imperceptible, and on keyed instruments are identical!

Greek theorists were adepts at hair-splitting in regard to intervals, but Hellenic vocalists evidently sang by key-relationship. The inventor of singing by interval appears to have been a Swabian contemporary of Guido's, named Hermannus Contractus, who thus was a greater innovator than the old 'Inventor Musicæ' himself. For while Guido applied a new nomenclature to what was essentially an old system, Hermann the Lame applied old names—letters of the alphabet—to what was essentially a new system. Thus "e" stood for a unison, and "s" for a semitone, a dot showing ascent or descent. The Munich Library contains one or two 11th and 12th century Mss. in which Hermann's interval-notation is added over neume notation, but the system does not appear to have been adopted extensively till centuries after its invention. Its revival was probably due to the application in the early 17th century of the sol-fa syllables to notes of

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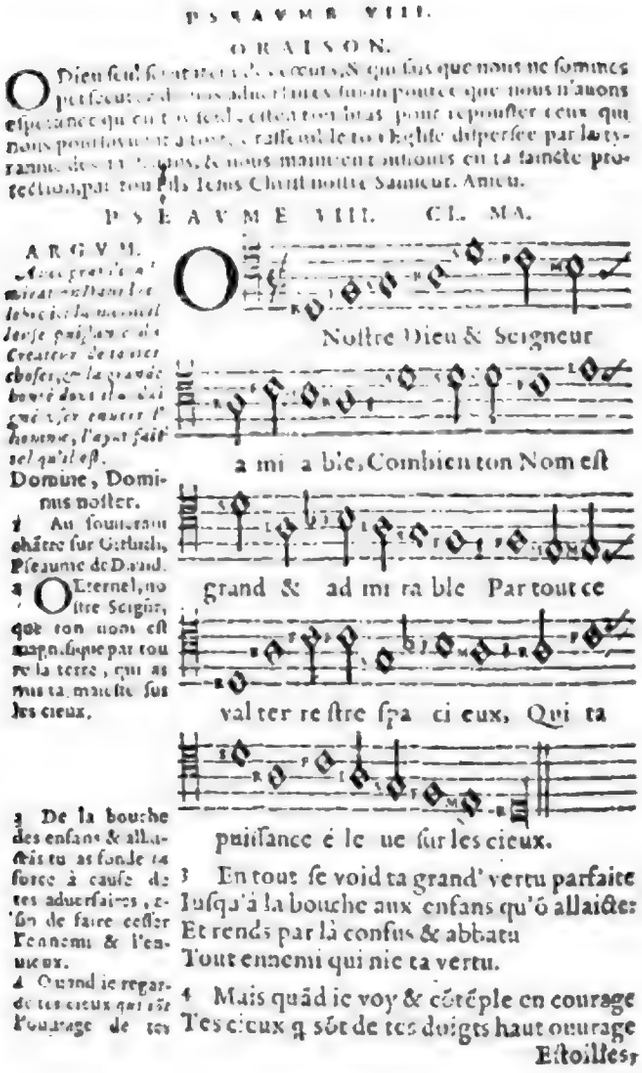

PSEAVME VIII.

ORAISON.

O Dieu seul [illegible] & qui sais que nous ne sommes [illegible] que nous n'auons [illegible] pour repousser ceux qui [illegible] dispersée par la tyrannie [illegible] & nous maintien toujours en ta saincte protection, par ton Fils Iesus Christ nostre Sauueur. Amen.

PSEAVME VIII. CL. MA.

ARGVM.

[illegible] Createur de toutes choses, & la grande bonté dont il a daigné vser enuers l'homme, l'ayant fait tel qu'il est.

Domine, Dominus noster.

1 Au souuerain chãtre sur Gitthith, Pseaume de David.

2 O Eternel, nostre Seigñr, que ton nom est magnifique par toute la terre, qui as mis ta maiesté sur les cieux.

3 De la bouche des enfans & allaictãs tu as fondé ta force à cause de tes aduersaires, afin de faire cesser l'ennemi & l'enuieux.

4 Quand ie regarde tes cieux qui sõt l'ouurage de tes

O Nostre Dieu & Seigneur

a mi a ble, Combien ton Nom est

grand & ad mi ra ble Par tout ce

val ter re stre spa ci eux, Qui ta

puissance é le ue sur les cieux.

3 En tout se void ta grand' vertu parfaite
Iusqu'à la bouche aux enfans qu'õ allaicte:
Et rends par là confus & abbatu
Tout ennemi qui nie ta vertu.

4 Mais quãd ie voy & cõtẽple en courage
Tes cieux q̃ sõt de tes doigts haut ouurage
Estoilles,

Psalm-tune containing first printed Sol-fa notation.
(Marot and Beza's Les CL Pseaumes, 1567.)

Photographed by Mackenzie, Crieff, Scotland.

fixed pitch, which rendered some other notation of relativity necessary. Despite the imperfections named, a knowledge of intervals is extremely useful in music of uncertain tonality.

Simple as Guido's system was in itself, it is to be remembered that the sol-fa syllables were only used orally. Not for over five hundred years were they written or printed, and then only alongside of staff notation notes, and in a book believed to be in this respect unique. This was a certain edition issued in 1567 of "Les CL Pseaumes mis en rime françoise par Clement Marot et Theodore Beza." The copy in Innerpeffray Library, Perthshire, Scotland, is the only copy known: other editions of the same year do not contain the sol-fa syllables.

The illustration facing this page is the exact size of the original (2¾ inches by 4½). "CL. MA." are the initials of Clement Marot. (Other psalms have "TH. BE.," indicating Theodore Beza). The music is written in the Tenor clef without bar-lines, the first example of which in single-voice parts occurs in a book published by Henry Lawes, 1653. The Time-signature indicates a half-note, or minim, beat; and the rhythm is quadruple, though an odd triple measure occurs at the end of the fourth stave (the mixture of duple or quadruple and triple measures was not uncommon at the period). The mark at the end of each stave is a 'direct' foreshowing the position of the first-note on the next stave. The short perpendicular stroke following, *e. g.*, the fourth note of the second stave, is equivalent to a double bar and indicates the end of a line of the poetry. The sol-fa marks are applied, of course, on the contemporary principles of 'Mutation.'

Stave 1: The first note is Re in the hexachord of C; the fourth Re in the hexachord of G.

Stave 3: Second note La in C; third note Fa in F.

Stave 4: First note Re in C; second note Re in G; the sixth and seventh notes are respectively Fa and Mi in F; the eighth Re in G. The 'V' before the fifth note indicates 'Ut,' since changed to 'Do' except in France.

Stave 5: The fourth note is La in hexachord of C.

The initials of syllables were not used alone as an independent notation till early in the nineteenth century. Guido invented a system in which each joint of the left-hand fingers stood for one of the twenty notes of his seven overlapping hexachords; the right hand being used as pointer. And an adaptation of this system is in use to-day. But in sol-fa-ing from notes the singer had to determine the constantly recurring mutations for himself by certain rules. A glance at the illustration will show how complex a business

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this was. And one cannot be surprised to learn from a curious old poem written by Thomas Tusser, a chorister of S. Paul's Cathedral, London, about 1535, that choir-boys generally had a bad time of it[1], or that Mutation came to be known as "*Crux et tormentum puerorum.*" Nor was it only singers of tender years who groaned under its complications. As late as the 18th century the mistakes made by distinguished pupils goaded one of Italy's greatest teachers, Francesco Durante, into exclaiming that "if they would only sing the syllables in tune, they might name them after devils if they liked."

Humanity has often suffered for centuries for lack of some device, so simple when once known that one wonders how Adam managed to give it the go-by. Did not the Romans build costly aqueducts when, since water rises to its own level, a few yards of piping would have done equally well! And musicians suffered from "mutation" for 800 years through lack of a device—the "bridge-tone"—so obvious that in the 19th century Aimé Paris in France, a teacher named Auberlen in Germany, and John Curwen in England, invented it independently of each other!

Again, that the addition of a single note to the hexachord would lead to the octave, the pivot round which all music most naturally duplicates, and incalculably simplify "mutation," seems to us so obvious that one wonders why our ancestors were so long in discovering the fact. Especially as the Egyptians and Chinese were acquainted with the octave 3,000 years B.C. Yet it was not till about 1550 A.D. that suggestions for a seventh note began to be made. Conspicuous among its sponsors were Zarlino and Hubert Waelrant, the name eventually decided upon for the new comer being "Si." But great as were the advantages of the new scale-formula, it was long before its older rival fell out of the race. Hexachords lingered on till Mattheson pronounced their funeral oration in 1717. Thus the (European) Octave System will have to last nearly four hundred years longer before it can claim to have done duty for as long as did Guido's hexachords. And where Neo-Romanticism, the Impressionist School, and Futurists, will have led us by A.D. 2317 the writer would prefer to be excused from saying.

Early in the 17th century a development took place in Great Britain which, in view of English eminence at that time, especially in vocal music, is somewhat remarkable. Guido would certainly have called it retrogression! For while retaining four of his

[1]Tusser contrasts the humane treatment he himself had received under good old John Redford, Organist of S. Paul's, with the brutal treatment then more common.

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syllables, this method was nothing less than a return to the Greek tetrachordal system. In 1618 Thomas Campion, in his treatise on Counterpoint, advocated the disuse of Ut and Re; Charles Butler in his "Principles of Music," published in 1636, declared these two notes already obsolete; and Playford's "Introduction to the Skill of Music," 1655, confirms him.

The period which witnessed the introduction of the 'Si,' or Leading-note is that in which Sir Hubert Parry regards modern harmony as having been achieved. This therefore is a convenient place in which to point out that harmonists have a nomenclature, and two notations, all of which are purely relative: the terms Tonic, Supertonic, and so on, relate to the key; the Arabic numerals employed in "figured bass" (which antedates the year 1600) relate to the lowest note of each chord; and Roman numerals, of more recent introduction, to the root of each chord. Yet harmony pedagogues have been among the bitterest opponents of any purely relative notation for singers!

Allusion should also be made to a system which, though it did not appear at earliest till about 1480, and has long been obsolete, had a great vogue for nearly three hundred years. This was "Tablature," a highly pictorial notation, consisting of lines, letters, numerals, and other symbols; employed exclusively for instrumental music; varying greatly according to the instrument it applied to, and also in different countries and at different times. It belonged strictly to the category of "absolute pitch" systems, each sign representing a particular string, hole, or key, of an instrument. To avoid misunderstanding it should be explained that the word was occasionally employed as synonymous with 'notation,' irrespective of details, but its literal application was exclusively instrumental. And just as we now distinguish between the "Old" notation and "Sol-fa," so in the olden days music written on the staff was said to be "gamut-way," and that in tablature 'lyra-way'.

It will therefore be seen that European music in the days of Cavalieri and Peri was written in four chief ways:—

Relative

Sol-fa: syllables; Vocal.

Figured-Bass: Symbols and numerals; Theoretic and Instrumental.

Absolute

Staff-notation: symbols; Vocal and Instrumental.

Tablature: symbols; Instrumental.

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The development of the hexachord into a septachord, and the consequent advent of the octave system, should have been an unmixed good. But human perversity determined otherwise. When a seventh note from the original Ut, or tonic, could be obtained without recourse to the intricacies of Mutation, the practice began of applying the vocal syllables to notes of fixed instead of relative pitch, these being those of the key of C, or *Hexachordon naturæ*, as it was called; and also of using them in instrumental music. Alphabetic names, which had been used for two thousand years, fell into disuse, especially in France and Italy, and for the first time in European history vocal notation was based on the "Fixed Doh."

Some fifty years after the advent of "Si" the name "Ut" was changed to "Do," almost everywhere but in France, doubtless as being more singable. About 1750 syllables were invented for the representation of chromatic notes. A century later, in Britain, "Si" was changed to "Ti," to avoid use of the same initial letter, Sol to "Soh," and the spelling of other names Anglicised.

In 1889 an examiner in sight-singing tested 340 of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and he found that of these, who, being embryo professionals, represented far more than the average capacity for music, only 50—one in seven—had anything but a remote idea of absolute pitch. Obviously, therefore, the vast mass of people can sing only by some form of relative pitch —the Movable Doh, or Intervals.

The completion of the full cycle of keys, involving seven sharps and flats, invests singing by interval with an extreme complexity to those not familiar with a key-board. In regard to the numerical name of an interval the staff notation is a model of clearness. But, as every interval is constantly found in two, and frequently three, dimensions, the numerical name is not only insufficient but often misleading. For, to give an example, a second may be greater than a third! And though the expression of these variants is accurate, it is clear only to those familiar with a bewildering maze of 'signature' and 'accidental' inflexions and counter-marks. If anyone doubts this let him tell some intelligent friend that the following "second"

is major in keys from no sharps to two; minor in three to four; major in five to seven; and similarly in regard to flats. That there

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2.Cant.vel Ten. XX. *Adriani Bianchieri.*

Sti ſunt triumphatores qui viventes in carne,

ij iſti ſunt triũphatores qui viventes in carne plantaverunt, plan-

taverunt eccleſiam ſanguine ſuo, ij calicem Do-

mini calicẽ Do- mini bibe- runt, & amici De- i facti ſunt

& amici De- i facti ſunt, & amici De- i facti ſunt, & a-

mici De- i fa- cti ſunt.

The earliest known numeral notation. (From the Siren Cœlestis, 1638, by G. Victorinus.)

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are eleven "seconds" in an average voice and that the rule varies with each. That there are forty other intervals—making fifty-one altogether—in his voice. That there are two clefs in ordinary use—there were five— and all the intervals must be learnt separately on each. That an accidental sharp to the lower note of an interval lessens it; to the higher note increases it. That with a flat the reverse is the case. That a natural to the lower note in sharp signatures increases, to a higher note, lessens, an interval. That with a flat the reverse is the case. That sharps or flats applied to both notes do not alter the nature of the interval, but only its pitch. Then ask the friend to sing passages of varied intervals ascending and descending in different keys—or even to name the intervals!

"How," it may be asked, "this being so, have the Fixed-Dohites attained the high position they have often reached?" Simply because, though holding a copy in their hands, and reading the numerical interval from it, they learnt its nature by instinct and rote. "They are never safe," declared a great English conductor, Sir Joseph Barnby, "outside the key of C".

On the other hand, there are few passages, even in the most chromatic and complex music, which cannot be related to a key-note. Not only so, but it is remarkable how many, when so related, prove to be diatonic. Thus in the soprano part of the "Messiah" there are only three really chromatic notes!

No wonder, then, that during the two hundred years since Guido's movable syllables were misapplied to notes of fixed pitch, the history of notation has chiefly, and especially in Northern countries, been a record of attempts to revive or invent a vocal system based on key relationship.

At first sight numerals seem to be pre-eminently suitable for the notation of relative pitch, and not unnaturally all the earlier attempts to revive a movable Doh system were based on them. The first appears to have been that contained in the English edition, published in 1638, of the *Siren Cœlestis*, by G. Victorinus. The original edition, published at Munich in 1616, presumably did not contain the numerals, for the edition of 1622, of which a copy is in the British Museum, does not. A preface by the English editor, Wm. Braythwayt, leaves little doubt that they were invented by Victorinus expressly for the English edition. I can discover no particulars about Victorinus except that he was a composer, and published the original edition at his own expense. The facing illustration is taken from the British Museum copy just referred to.

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France may claim the next effort, through Jean Jacques Souhaitty, a Franciscan monk at Paris who used numeral notation for popular instruction in singing, as explained in his three primers, the earliest of which was published in 1665. Neither Victorinus nor Souhaitty have received the credit which is their due. The former is mentioned by Eitner in his *Bibliographie*, and in Henry Davey's excellent History of English Music, but apparently by no one else; and Souhaitty is mentioned by very few writers. His countryman and namesake, Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, seventy-eight years later (1742) proposed to replace notes with numerals, has been awarded a greater share of the credit than belonged to him, especially as his suggestions came to nothing. Exactly two hundred years after Victorinus published his *Siren Cœlestis* the scheme found another German advocate in Bernard C. L. Natorp, whose two courses of singing for elementary schools, published in 1816 and 1820, were founded on a numeral notation. They passed through several editions.

It was in France, however, that a numeral notation was to achieve its greatest success. In 1818 Pierre Galin, a teacher of mathematics at Bordeaux, published his "Meloplast," a large stave on which he pointed out notes, on tonic-relationship principles, to a class: it was what is now called a "Modulator." The written notation consisted of numerals, but the names sung were the old sol-fa syllables. An ardent disciple of Galin's, Aimé Paris, (1798-1866) added an admirable system of syllables representing time-divisions: this has since been incorporated in the English Sol-fa system. A complete exposition of the method was published in 1850 by Emile Chevé, and it is now known as the Gain-Paris-Chevé system. Though in its earlier stages much olpposition was encountered, the method has been very largely adopted in the land of its origin; Auber and Berlioz gave it their countenance; and it is allowed to be used in the Communal Schools. It has also been introduced into Great Britain, but met with little success for reasons which will shortly be obvious.

112	$\overline{7}.12$	334	$\overline{3}.21$	217	1.0
335	$\overline{5}.35$	112	$\overline{1}.53$	535	3.0

Fragment of 'God save the King,' in two parts, in Galin—Paris—Chevé notation.

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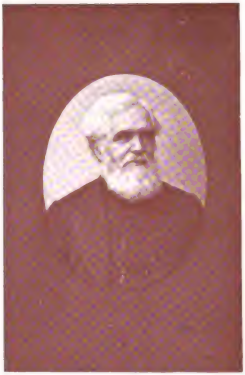

cordially yours
John Curwen

Photographed from life by Messrs. Mault & Fox, Piccadilly, W.

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The English Tonic-sol-fa system owes its modern form not to a Son of Jubal but to one whom I may call a Daughter of Miriam. It is the only great musical movement inaugurated by one of the gentler sex. About 1812 Sarah Ann Glover, daughter of a clergyman living at Norwich, England, tried to teach a lad to teach himself to sing church music by pasting the twelve letters O to Z on the twelve notes of an octave of the piano, and writing on paper the letter-names of a tune. O, P, Q, and the rest of it, looking barbarous, she wrote the sol-fa syllables on a Movable Doh basis under the letters. She very soon found that her pupil never looked at the letter-names, the syllables being sufficient. The result was her Norwich Sol-fa Ladder; her "Manual of the Norwich Sol-fa System" (1845) and her "Tetrachordal System" (1850). Like Guido, eight hundred years earlier, she taught children—those of Norwich Charity School and others—to sing from notes in two or three lessons; and if she did not teach the Pope to sing in one lesson, she taught a cleric at the other end of the ecclesiastical firmament, and with much more momentous results.

John Curwen, after fruitless attempts to sing by the fixed Doh method, became an ardent disciple of Miss Glover's, and ended by perfecting her system and carrying it to heights its authoress had never dreamed of. This all the world knows: but of the self-sacrifice by which a non-conformist minister on £160 a year launched a new notation on the world and founded a great publishing house; and of the courage needed to enable an amateur, possessing no special gifts of ear or voice, to do battle against an army of professional Goliaths entrenched in the high places of the musical world, only those who have read the Life of John Curwen can have any adequate idea. Suffice it to say that in the early days no publisher would look at John Curwen's manuscripts: there is now not a music-printing house in the Kingdom without its sol-fa type.[1]

In 1880 the then Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London (the late Sir G. A. Macfarren), who at one time supported the movement, endeavoured to oust the system from the national schools: it is now taught in the Royal Academy of Music itself! In America its first advocate appears to have been Mr. T. F. Seward, of New York, a pupil of Dr. Lowell Mason, who after mastering the method in England in 1877, returned to the States and began a vigorous campaign in spreading it.[2]

[1]John Curwen's son, J. Spencer Curwen, who carried on his father's work, died while this article was being written—just a century after his father was born.

[2]Those interested in the history of 'short-cut' notations would do well to study the efforts of our early American Psalmodists, especially Andrew Law, 1750-1821.—*Ed.*

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It is worthy of note that the modern notation of relative pitch has been the work almost exclusively of laymen to musical science. Guido of Arezzo and Souhaitty were monks; Marot and Beza were both originally lawyers; G. Victorinus was a composer, but that the art was his livelihood is not clear; Rousseau, though the greatest composer among the pioneers, was primarily a philosopher; Natorp was a German pastor; Galin was a teacher of mathematics; Paris was a lawyer; and Chevé a doctor of medicine; Sarah Ann Glover was an honorary church worker; and John Curwen a Congregational minister.

Doubtless it is owing to the many nationalities and types of mind who have contributed to the notation of relative pitch that its most popular form, Tonic-sol-fa, has spread with such astonishing rapidity. Up to March 31st, 1916, 971,780 certificates had been issued by the Tonic-sol-fa College. Its simplicity appeals to children, many millions of whom are learning it in schools. Its philosophical basis and scientific accuracy have won warm encomiums from men of learning such as Dr. Pole, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Rayleigh, and Mr. A. J. Ellis. Nor is it Englishmen only who have warmly espoused the Sol-fa system: Professor Helmholtz of Berlin declared it to be "the natural way of learning music," and some twenty-five or thirty years ago the German St. Cecilia Society introduced it with success into the land of the musical giants; while M. Braun, Inspector of Normal Colleges in Belgium, expressed the opinion that "Tonic-sol-fa ought to be the admiration of Europe." In 1907, which was regarded as the Jubilee of the movement, Mr. J. S. Curwen said:—

> Tonic Sol-fa has now spread to all parts of the world, and is accepted by all sorts and conditions of people. The Universities Mission in Central Africa print our notation excellently. In America several text-books have appeared. At Toronto and Montreal it is taught in all the schools. The Kaffirs in South Africa have taken to it greatly. It has been taught on the Nile, and instructions have been printed in Arabic. A Chinese modulator has been produced in several parts of the Empire. In Madagascar, out of 1,000 schools, eighty-five per cent. teach Tonic Sol-fa. In all our Australian Colonies it is known, and in most of them it is officially recognized in the schools. It is taught in Japan and Nova Scotia, and in the training ships of our own Royal Navy. The students of the Church Missionary College at Islington and of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary College at Richmond have learnt it for years, and carried it to every part of the globe. The Rev. J. W. Handford is teaching it to the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. The Roman Catholics like the notation because it fits in so well with the Gregorian system; the Jewish Rabbis use it to help them in their inflected reading of the Scriptures. In short, its truth and simplicity have caused it to penetrate everywhere.

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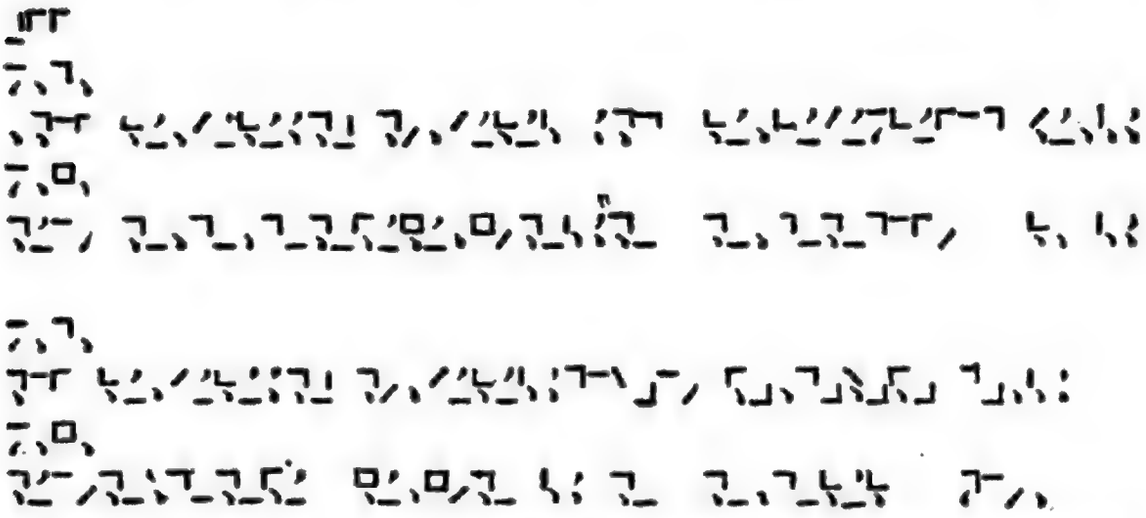

(Sol-fa notation of a four-part hymn-tune—"There is a fountain"—transcribed into the Chinese Numeral Type system invented by the Rev. W. H. Murray.)

The staff notation has been called the universal language. Unless the present war should impose a reservation, probably temporary, it needs no Don Quixote to dream of a time when Italian sol-fa syllables, with French time-names and English time-marks, may have become as universal a notation of relative pitch as the staff-notation is of music generally.

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A PLEA FOR PURE CHURCH MUSIC

By N. LINDSAY NORDEN

IT may seem, perhaps, paradoxical to plead for church music in churches, but so very far from the essence and spirit of true ecclesiastical music has church music of to-day digressed, it is, indeed, an exception to find unquestionable religious music in a church service. Music used in the church of to-day differs but little from that of the concert-hall or the opera. There appears to be prevalent an almost uniform idea that music sung in churches must be secular in spirit in order to interest congregations. Apparently, many choirmasters consider that they are doing their best to please the public, when they intentionally include cheap, sentimental music on their programs and exclude examples of the best religious compositions. There is but one place in which religious music may be satisfactorily performed—and that is in the church. Secular music is acceptable with equal interest in the theatre, the home, the restaurant, the concert-hall, or the opera. The field of religious music is abundant with impressive works. Why these should be passed over for a type of music which does not, and cannot ever be properly associated with the ritual of the church, is difficult to explain upon any basis. In general, church standards are not nearly so high as those prevailing in the secular field.

Religious music was the progenitor of all modern music, and had not the early church carefully fostered the art, it is doubtful to just what degree it might have developed. The music of Palestrina, Vittoria, Praetorius, Gabrieli, Orlando di Lasso, Bach, Arcadelt, and many other composers, both ancient and modern, is neglected in the church of to-day. Its performance is abandoned to the concert-hall, where it is lamentably out of place. Rarely does a Sunday pass by, however, but that some distorted selection from the works of Richard Wagner, or some other operatic composer, is rendered, with a religious text written in. The causes of this deplorable situation are numerous; reference is here made to but a few of the important ones.

The prime consideration, it would appear, is the type of musician engaged in the regular direction of church music. Obviously, good music cannot be understood by an undeveloped

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musician, nor is such a person capable of using intelligent judgment in selecting such music for performance. The general attitude of the young musician toward the field of church music may be summed up in the word "organ." The majority of church music schools apparently make this their chief attraction. Entering the field through a study of this instrument, perhaps with no other musical training worthy of mention, and having secured some kind of a position, the student concentrates his entire activities upon furthering his ability as a performer. For a position he is selected by a "music committee," which always judges a choirmaster upon his ability as an organist! And music committees, it is to be regretted, are generally composed of men who have no appreciation of church music or ecclesiastical style. Notwithstanding these vital facts, their judgments are final in most matters appertaining to the musical department of the church. The inevitable result is that the committee selects a fine technician and entrusts him with the destinies of the music of that church. Thus, slowly but surely, the church drifts further away from true church music, and the secular spirit dominates. Concert organ playing attempts to usurp the rightful place of religious music—but without success.

Any musician who approaches work in church music more or less along the lines briefly described above, is not prepared to accomplish much of value, nor will his name find its way into the musical histories of the country. It is to be acknowledged that all of our Western churches have organs, good or bad, (more often the latter!), and it further appears that they must be played every Sunday. In truth, however, this is but the smallest part of church music, and it cannot be denied that a great advance in ecclesiastical music would be made if all the church organs in the country could be destroyed! Vocal music was the first music in the history of man. It will always be the truest and most genuine form of musical expression, and will be ever inseparable from religious ritual. While organ music has, on the whole, greatly disfigured the music of the church, it will never be able to completely supplant it. The moving picture houses are fast catching up with the churches in respect to being equipped with large fine organs, and, on the whole, one hears better performing in the former, for here the organist generally possesses a fine technique. An organ is not a church instrument by virtue of any inherent qualities, nor was it introduced in churches until a comparatively late century, at which time ecclesiastical music had already attained to a very high plane. When the instrument

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was introduced it aroused great opposition both in Europe and in this country. As a solo instrument it has unquestionable, but nevertheless limited, value, but it merely mocks a thoroughly well trained choir, and at best only detracts from the results of their efforts.

A musician who undertakes to do serious work in church music must make a comprehensive study of the music of the early church, antedating the introduction of instrumental accompaniment. Such a study must include the early music of all nations. Further, it is essential that he possess a thorough general education, and a well developed appreciation of activity in other fields of musical endeavor—the orchestra, chamber music, the opera, etc. The prerequisites for a director in the secular field are fairly well established, but in the church field there are practically *none*. The laxest methods prevail, and the church entrusts her music to any sort of an individual who is able to play the organ. The requirements here should be much more severe; and should be adhered to in the strictest sense. Genuine religious music is neither rendered, understood, nor fostered by the majority of church directors of to-day. Its place is filled by secular compositions. Perhaps it would be a wise plan to establish a committee of censors for each denomination. Such a committee might be composed of musicians whose standards were unquestionable. They would pass upon selections worthy of being sung in churches of that denomination. By this process it would be a simple matter to dispose of dross. Such a plan would be a decided step in advance.

The boy choir, as maintained in this country at least, is responsible for a good percentage of the degeneration of church music. Choirmasters instructing boys have so many difficulties with which to cope, that they naturally seek easy, so-called "popular" anthems, generally very rhythmical in character. As boy choirs are conducted here, such music is almost a necessity, for, with boys leaving constantly, it is nigh impossible to develop a good style. Further, the difficulty of obtaining "male altos" (who "sing" falsetto), and the expense of remunerating such persons, results in a choir being able to possess only a very limited number of altos—perhaps only two or three. There are many choirs composed of forty or fifty singers, which possess only two altos. Such an equipment necessarily limits the style and difficulty of the music presented. Clearly, rendition of true church music in such cases is nigh impossible, and, if attempted, would be badly lacking in the alto voice. Eight, or ten part

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vocal writing, which is choral music at its best, would be further removed from adequate presentation. So, again, church standards suffer, and the church stands in her own light in permitting such hopeless institutions.

There is no question amongst serious minded musicians that a cappella rendition is the great traditional ideal in church music. Critics, musicians, and clergymen alike have expressed themselves definitely on this point. From the earliest days, long before the introduction of instruments in churches, down to the present time, composers have always fostered the true church style. For, to some degree, at least, all of the master musicians have been interested in adding to the literature of so ancient an institution. Palestrina, Bach, Sweelink, Kastalsky, Cornelius, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Bortnyansky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tschaikowsky, Gounod, Gretchaninoff, as well as many other composers, have deemed the field of church music worthy of their most serious efforts.

A well trained chorus is a complete musical unit, and requires no more support or accompaniment than does a symphony orchestra or a band. It interprets to a fuller degree the emotions of the human mind in its worshipful, sorrowful, joyful or penitent attitude, for there is less taint of mechanical accessories than in any other musical production. A great choir is fully as inspiring and uplifting as is a fine orchestra, and to many individuals it is even a finer and more expressive instrument.

The a cappella music of Gounod, Stainer, Sullivan, Barnby and Mendelssohn is, on the whole, similar in style, for these men did not fully comprehend the possibilities and scope of this style. Writing for an unaccompanied choir is something more than merely building up eight part chords, with correct voice leading. It cannot be denied that some of Gounod's church music is well written, but, nevertheless, it lacks genuine churchly style. The English school, in general, is painfully academic, and uninspired. The music of the early church, however, is rich in splendid works, to which only one modern school may be compared—that of the Russian. The early church music was naturally limited in expression and style, while the Russian school has had the advantage of developing under much more favorable conditions. The Russian composers, brought up entirely upon the a cappella style in the vocal field, have for centuries thought and composed in terms of pure vocal music, and *not* in terms of a keyboard. This school contains compositions of every conceivable type—compositions which never fail to arouse enthusiasm on account of the endless

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combination of voices, parts, solos, cadences, harmonies and the like. Some are distinctly simple, being written in one key, perhaps for pages, but so skilfully written that one's interest never wanes. Others are more modern, and hence correspondingly difficult. Again, some are written in ten or twelve voice parts, while others are mystic in the unusual use of unisons and open fifths. But all are unquestionably examples of legitimate church music.

There is something grander and more compelling in pure choral renditions than there is in mixed choral and instrumental rendition, for in the former instance we hear the pure untempered harmonies, which cannot be produced by any other musical unit. Choirs have come to depend upon instrumental support for pitch and correct performance. There are very few choirs which at the present time could perfectly render a complete service without instrumental support. Nothing is conscientious effort; all is mere suggestion!

There are, however, several choirs which of late have been giving evidence of the value and inspiration of a cappella singing, thereby proving the uselessness of accompaniment. It is evident that in training a choir for such work more rehearsals and more intense rehearsing are essential to success. It is an exacting process, which cannot be carried out indifferently. But when a chorus has reached the happy stage where they are conscious of their ability, great interest develops. In other words, such music gives a chance for individual responsibility, and it is this desire for individual responsibility which causes singers to seek solo positions. In this case all are soloists, for all have the same great responsibility. An enthusiastic beginning is the first prerequisite for success.

Unaccompanied singing is a measure of musical ability and enthusiasm, and hence is of great value to the singer. It requires, however, approximately one year of conscientious training to produce a singer capable of participating in a cappella work. Singers have grown so accustomed to singing against an instrument in tempered intonation that they find themselves in great difficulties when they attempt pure vocal music. Such music is always sung in just, or true intonation, if rendered by choristers sufficiently trained in a cappella singing. Those whose ears have been corrupted find themselves at a loss in unaccompanied work. Their natural musical instinct leads them to sing just intervals, but their continued association with a tempered organ or a piano counteracts that. The result is singing horribly out of tune. A

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choir which rehearses and performs entirely a cappella is a joy to hear—so luscious and pure are the harmonies created by their voices. Helmholtz, the great authority on the science of music, writes:

In singing, the pitch can be made most easily and perfectly to follow the wishes of a fine musical ear. Hence, all music began with singing; and singing will always remain the true and natural school of all music. The only intervals which singers can strike with certainty and perfection are such as they can comprehend with certainty and perfection, and what the singer easily and naturally sings the hearer will also easily and naturally understand.

But when are our singers to learn just intonation and make their ears sensitive for perfect chords? They are from the first taught to sing to the equally-tempered pianoforte. If a major chord is struck as an accompaniment, they may sing a perfect consonance with its root, its Fifth, or its Third. This gives them about the fifth part of a Semitone for their voices to choose from without decidedly singing out of harmony, and even if they sing a little sharper than consonance with the sharp Third requires, or a little flatter than consonance with the flat Fifth requires, the harmoniousness of the chord will not be really much more damaged. The singer who practices to a tempered instrument has no principle at all for exactly and certainly determining the pitch of his voice.

On the other hand, we often hear four musical amateurs who have practised much together singing quartettes in perfectly just intonation. Indeed, my own experience leads me almost to affirm that quartettes are more frequently heard with just intonation when sung by young men who scarcely sing anything else, and often and regularly practice them, than when sung by instructed solo singers who are accustomed to the accompaniment of the pianoforte or orchestra. But correct intonation in singing even by a weak and unpractised voice, always sounds agreeable, whereas the richest and most practised voice offends the hearer when it sings false or sharpens. . . .

The Tonic-sol-faists . . . . sing by natural, and not by tempered intervals. When their choirs are accompanied by a tempered organ, there are marked differences and disturbances, whereas they are in perfect unison with General Thompson's Enharmonic Organ (an instrument in just intonation—N. L. N.) . . . . I think no doubt can remain, if any doubt ever existed, that the intervals . . . . called natural, are really natural for uncorrupted ears; that moreover the deviations of tempered intonation are really perceptible and unpleasant to uncorrupted ears; and, lastly, that notwithstanding the delicate distinctions in particular intervals, correct singing by natural intervals is much easier than singing in tempered intonation.

Alexander J. Ellis, translator of the Helmholtz book, says:

On December 27, 1869, at a meeting of the Tonic-sol-fa College, I had an unusual opportunity of contrasting the effect of just and tempered intonation in the singing of the same choir. It was a choir of about

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sixty mixed voices, which had gained the prize at the International Exhibition at Paris in 1867, and had been kept well together ever since. After singing some pieces without accompaniment, and hence in the just intonation to which the singers had been trained, and with the most delightful effect of harmony, they sang a piece with a pianoforte accompaniment. Of course, the pianoforte itself was inaudible among the mass of sound produced by sixty voices. But it had the effect of perverting their intonation, and the whole charm of the singing was at once destroyed. There was nothing left but the everyday singing of an ordinary choir. The disillusion was complete and the effect most unsatisfactory as a conclusion.

The best opportunity in this country of hearing pure vocal music is offered by the singing of the now famous Choir of the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas, in New York City. This choir rehearses and performs entirely unsupported by an instrument. This is partly the reason that their singing seems to possess a certain charm which has not been felt here before. The conditions are decidedly against this ideal in the majority of cases, but, nevertheless, a few other choruses which receive a goodly amount of a cappella training, approximate the effects which the Russians produce. The reason that certain compositions sound so well when the Russian Choir sings them, and so uninteresting and lifeless when other choral bodies attempt them, lies in the fact that both major and minor chords in just intonation are very different from those in tempered intonation. This difference is not so marked in piano music, where there is but little sostenuto, but in choral music, which, in the main, consists of sustained harmonies, it is very marked. The author has an organ, on which it is possible to play in just intonation in major and minor. The effect of the chords played upon this instrument is exactly the same as the effect of the chords sung by the Russian Choir. It is a great satisfaction to play on this instrument, and if chords are played on a well-tuned piano immediately after playing the organ, they sound horribly false and out of tune.

Helmholtz states:

The justly intoned chords, in favorable positions . . . . possess a full and, as it were, saturated harmoniousness; they flow on with a full stream, calm and smooth, without tremor or beat. Equally tempered, or Pythagorean chords, beside them sound rough, dull, trembling, restless. The difference is so marked that everyone, whether he is musically cultivated or not, observes it at once. Chords of the dominant seventh in just tonation have nearly the same degree of roughness as a common major chord of the same pitch in tempered intonation. The difference between natural and tempered intonation is greatest and most unpleasant in the higher octaves of the scale, because here the false combinational

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tones of the tempered intonation are more observable, and the number of beats for equal differences in pitch becomes larger, and hence the roughness greater. . . . . A second circumstance of essential importance is, that the differences of effect between major and minor chords, between different inversions and positions of chords of the same kind, and between consonances and dissonances are much more decided and conspicuous, than in equal temperament. Hence modulations become much more expressive. Many fine distinctions are sensible, which otherwise almost disappear, as, for instance, those which depend on the different inversions and positions of chords, while, on the other hand, the intensity of the harsher dissonances is much increased by their contrast with perfect chords. The chord of the diminished seventh, which is so much used in modern music, borders on the insupportable, when the other chords are tuned justly.

This explains to some degree the fact that many compositions intended for a cappella performance when played upon the piano sound "dry" and uninteresting. There has always been a feeling among musicians that a composition is "choral" if it has a decided feeling for tonality, and those modulations which may occur are plain and obvious. Queer and obscure modulations are not adapted for choral music. Modern French choral music is always sung lamentably out of tune, for the singers cannot appreciate altered harmonies and unrelated modulations. Such music in essence is instrumental and should not be assigned to singers for performance.

If studied from the point of choral style, and not from the point of keyboard effect, the Russian school and much of the early church music is wonderful and inspiring. It is to be remembered, too, that much of the early music was written before tempered intonation was brought forward, and consequently singers performing the same sang "by ear," that is, in the natural, untempered intonation. Such music attempted by singers whose ears have become accustomed to tempered intervals does not sound as intended. To observe what splendid choral effects are possible under these restrictions, it would be wise to examine Rachmaninoff's "Cherubim Song," where for some dozen pages there is no modulation, and only one passing accidental in the whole piece! "The Day of Judgment," an extremely dramatic piece, is written (in eight pages) in F minor, B flat minor and E flat minor, ending in F minor. All the modulations are clear and uninvolved. The anthem "From My Youth" by Kastalsky begins in D minor, modulates to C major, and ends in D major, without difficult modulations. Many others might be mentioned in a similar way. Where there is any amount of modulating it

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is developed logically, for distant modulations are not, and should not be used for choral music. These facts may be of interest to those who have not really known music of the a cappella style as it is, and whose interest in it has consisted wholly in playing it over on the piano, organ, or hearing it attempted by singers totally unable to sing pure harmonies. The matter is of the utmost importance to all choral directors, and worthy of their most serious attention and study. At present the matter is practically neglected from the intellectual side—all being relegated to chance and pure instinct. Helmholtz again states:

. . . . . the human voice has a peculiar advantage over the organ and all other musical instruments in the execution of polyphonic music. The words, which are sung, connect the notes belonging to each part and form a clue which really guides the hearer to discover and pursue the related parts of the whole body of sound. Hence polyphonic music and the whole modern system of harmony was first developed on the human voice. Indeed, nothing can exceed the musical effect of well harmonized part-music perfectly executed in just intonation by practised voices. . . . . It is only such singers as have a delicate musical feeling of their own who find out the correct result, which is no longer taught them.

It is impossible to pass by this most important phase of choral music without quoting from one or two other writers of authority. J. A. Fuller-Maitland writes in this wise:

. . . . . but on instruments or voices that are capable of performing in Just Intonation, the beauty of an untempered chord is unmistakable. The instruments of the violin family, on which the notes are not fixed, can be played in Just Intonation and choirs that are in the habit of practising without the aid of keyboard instruments can be made to realize the difference and to make the intervals really accurate. Occasionally solo singers are to be found who can adapt their voices to give the correct intervals, but as a matter of course, the frequent modulations of modern music, causing delicate adjustment of pitch to be made at every moment, make it more and more difficult to realize Just Intonation.

R. B. Litchfield, writing on the Tonic-sol-fa system, says:

The great truths of tonic relationship and Just Intonation which are taught almost automatically by the Tonic-sol-fa system make it an invaluable stepping-stone to the staff notation. . . . .

William Pole, in "The Philosophy of Music," states:

The most important errors are those of the thirds, which are considerably wrong, and it is undoubtedly the fact that the major third is

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an interval to which, from the prominent place in the major triad (the chord of nature) the ear is peculiarly sensitive. On the pianoforte this is not of so much consequence, but on the organ and harmonium (also in vocal ensemble, N. L. N.) where tones are sustained or moderately sensitive the ear finds the equally tempered major third harsh and disagreeable . . . . Who would force on us the equal temperament in cases where perfect intonation can be obtained just as easily, namely, as in stringed instruments or pure vocal music? It is only on keyed instruments having a limited number of fixed tones that the difficulties of imperfect intonation arise; with the voice and the violin tribe there are no such difficulties, and hence well-trained singers or good violin players would, when guided by their ears, naturally keep their harmonies in tune. To prevent them from doing this and to try and make them conform to the equal temperament is an offence against musical perception unworthy of a true musician. Whatever may be said in favor of the utility of the equal duodecimal division of the scale, no one with any knowledge of harmony can fail to perceive that the too sharp third is musically unnatural and untrue and it ought not to be tolerated in sustained tones, if the natural and true effect can be got. It is the possibility of getting this which gives such an inexpressible charm to stringed and vocal harmony when unaccompanied by the intractable keyed instruments.

Henry W. Poole, in a paper entitled "Essay on Perfect Intonation and the Enharmonic Organ," writes:

Church music, perhaps more than any other, depends for its excellence almost entirely upon its harmony. From church music are necessarily excluded many qualities which add much interest and character to other kinds of music. As its movement is slow and regular, any excellence or defect in its harmony is most apparent. The instrument which has long been used, and is best adapted as a guide and accompanist to voices in church music, is the organ. For this purpose it is the instrument of all instruments, as its derivation (Tò òrganon) also signifies. It is superior to all others in the volume of sound and the number of parts which can be brought under the control of a single player. When played with the choir the defects of the organ are most perceptible. As the organ usually plays the same parts which the choir sing, the singers must temper exactly like the organ—which probably no choir was ever trained to do accurately—or there will be a continued want of agreement between them. A perfect major third a child who has had no musical instruction will strike most readily, and almost unconsciously, for it is in the simple ratio of 4:5, and the ear instantly detects the coincidence of the vibrations; but a tempered major third, two-thirds of a comma sharp, he knows nothing about; it requires the skill of a scientific and well-drilled musician to give it correctly. If the singers could learn to temper with the organ, it would be at the sacrifice of that pure harmony which they would make if they sang in tune without tempered accompaniment. The ordinary agreement, (or rather disagreement), between a choir and organ accompaniment, can be illustrated to the eye by the following example:

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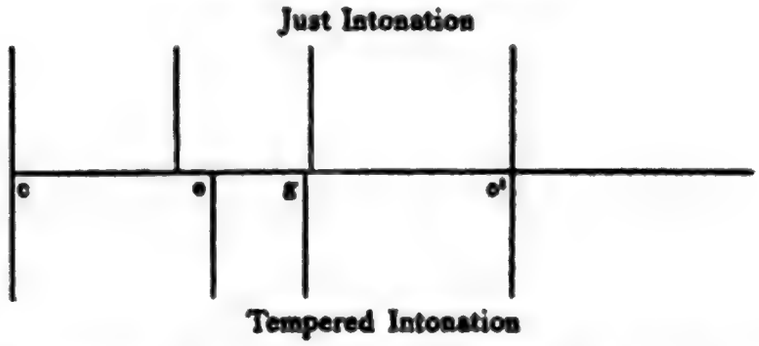

We will suppose that an organ, tuned in the equal temperament, is accompanying a choir, when it is singing the common chord of C.

The key-note C will, of course, be the same in the organ and the choir. The fifth, G, of the organ will be slightly, but perceptibly, flat, viz., one-twelfth of a comma. The third, E, of the organ will be very discordant with the choir, being two-thirds of a comma sharp. If B♭ in the chord of the seventh be added, the discord will be much greater than in either the fifth or the third; the organ being a comma and a quarter too sharp. Any one who will notice the singing of a good quartette with a tempered organ, may perceive the variation and discord of the organ upon these thirds and sevenths, particularly the last. For this reason these notes are oftentimes omitted, as in chants, to the great improvement in the general effect. Good natural singers, who give their thirds and sevenths correctly, on the first singing with an organ, have been accused by organists and conductors ignorant of the matter, of singing flat, because by temperament these notes on the organ were too sharp.

To perform a cappella singing well a choir must be arranged in one solid group. The introduction of the boy choir and with that the moving of the choir into the chancel, have placed great difficulties in the way of certain musical results. In large choirs, where there are sufficient singers to place a complete choir on both sides of the chancel, the division is not so troublesome. But in the average church, where there are from twenty-five to thirty singers, a serious difficulty is met with at once. If it is not possible to place a choir at the back of the church. they should be placed to one side, where they may be directed invisible to the congregation. It is absurd to place a director with his back to his choir, and assign to him the task of performing on an instrument, simultaneous with directing. How ridiculous it would appear to so place an orchestral director, and of the two the church director probably has the more difficult task. If an organ *must* sometimes be played when the choir sings, at least two individuals should be in charge, one of the choir and the other of the organ.

Unless carried on under unusual and exceptional conditions, congregational singing is a pronounced failure, in Protestant

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churches at least. The denominational churches have made a little more progress with it, but it is not very valuable as a source of inspiration or uplift. Perhaps the idea is a noble one, but the average individual in this country has given little or no time to vocal music, and is not, therefore, in a position to do much singing publicly. He is too embarrassed, especially in the prevalent small congregations of to-day, to join in the singing. Of course, there are times when under the influence of some unusual event, mass singing is inspiring and uplifting. Such an atmosphere, however, is not to be found in regular Sunday church service. To those who worship in our churches, however, a great message may be brought by a group of people especially trained in the art of sacred music. Further, the inspiration which comes from hearing such music is infinitely greater than that which comes from weak individual participation in some "familiar tune." The people who attend the inspiring services in the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas in New York City come away deeply moved by the high spiritual qualities of the music, and the manner in which it is sung. Yet the congregation in this Cathedral never join in any musical part of the service and are silent throughout the whole time, only crossing themselves reverently at certain times. The effect of the whole service is without compare, for listening in silence, the music and the ritual is deeply impressed upon the mind of the worshipper. There is no service as rich in spiritual atmosphere, or as inspiring, as is a service in a Russian cathedral. Ritual demands the co-operation of highly artistic music, and anything less than this detracts, rather than adds, to the service. Many churches would accomplish more for their worshippers if they did away with their inferior choirs and insipid music, and read the service. People who have some musical appreciation—and very few people are without such appreciation to-day—are nearly driven from the church by such horrible musical attempts. No doubt, a great deal of pleasure is to be derived in small family circles through the singing of old familiar tunes, but such simple crude musical enjoyment is not adapted for public taste on an enlarged scale.

"The man of the street" is not at present interested in such problems as have been discussed here. The responsibility, therefore, rests upon the clergy and the musicians engaged in church work. If these officers would undertake to reform matters, the vast public could again be interested in religious music. The idea of giving the people what they want is acceptable, provided it is remembered that in the final issue the people want the best

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—and only the best. The presence in New York of a number of symphony orchestras and several large choral bodies, as well as the fact that there are endless recitals of all kinds, and that several outside orchestras visit the city regularly, leads one to surmise that the interest in high-class music is tremendous. If the music of the church were of the same order there would surely be no lack of interest in it, for it would come to be a positive influence in the city. If the church does not see fit to foster its own music, who will? There is only one place for church music and that is in the church. Secular music is appropriate anywhere else. The idea of secularizing church music so as to make it "popular" is an unquestionable error. To be really popular means that it is appreciated by the great mass of the people. But such is not the case, and so in tolerating such music, the church is defeating her own purpose.

Perhaps the introduction of the spiritual music of the Russian church will be the means of salvation. At least, this music will have much to do with the uplifting of church music, in that it will guide religious music back to the path of legitimate development from which it has strayed. It is, indeed, to be regretted that matters have been allowed to become so hopelessly involved and degenerate, but it is to be hoped that the growing interest in the a cappella style is an indication that we are beginning to turn again to pure church music and higher standards. There is room for great development in this field of musical activity, for the problems of a cappella music have not been thoroughly worked out, and, on the whole, the matter is in a very elementary state. The problems presented are entirely different from those in any other field, and very different from those of choral music *with accompaniment*. It would, indeed, be a great inspiration to find some church devoting its choral energies to genuine church music, presented in the true church style. This is the only real function of a church choir, for upon what other grounds can it claim the right to exist?

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WILLIAM THOMAS BEST.

Born, Carlisle, 1826. Died, Liverpool, 1897.

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W. T. BEST: HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORKS

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

CONCERNING the career of a musician of whose performances upon his own particular instrument the late Mr. Stephen S. Stratton, sometime musical critic of the Birmingham *Daily Post*, England, declared that "it would savour of impertinence to speak," we might reasonably expect to find a vast amount of published facts at once interesting and inspiring. But in the case of Mr. W. T. Best—the musician to whom Mr. Stratton refers—these anticipations fall far short of actual realization. For this failure there are two reasons. In the first place almost next to nothing is known of Mr. Best's private life. One of his American students—Mr. Everett E. Truette, of Newton, Mass., the well-known and highly respected composer, organist, and church musician—declares that he found Best "cordial, warm-hearted, enthusiastic, and entertaining"; but it is an open secret that the great concert organist, in spite of his world-wide reputation, was, as Mr. Henry Davey asserts, "somewhat eccentric and in the main a recluse." Then, in the second place, Best was unfortunate enough to be an organist; and, alas! an English organist to boot. Had he been a long-haired Pole, or a lean and lanky Paganini, reams of paper would have been spoilt, and pints of good printers' ink spread, in the public setting forth of his virtues and vices both moral, social and professional. But the organ—perhaps on account of its general inaccessibility and frequent if not "extreme invisibility"—is an instrument concerning which the general public often manifests but little interest and possesses even less knowledge; and, further, although the organ has inspired some fine poetical passages from Milton to Lowell, there is no English poem of note to the memory of an organist unless we except Browning's Abt Vogler. Indeed, the organist, despite the fact of his being the most intellectual of all musical performers, is an artist often unwept, frequently unhonoured, and still more frequently unsung. Hence it comes that the accepted details of Best's life are prosaic rather than

poetical, possessing scarcely the smallest portion of romance to relieve the tedium of their relation.

Even in his name there was nothing "rich and strange." William Thomas was good old-fashioned English but not exactly poetry. Concerning the parents who gave Best his name we only know that his father was a lawyer, probably in comfortable circumstances, and that his mother, *née* Webster, was believed by her son to have been related to Daniel Webster, the American orator and statesman. Perhaps this ancestry may have had something to do with the facility and pungency with which Best was wont to express himself both by tongue and by pen. But, however this may be, when William Thomas first saw the light —on the 13th day of August, 1826—the only romantic thing about his birth was the fine old city in which the interesting event occurred. This city was Carlisle, the place concerning which—if the testimony of Sir Walter Scott is to be accepted—the celebrated David Hume, when on a visit there, scratched on the window of the old Bush Hotel the only rhyme he was ever known to have attempted, viz.:—

> Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast, sprawl;
> Here godless boys God's glories bawl;
> Here Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall:—
> But Corby's walks atone for all!

Hume's lines were written at a time when the snort of the "iron horse" was an unknown sound; but even now there are some people to be found who imagine Carlisle to be in Scotland, owing to its close proximity to the border and to its position as a great railway centre through which run all the principal trunk lines from England to Scotland.

The natural beauties of the city remain, while its great attraction is still its cathedral, dating from 1092, the choristers of which, we will charitably assume, no longer merit the strictures of the great Scotch agnostic. According to common report it was within the walls of this cathedral that Best made his first attempts at organ playing, nearly all the records of his life stating that he studied the organ under Young, the cathedral organist. But no one of that name is known in the musical chronicles of Carlisle cathedral. Richard Ingham was organist from 1833-1841 and James Stimpson—afterwards organist of the Birmingham Town Hall,—from 1841-2, by which time Best had bidden farewell to his native city. Mr. Stratton is the only historian who does not endorse the Young legend. In his obituary notice of Best,

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in the *Musical Record* of June, 1897, he states that Best took lessons from one John Norman, a deputy organist of Carlisle cathedral. Possibly Young was a deputy organist also. If so the introduction of Norman's name into the matter only makes confusion worse confounded.

But, from whoever taken, the lessons were few and of little determining value. The lad was intended by his parents for the profession of an architect and civil engineer; but a visit to Liverpool, in 1839, presumably to study for these vocations, not only decided young Best against them but definitely disposed him to enter the ranks of the musical profession. He appears, however, to have remained in Liverpool; as we find him, in the following year, securing the position of organist of Pembroke Road Baptist Church, the church in which Dr. Aked, of San Francisco, officiated as minister before leaving for America. From 1840, therefore, Best's career as an organist may be said to have begun; since at Pembroke Road he was fortunate enough to find an organ with a CC pedal board, the first of its kind ever introduced into the great seaport on the Mersey. The importance to Best of this acquisition it is almost impossible to overestimate, as it not only enabled him to acquire a correct pedal technique, but also prevented him from sinking to the level of the average parochial organist of that period. In ninety-nine out of every hundred churches in Best's boyhood days, the manuals of ordinary organs, as our readers are doubtless aware, extended only to GG, and in the case of instruments of the first magnitude, to CCC; while the pedals usually consisted of an octave or so of straight keys operating on a few Open Diapason pedal pipes. These, of course, permitted of little or no execution; and could, as a rule, only be used to render holding notes in the bass—such as at the cadence of an anthem or voluntary—or to sustain a dominant or tonic pedal in a fugue. Thus Best, who, as we shall see presently, was "a master of ironical wit," describing the playing of Bach's music on the organ by Thomas Adams (1785-1858), a London organist "of much celebrity in his day," and "a very remarkable extempore player," declared that "with his enormous contrapuntal talent," Adams "regaled himself by serving up one or two of Bach's '48', adding a droning pedal when his bunions were propitious."

This, although "spoke sarcastic," conveys a very fair representation of the limited pedal technique of the old GG organists. Some idea of the style of their manual playing may be gleaned from a description given by the late Mr. F. G. Edwards, sometime editor of the *Musical Times*, of the playing of James Turle

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(1802-1882), for half a century organist of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Edwards says:—"He (Turle) extemporized upon the Great Diapasons in a masterly manner for some minutes, but I do not think he lifted his hands from the keys once during the whole time. Suspensions, sequences, and imitations were there in rich abundance, but of phrasing there was hardly any trace." The music, original or arranged, intended for these old English organs was of a vastly different character from that designed for the modern instrument. This can best be realized by a study of Vincent Novello's arrangements for the organ of the orchestral accompaniments to the Masses of Haydn and Mozart; or of the same editor's Select Organ Pieces, issued from 1830 to 1842, in the opinion of Dr. James Higgs, "one of the most important contributions to the list of arranged organ music that has ever been given to the world." Organ music on three staves when performed in England at that period was generally executed as an organ duet for manuals only. In this way Benjamin Jacob (1778-1829), Samuel Wesley (1766-1837), and Vincent Novello (1781-1861), rendered many of the organ fugues of Bach and arrangements of the oratorio choruses of Handel. Most of the GG organs had their Swell manuals extending downwards to tenor C only, and were tuned to unequal temperament, thus further limiting their utility; and while solo stops were rare, mixtures were far too much in evidence.

The wider manual compass enabled the lack of a complete pedal clavier and of an adequate pedal technique to be partially concealed by a possible and (in the case of some players) a persistent doubling, by the left hand, of the real bass in the octave below; but, as Mr. F. J. Livesey, organist of the Priory Church, St. Bees, Cumberland, England, and one of Best's English pupils, says of the leading organists of that time, "their chords would sound clumsy in the bass (too many low notes being played close together with the left hand); while the inner harmonies, necessary for producing the full effect we are now accustomed to, were omitted altogether."

The shortened pedal board was undoubtedly a money-saving device introduced by the organ builders working amidst the gilded corruption of immediate post-Restoration times. Obviously its employment necessitated a proportionate elongation of the manuals, but why such a faulty system should have been not only tolerated but stubbornly maintained in a land from which has originated almost every organ invention of value, such as the swell pedal and the swell box itself, the composition pedals

and pistons, the concussion bellows, the radiating and concave pedal board, and the pneumatic and electric actions, is a mystery the solution of which is beyond the province of this paper either to attempt or to determine.

This description of organ conditions obtaining in England in the earlier part of the last century not only assists us, in a future stage of our discussion, to understand the superiority of Best, as an organist, over the majority of his fellow performers, and the great influence exercised by his public playing and his writings; but it also shows us, at the present progress of our argument, that Best could not have found many, if any, good teachers capable of directing his studies on an organ of modern construction and correct compass. At Liverpool he appears to have taken some lessons in theory and organ playing from Mr. John Richardson, sometime organist of St. Nicholas' Church, the Roman Catholic pro-cathedral of that city. Remembered to-day in England—a country in which the composition of hymn-tunes is taken seriously and contributed to by the "chief musicians"—by his hymn tunes *Tichfield* and *St. Bernard*, still found in some American hymnals, Richardson was said to have been an ardent advocate of the CC pedal board; and Best, in later life, is known to have spoken of his teacher's abilities, as an organist, "in the highest terms." But, as Mr. H. Heathcote Statham says:—

> All Best's acquirements on the organ and in musical knowledge were entirely due to his own study and his own genius for the instrument. He passed through no conservatoire training; and, with the exception of a short course of lessons in his boyhood, he was no one's pupil but his own. All his execution on the organ, all his exceptional knowledge of organ effect, were the results of his own unremitting practice and his own innate æsthetic perception.

What Mr. W. H. Husk once called Best's "rigid course of self-study," included two years at Liverpool, during which, in addition to regular daily organ practice, he persistently worked at scales and technical exercises on the piano, so that "in addition to remarkable technical facility he had a special gift for extracting a rich, beautiful tone from the domestic instrument." Speaking of his later and more intimate life, the writer of an obituary notice in the *Musical Times* remarks,

> after dinner, on condition that the room was darkened, he would play for an hour or two without intermission, to the delight of his fortunate and spellbound visitors. His published pianoforte music, now

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almost forgotten, furnishes evidence of his complete knowledge of the capacities of the pianoforte keyboard.

Of course it is not a matter for surprise that around the student days of such a taciturn individual there are still floating many unauthentic stories. Foremost amongst these tales is the legend of the man who would shut himself in a church all day for practice purposes, supplying himself beforehand with sundry cold mutton chops and divers bottles of British beer, and then leave the bones of the aforesaid chops to rest in peace beneath the pedal clavier, and the beer bottles to be broken up or buried by the verger. Instead of being confirmed, such stories as these have been directly contradicted by Best himself, who has declared that, as a student, he never practiced more than four hours daily, although it was often jokingly said of him that he practiced twenty-six!

When Mr. J. Stimpson vacated Carlisle cathedral for the Birmingham Town Hall, in 1842, he was succeeded by Dr. H. E. Ford, who, born in the same year as Best, died in 1909, retaining his cathedral appointment until 1902. Dr. Ford relates that one day as he was about to enter the cathedral for organ practice, a gentleman with his son stood at the door asking to come in and hear the organ. Dr. Ford at first demurred, saying he preferred to practice alone, but afterwards he relented and permitted the strangers to enter. During the course of his practicing, he asked the young man whether he played the organ, and being told "a little," allowed him to try the instrument and was at once profoundly impressed by the perfection of the ensuing performance. Laying a hand on his shoulder Ford said, "Where do you come from?" The youth replied that he had now left Carlisle and had just become organist of Pembroke Road Chapel, Liverpool. That was the beginning of a life-long friendship between the two musicians, and was one amongst other reasons why Best, in 1856, was invited to join with Ford in drawing up a specification for the new Willis organ in Carlisle cathedral.

After seven years' service at Pembroke Road, Best began to receive some definite reward for his musical industry and perseverance. This came first of all in the form of an appointment as organist to the Liverpool Church for the Blind, a position now occupied by Dr. A. W. Pollitt. A year later, in 1848, he became, in addition to the foregoing, organist to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and from this time his fame began to spread beyond the banks of the river Mersey. Simultaneously he began to discover that it is not always true that "men will praise thee

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when thou doest well to thyself," but rather that, as Shakespeare has it,

> No might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape.

And "right here," as my American friends would say, Best appears to have publicly exhibited the first symptoms of that acerbity and acrimoniousness which so disfigured the majority of his public utterances and private pronouncements, especially in his later years. It seems that in December, 1849, he presided at the organ at a concert of church music given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The Liverpool correspondent of the *Musical World* described Best's organ accompaniments as those of "a young man of talent, rather too fond of sacrificing the composer's idea to his own facility." Instead of ignoring or, perhaps, profiting by this criticism, which was a matter of opinion and probably contrary to fact, Best replied in detail, closing a lengthy letter to the editor with the words, "Rest assured, Sir, that I claim no acquaintance with the musicians whose 'facility' leads them to vary the text of the composer by the introduction of embellishments, etc., or any other meretricious additions."

A decided indication of Best's growing fame was evinced by his securing an engagement to play on the Willis organ at the Great Exhibition held in London in 1851. Here his fine performances aroused considerable enthusiasm, and it is an open secret that his rendering of his own arrangement of Spohr's Overture to Jessonda, before the committee of musicians appointed by the Liverpool Town Council to select a builder for the contemplated organ in St. George's Hall, obtained for Willis the contract for the latter instrument. The young organist now appears to have decided upon remaining in London, as in 1852 he became, for a few months only, organist of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, one of the famous city churches belonging to the legal profession. The winter of 1852-3 he spent in Spain—for what reason is not clear—returning in May, 1853. In October of that year his rising reputation secured for him the position of organist to the Royal Panopticon, in Leicester Square, now the Alhambra. Here was erected the largest organ in London, a four-manual instrument by Hill, which was afterwards removed to the transept of St. Paul's Cathedral, and finally to the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, Bristol. On this organ Best played Bach and other classics in such a manner as not only attracted considerable attention but "greatly extended his fame in the metropolis." He appears to

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have given lessons on this organ at the rate of 12 guineas for 20 lessons, a fee which works out at the by no means inordinate charge of about $3 per lesson. In January, 1855, Best became organist of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but this position he held only for a few months, as his work in the metropolis came to a sudden and unexpected close. The director of the Panopticon requested Best to play out his audiences at the close of each performance to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Had the unfortunate manager known his man as Mr. Stephen S. Stratton got to know him, viz.:—as "before all things a man, an Englishman—quick of temper, but a fine character; a man to claim respect for his art as well as for himself," he would not have made such an extremely stupid request or, having made it, would not have been surprised at its refusal. However, the refusal was given and was immediately followed by Best's resignation and return to Liverpool. Thus there was lost to London a man to whom, says the critic last quoted, was unanimously conceded "the distinction of being the greatest organ virtuoso of his time."

But London's loss was Liverpool's gain. Willis had now nearly completed his organ for St. George's Hall in the latter city. He had largely won the contract by the impression produced by Best's performances on his Exhibition organ, so it seems only in accordance with "the eternal fitness of things" that when the Liverpool organ approached nearer and nearer to completion, and the committee responsible for its installation began to enquire, "Who is to play it?" that Willis should reply, "Why not Best?" At any rate, in August, 1855, Best was formally appointed the first organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at a salary of £300 per annum, increased, in 1883, to £400. Willis always claimed that he had practically put Best into this position, and that he "egged him on" in his playing of overtures and other organ arrangements. It seems scarcely credible, however, that a musician described by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham as "one of the most conscientious of artists," who "demanded far more from himself than the public ever demanded from him," would need any outside stimulus to induce him to exhibit his abilities and attainments to the best advantage.

And now having seen Best safely settled in an appointment which he not only occupied but adorned for forty long years, it will be interesting to enquire into some of the conditions under which he had to work. Concerning the stipend we have already made a statement, and the duties involved by its acceptance

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were by no means onerous—nominally consisting of three organ recitals a week—on Thursday afternoons, and on Saturday afternoons and evenings. But owing to the periodical requisition of the building for judicial functions, only about thirty weeks' recitals were really given during the year; and when Dr. A. Lister Peace, a personal friend of the present writer, succeeded Best, the recitals were reduced to two,—on Saturdays only. Concerning these conditions the *Musical Herald* once said that while St. George's Hall was

> a glory to the city, it was an admitted blunder to combine a concert hall with law courts. The consequence is that music must give way to the law. Sometimes . . . unless newspapers are watched, people may go down to the hall to hear a recital and be turned away disappointed.

This is much to be deplored, especially as Liverpool has a great floating population of visitors, many of whom are Americans. Considering that the tuning and maintenance of the organ cost something like £200 per annum, it being tuned prior to every performance, and that admission to the recitals is only sixpence (12 cents) in the afternoon and threepence (6 cents) in the evening, it is a matter for regret that anything should disturb their regularity, the more so as the Saturday evening recitals, at least in the time of Dr. Peace, were invariably well attended and frequently crowded.

As to the organ itself, it must not be forgotten that it was the first large concert organ built by "Father" Willis. At the outset it had the advantage of a perfect position, while for "purity, richness, and brilliancy," its stops are unsurpassed, roughness and unevenness being unknown. Its power is never unbearable or overwhelming, although Dr. Peace often assured us that the sonority of the Great organ stops was such that even in the most brilliant climaxes he never found it necessary to couple to them the high pressure reeds of the Solo organ. Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, who drew up the original specification, insisted upon the instrument being tuned to unequal temperament, but in 1867 Best succeeded in getting the authorities to do away with this method, which had by that time become an anomaly. The organ now contains 100 stops—18 on the Choir, 25 on the Great, 25 on the Swell, 15 on the Solo, and 17 on the Pedal—with the addition of 14 Couplers, and a host of accessories, the latter including 36 pneumatic pistons and 10 composition pedals. Originally only the Swell was enclosed, but in 1898 Dr. Peace was instrumental in securing the inclusion of all the Solo stops (except

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the heavy pressure reeds) in a specially constructed box. Other improvements then effected were the adoption of the CC to C (5 octaves) manual compass instead of GG to A in alt., provision for changing the pitch to the French Diapason normal, "the replacing of the cast-iron pipes of the lowest octave of the 32 ft. Double Open Diapason on the Pedal organ by pipes of stout zinc," and the increase of the wind pressure on the heavy Solo reeds from 9½ inches to 22 inches. The original cost of the organ was about £10,000, approximately about $50,000, but under present conditions the cost of the erection of a similar instrument in America would probably be nearer $100,000.

The formal opening of Willis's original organ took place on the 29th and 30th of May, 1855, two recitals being given by Dr. S. S. Wesley. But although Best was not legally appointed organist until August of that year, and did not give his first recital until October 20, he had already been heard—in an introductory, experimental, or probationary recital—on May 1 of the same year, in connection with the opening functions. His audience numbered over 2,000; and his programme, doubtless limited in its range by the unequal temperament of the organ, was as follows:—

Part I.—Organ Music.

Grand Offertoire, Op. 35	Lefébure Wély
Organ Sonata, No. 2	Mendelssohn
Flute Concerto	Rinck
Pastorale and Fuga	J. S. Bach
Organ Concerto, No. 6	Handel
Extempore	W. T. Best

PART II.—Miscellaneous.

Overture to "Preciosa"	Weber
Andante con variazioni (Septet)	Beethoven
Marche du Sacre	Meyerbeer
Overture, Op. 24	Mendelssohn
The National Anthem, with Variations and Finale	W. T. Best

Commenting on the performance the *Musical World* said:—"The massive compositions of Bach, Beethoven, and Handel were played by Mr. Best with that finish and chastity of style which have elevated him to so high a rank in his profession." The editor had evidently decided to forget, or at least to forgive, the controversy of December, 1849,

But at Liverpool Best did more than set up a standard: he maintained it; and during four decades he so conducted his recitals that, as Mr. Livesey says:

the excellence of his performances at St. George's Hall cannot well be exaggerated. In Best were found all the qualities requisite for a great artist: perfect accuracy, perfect finish, perfect sympathy with the spirit of the music—all of which, together with the fine acoustic properties of the hall and a magnificent organ, seemed to make the performance an ideal one.

And yet there were many who never availed themselves of the privilege of hearing Best at his best, although they had abundant opportunity for so doing. The common people heard him gladly; but his afternoon recitals, timed to suit the convenience of the "upper classes," were often only too sparsely attended. Frequently, as Guilmant once said concerning the size of his audience, there were only "small peoples" present. For this, at times, Best's choice of music was not altogether irresponsible. His technique was such that he knew he could make any music interesting from the purely executive standpoint, but it is probable that he sometimes forgot that in order to really grip an audience the matter of the music must be as interesting as the manner of its performance. However this may have been, it is certain that even when, as Dr. G. Edward Stubbs remarks:

Best was at the height of his career and universally acknowledged to be the world's finest organist; he could not help feeling that the concert organist did not command the respect and homage accorded by the public to the concert pianist. This attitude on the part of music lovers he resented bitterly on the ground that it was exceedingly unjust and inconsistent.

One feature of his recitals was very remarkable, viz., the enormous extent of his repertoire, which was commonly supposed to contain 5,000 pieces. He also held himself ready to play, if requested to do so by private pupil or personal friend, any number from the ten volumes of Bach's organ works, the only condition being that notice should be given him on Thursday for a work to be performed on Saturday—Thursday being the day on which the programmes for the Saturday recitals were sent to press. And if the audiences when Best was occupying the organ stool were not so large as they should have been, they were much larger than when it was known that his place was to be filled by another performer. On such occasions comparisons and complaints were by no means wanting. Towards the latter part of his forty years' service at Liverpool his health frequently broke down, although his appearance was generally robust. One season he was unable to appear at St. George's Hall for a week or so

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owing to an attack of gout. Whereupon a local wag delivered himself as follows:—

> Best absent was on Saturday,
> He could not play a note, oh!
> And why? Because the gout, they say,
> Unfitted him *in toe-toe.*

Returning to more serious matters, we note that in 1860 Best was appointed organist of Wallasey Parish Church, in Cheshire, on the opposite side of the Mersey. Three years later he returned to the ecclesiastical precincts of Liverpool, and doubled his salary by accepting the position of organist at Holy Trinity Church, Walton Breck. Here he remained until 1879, when he removed to West Derby parish church, situated in another suburb of the Mersey seaport. This latter position, however, he resigned in 1882, after his return from his visit to Italy. It is very doubtful whether Best ever enjoyed his church work as he did his concert engagements. The former was frequently left to the tender mercies of students, and even when the latter were competent they were too often totally unacquainted with either service or organ. We believe that Mr. C. Elbridge Whiting, of Boston, who studied under Best in 1863, and often deputized for him at his church, could tell us some entertaining stories of his experiences in this connection.

Concerning church music and organ accompaniments thereto Best held views which are absolutely unassailable, although the manner of their expression by him was sometimes more forcible than polite. Mr. J. Spencer Curwen—son of the founder of the English Tonic Sol-Fa system of sight-singing, and head of the publishing house of J. Curwen and Sons, whose recent decease is a distinct loss to English musical journalism—in his capacity as Editor of the *Musical Herald* once interviewed Best and inferred from a conversation with the great organ virtuoso that he was "not satisfied with the position the organ takes in worship music," there being in England (and the same would apply to America and many other countries) no recognized part of the service assigned to it. "It is heard before the service opens," said Best, "when the people are, as it were, wiping their feet on it; and it is the signal for them to leave the church, as if the instrument were something improper to be heard alone." Word-painting appears to have been anathema to our hero. "Night," he said, was "always played softly," and "light" loudly. "In the Psalms 'thunder' is a chance not to be despised, 'lightning' is good, but

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'snow' puzzles the painter; he can attempt a picture of the 'refuge for the wild goats,' 'the stony rocks for the conies' and 'the lions roaring after their prey,' but the ox and the ass are unmanageable." That these statements were in substance the actual opinions of Best is proved by one of his own pungent letters on organ accompaniments, in the course of which he said that it was "melancholy to record" that organists often used their instruments "in a miserable attempt to imitate the physical operations of nature." This "fell purpose" was mostly accomplished by the right hand, which skipped about in the upper octaves for "lightning or aviary effects"; while the thunder and "the larger fauna of the jungle" were attended to by the left hand, which "stirred up a little open rebellion on its own account by a fearful rumbling and bellowing noise in the deep sounding bass of the unfortunate organ." At the same time Best always held that "a persistent and mechanical repetition of the vocal score is in reality no accompaniment whatever," an opinion which sounds not altogether unlike an echo of the controversy with the Musical World at the close of 1849.

Best's views on amateur musical hymnal editors of the clerical persuasion, and their absurd indications of "expression" are caustically set forth in a letter he once wrote to the late Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, who had appealed to him as to the rendering of the phrase "and peace on earth," from the chorus "Glory to God," in Handel's Messiah. Best declared the passage should be rendered *forte*, "it being," said he,

a challenge or sort of decree. Handel in this passage employs the trumpets for the very purpose of emphasizing it. Nothing is in worse taste than to attempt word-painting in music. In some hymns, for example in Hymns Ancient and Modern, the miserable editors are perpetually making alternate marks for shouting and whispering when "night" (*pp*) and "light" (*ff*) occur. Anything after sundown must be whispered, on principles probably connected with burglary. Thus Smart's tune to "Hark! Hark! my soul," is made ridiculous by the parson editors dividing a couple of lines into a shout followed by a whisper. Now, if the passage you name should be sung soft, then you are equally bound to end the chorus "For unto us" suddenly soft at the last words, "Prince of Peace,"—as indeed I was once petrified to hear a country conductor or beater of the air, actually do. They say he contrived to die in bed after the outrage, instead of being given to the larger fauna.

Probably, in addition to the strong views he held—and never hesitated to express—on church music, another reason why he preferred concert work may be found in its greater continuity. The oft recurring breaks in the church service must have sorely

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tried a man of Best's irritable temperament. A great personal friend of the writer, Mr. Ebenezer Minshall, for many years organist of the City Temple, London, tells a good story in confirmation of this theory. He says:

> Mr. Best was giving a recital at the Bow and Bromley Institute one Saturday evening. After the performance I spoke to him and asked him if he would play for me on the Sunday evening. He very kindly consented to do so. At first he wanted to play the voluntaries only, but I persuaded him to take the whole service. As he was unaccustomed to Nonconformist "use," I promised to tell him what to do. When Dr. Parker (the minister of the church at that time) rose to give out the first hymn, something like the following took place:
>
> *Dr. P.* "Hymn No. 344."
> *W. T. B.* "Do I play over now?"
> *E. M.* "No, not yet."
> *Dr. P.* "Hymn No. 344, Tune 37."
> *W. T. B.* "Do I play now?"
> *E. M.* "No, no, not yet."
> *W. T. B.* " ——— it! When?"

But after Mr. Minshall had piloted Best through the service as far as the offertory he (Best) asked if he could go on "as long as he liked," and upon receiving an affirmative reply, delighted the congregation with a middle voluntary ten minutes in length. If Best could have found a church in which he could have gone on "as long as he liked," he would doubtless have proved himself a most "fit and proper person" to occupy such a position. But if such an appointment exists, we of this paper have never heard of it. To us it seems that only popular and more or less superficial preachers and politicians are permitted to set at defiance the laws of time and (too frequently, alas!) of sense also.

During the later and most distinguished years of Best's career it is interesting to note that, although he severed his connection with the Panopticon, he did not altogether shake the dust of the metropolis from off his feet. We have already seen him playing at the City Temple, where he also presided at the organ on the occasion of Mr. Minshall's wedding, and he gave frequent recitals at the Bow and Bromley Institute. In 1859 we find him rendering occasional organ solos at the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, where was a small organ by Gray & Davison. But on July 18th, 1871, he was honoured by being appointed over the heads of all the metropolitan and cathedral organists to open the Willis organ in the Royal Albert Hall, London, then the largest concert organ in the world, and

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to act as the official organist of the building. His programme at the inauguration was:

Part I.

Organ Concerto, No. 2	Handel
Choral Song and Fugue	S. S. Wesley
Andante Grazioso (first time, in MS.)	E. J. Hopkins
March in A minor	W. T. Best
Grand Prelude and Fugue in E flat	J. S. Bach

Part II.

Organ Sonata, No. 1	Mendelssohn
Andante Pastorale and Fugue, in E	W. T. Best
Air with Vars. and Finale Fugato (1st time)	Henry Smart
Prelude and Fugue in G	J. S. Bach

This "opening" naturally brought Best still more prominently before the musical public of England and its metropolis. Hence, probably, it came about that he was engaged to play the Organ Concerto on the "Selection" day of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace; "possibly," says Mr. Henry Davey, "the first occasion within living memory when any of Handel's Concertos were played as was intended by the composer." The experiment was so great a success that Best was secured for subsequent Festivals whenever a Handel organ concerto figured in the Festival programme. At these performances he introduced some of those fine cadenzas to be found in his transcriptions of Handel's Concertos for organ solo which were the practical outcome of these Festival engagements. Great amusement was caused at these functions by "the *sang froid* manner in which he would insist upon, and doggedly keep to, his own *tempi* . . . . regardless of the exertions of the conductor in trying to keep the band and the organ together." This shows how remarkable must have been Best's accentuation on the organ, and how fully he had mastered the comparatively simple means by which it can be produced,—ignorance of which methods by average performers causes them, and the unmusical public, to believe in the fiction that accent is impossible upon the king of instruments.

In the following year—1872—Best resumed his old position of organist to the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. And "just about this time" it began to dawn upon the usually benighted minds of Government officials that a man such as Best must be a national rather than a local asset. Accordingly, in 1880, he was offered the option of a Knighthood or a civil pension of £100 per annum. Best characteristically chose the latter, not only on account of

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its greater financial value, but also because he had an intense dislike to titles of all kinds, political, social, or academic. The fact of his marriage to a Florentine lady, and the claims of family life, made but little difference to his secluded existence, sedentary occupations, and hatred of all society functions. In a letter to the writer of this sketch, Mr. Everett E. Truette says:

> Although I considered Best the greatest executant on the organ of his period, his personality was erratic. When he was in a genial mood he was most companionable; but when he was irritable he was very caustic and sometimes repellant. I saw a great deal of him in London, and had many charming chats with him at his hotel after his recitals. He always drew a crowd, played magnificently, and was in his best mood after a recital when he had his usual "brandy and soda" near at hand.

He had very pronounced ideas about the dignity of his calling. As Mr. T. E. Espin, an English pupil, once said of him, "The perfect independence that came from the consciousness of his own hard work is the explanation of many of his 'humours,' or at least of such as would usually be attributed to conceit or to vanity." In confirmation of this opinion is the story of an incident which occurred at a municipal banquet given in St. George's Hall to celebrate the opening of the Liverpool Free Library and Museum. An officious member of the corporation announced that after a certain toast the organ would play. Best ignored the remark, and continued conversation with the guest adjacent to him. The announcement was repeated, but elicited no response. After a third announcement Best said in a minatory tone, "Well, then, let it play!" Some say that this incident took place in a committee room and not in public; but the fact remains that Best rightly refused to become the servant of the corporation outside the discharge of his official duties. It was, probably, in connection with this incident that the *Musical World* wrote, "Mr. Best is not merely an artist of the first stamp, but a gentleman innate; and his private bearing is as much entitled to respect as his artistic merits are to admiration."

In 1882 the strain of continued work as performer, composer, editor, arranger, and teacher, began to tell upon his health, in order to recruit which he visited Rome, and during the winter there gave an important recital in the American Church in the Via Nazionale, his audience, including the principal foreign ambassadors and of vastly more importance—Liszt, Sgambati, and a large number of other distinguished musicians. To the Italian organists the organ playing of Best not only came as a revelation

but it caused a revolution in their manual and pedal technique. Liszt, it is said, had already met Best. At least, Mr. J. B. Bulley, one of Best's American pupils, relates that Mrs. Best described to him how on one occasion when Best was enjoying a quiet organ practice in one of the Roman churches, and was about to leave the building, he noticed an old man sitting near the door. Thinking he was at his devotions Best disliked to disturb him, but at last had to ask him to leave the building, as he (Best) was responsible for seeing the doors locked. The same thing occurring on the second and third days, Best asked the stranger if he were interested in the music. "I have been listening intently every day to your masterful playing," said the latter, "and may I ask you to play again that number," naming the composition. As it was getting late, Best promised to grant the request if the stranger would come again next day. The old man kept the appointment with evident alacrity, and by frequent requests kept Best playing until daylight faded. He also brought with him a manuscript composition which he begged Best to keep "as a token of thanks from one who has been enthralled for many hours by your playing." Handing Best his card the stranger departed. Too dark to read it, Best put the card in his pocket, and only upon arriving at his room discovered that it bore the name of Franz Liszt. This is a very pretty story, and as it comes to us with the *imprimatur* of a lady it seems somewhat ungallant to question its authenticity. We know, too, that Liszt, then 71 years of age, did spend a good deal of his time in Rome. But we should have thought that his striking personal appearance would have been known to Best; also we should like to know what became of that manuscript, as none of the organ music edited by Best contains an original work of Liszt. A more certain result of Best's visit to Rome was his introduction to the English public of much previously unfamiliar Italian organ music, *e. g.*, the works of Capocci, Morandi, Gambini, P. Fumagalli, Petrali, and others, as published by Best in his Cecilia collection or in separate volumes.

But Liszt was not the only one of his craft to understand and appreciate the perfection of Best's organ playing. There is a remarkable testimony from the first husband of Liszt's daughter —Von Bülow—contained in a letter to Mr. T. C. Lewis, the organ builder, and published in the Glasgow *Herald*, November 23, 1877. It refers to the opening by Best of the organ in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, the specification of which had been drawn up by Best and Henry Smart, the great English organ

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composer, one of the few English musicians with whom Best seemed to have kept on really good terms. Von Bülow says:—

> I never met with an organ so good in Germany, the instruments there not having the same amount of expression and flexibility. . . If I could longer listen to an organ like this and to a player like Mr. Best, I would—were I not too old—jeopardize my pianistic career and begin to study the organ. . . . In short, despite having been exceptionally fatigued by consecutive concerts and numerous rehearsals, I listened with the most eager attention from the first to the last note of Mr. Best's recital.

One of the most important events in Best's life occurred in 1890, when he was engaged to open the organ by Hill & Son in the Town Hall of Sydney, New South Wales, after the Albert Hall organ, the largest organ in the world, costing £15,000 and having a 64 feet reed on the pedal. Best's twelve performances, commencing on August 9, were immensely successful,—more than 7,000 people attending the eleventh recital of the series. The selection of Best, and his subsequent success in Australia, aroused a good deal of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" amongst some of the lesser lights of the English organ-playing world. One organist of note, who had expected to obtain the Antipodean engagement, ever afterwards alluded to Best as Mr. *Beast*. This was but one, and one only, of many outward and visible expressions of non-recognition of Best's transcendent ability, which would have soured a far more amiable man, and which went so far to account for the occasional brusqueness and harshness of his speech and manners. To give a list of even a tithe of the organs "opened" by Best would be impossible as regards space, even if the materials were available. The Cathedral at Newcastle-on-Tyne and the Queen's Hall, London, may be mentioned, but what are they among so many? Sometimes the course of these organ openings ran anything but smoothly. At one time he absolutely refused to play on any organs having middle C of the pedals under middle C of the manuals instead of D. At another time a cypher or some other easily remedied defect would cause him to leave the building in a rage and his disappointed audience in the lurch. After giving a preliminary recital on a new organ for a church in South Devon, England, he cooly advised the builders to take it out to sea and sink it in the lowest depths of Tor Bay! At St. George's Hall he would leave his seat in the middle of a performance if anything went wrong with the organ, and on one occasion is said to have informed his audience that the tuner was handsomely paid but neglected his work.

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It was hoped that Best's visit to Australia would have restored him to comparative health, but instead of this anticipation being realized a contemplated tour through America had to be abandoned and the return journey to England made direct. From that time Best's health declined so rapidly that, in 1894, he retired from his position at St. George's Hall, to the intense regret of organists and musicians in every part of the musical world. The Liverpool Corporation, to their everlasting credit, granted him an annuity, pension, or retiring allowance of £240-5.0 per annum, the highest sum permissible under the provisions of the Liverpool Improvement Act. Unfortunately Best did not long enjoy his well-merited reward. Gout and dropsy set in, his death taking place at his residence, Seymour Road, Broad Green, Liverpool, on May 10, 1897. His remains were deposited in the cemetary of Childwall Parish Church, Liverpool, on May 13, 1897. There, thirteen years later, on December 31, 1909, were also laid to rest the mortal remains of Mrs. Best, who passed away at the advanced age of 80 years. On October 20, 1896, only a few months before his death, there was erected on the platform in front of the organ in St. George's Hall, a commemorative bust of the great virtuoso, in memory of his long series of performances there. The unveiling took place "in the presence of a considerable gathering of citizens" and local aristocracy, the Earl of Derby acting as master of the ceremonies. So that not only was Best honoured in his adopted city and by his fellow-citizens, but he is amongst the very few musicians to whose memories monuments have been erected during their lifetimes.

During the latter part of his career Best did but little teaching. Most of his pupils were English or American musicians. Amongst the former the most distinguished was Dr. Swinnerton Heap (1847-1900), of Birmingham, sometime chorus master of the Birmingham Festival chorus and an examiner for musical degrees in the University of Cambridge. Amongst Best's American pupils we have already mentioned Mr. Everett E. Truette, and there may be added Mr. C. Elbridge Whiting, and Mr. Howard Elmore Parkhurst, recently deceased. Mr. Truette tells us that when he first wrote to Best asking him for lessons, Best sent a sharp reply, stating that he did not teach at all, and ended his letter:

"You Americans are very fond of studying music in Germany and afterwards coming to England to rub off the Teutonic rust." I wrote back, says Mr. Truette, "that, as I had been studying with Guilmant for six months or so, I thought the 'Teutonic rust' was about all rubbed

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off." Best then wrote me a most cordial letter inviting me to meet him, and sending me a great package of his music. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted to his death, and I have many pleasant recollections of long chats with him, when, in spite of his natural irritability, we had many pleasant discussions on organ topics.

It is evident that Mr. Truette not only got on well with Best but had a very accurate estimate of his character, which is the more creditable because—as an American—Mr. Truette could hardly be aware that Best's primary treatment of him was almost exactly what in England we should expect from a North countryman who, though generally a good fellow at heart, has often a rough exterior.

Mr. Truette unconsciously confirms this when he says "Best was greatly maligned by many of his own countrymen as being cross and testy, disagreeable, and the like. His disposition was peculiar and made him many enemies. He was a man of very strong ideas, and never hesitated to give vent to his opinions, oftentimes exaggerating to increase their forcefulness. At one time I was chatting with him about organ builders. Best burst forth, 'That man X. does not know how to build an organ. Look at the organ in ——— Hall. He put the solo stops on such a high pressure of wind that it was necessary to chain them to the wind chest to keep them from being blown out through the roof!' I roared, and he, too, burst out laughing. Ten minutes later he was enthusing over the fine work of the same builder in another organ." Mr. H. C. Tonking, of Newquay, Cornwall, England, says:

"Best and Willis quarrelled many times, but the last straw was broken when Willis said to Best that he could *build* and *play* an organ, which was more than Best could do. I believe they almost came to blows—what could one expect from two such fiery negatives."

That Best could say "some nasty things in a very bitter way," was undoubtedly true; but, as Mr. J. Newburn Levien, another of his English pupils, once said:

I knew him for years, and received nothing but kindness from him. Generally speaking, if he had played the game of life half as well as he played the organ he would have been now generally recognized as the learned musician and great executant that he undoubtedly was.

Nevertheless, for ordinary teaching, or for dealing with mediocre ability, Best was temperamentally unfit, as the following story will show. Having been engaged to adjudicate upon the playing of some unfortunate aspirants for a local organ

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P.S. I have sent you 3 or 4 new arr.s —

4, Seymour Road,
Broad Green,
near Liverpool

July 16. 1894

Dear Mr. Tonking

I have your last - programme, - in which I observe you begin with a Postlude; (!) after this, a voyage to Australia, where people stand on their heads, will be necessary? - Talking of Trumpets, how about that "Fugue on a Trumpet Fanfare", requiring ointment for the heels? - here the audiences had to be taken to an asylum after undergoing it! - ladies sending me their anklets and wisps of back hair; - the semiquaver *) pedal passage is quite easy if you will only sup on stewed eels the night before and hiccup while playing him. I must end as a stiff attack of dropsy is coming on. - Mountebanks are punching the Hall organ, here. - No appointment likely till 1899: see 'M. News'.

Yours truly

W. T. Best

*) 1st passage in L thus R 1 4 / L 1 5 / R 1 9 / L 1 e

2nd " Eminor Rp 1 e / h 2 c / Lh 3 e / p 4 ff

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position, he arrived at the appointed place of examination or execution in good time, and after hearing each candidate play in succession, not having uttered a word, he walked up the aisle of the building to the expectant committee and said, or snarled, "Gentlemen, the candidate who has last played is the *least offensive* of the three. I'll take my fee, please."

With the English College of Organists Best would have little or nothing to do. At their first issued (and subsequently withdrawn) regulations he laughed, declaring that they had only to do with the "buttons and trimmings" of the instrument. He has, however, had his revenge, as most of the latest lists of selected solos for the F.R.C.O. examinations include, and specially call for, a Best arrangement. His outward churlishness, as we have already remarked, often led to complete estrangement from many of his fellow-musicians, while jealousy of his superlative gifts caused others to speak "all manner of things falsely" concerning him. Yet Best often evinced true appreciation of a fellow-artist. Alfred Hollins, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, the prince of sightless organists, was always to him "Alfred the Great"; while his pleasure at the appointment of Dr. A. L. Peace to be his successor at St. George's Hall was expressed by both tongue and pen. On the other hand, he entertained a very wholesome contempt for the "elaborately titled musical man," destitute of practical ability in composition or performance. To Best such an one "suffered from too much alphabet."

Two English organists who particularly aroused Best's ire were Mr. (now Sir Walter) Parratt and the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the genial organist of the Temple Church. Dr. Hopkins had designed and, in 1876, opened the organ in the City Temple, London. Some time afterward Mr. Minshall, the organist, invited Best to give a recital on the instrument. "On his arrival," says Mr. Minshall, "Best took a long look at the organ in silence; then he turned to me and said, 'Let me see! old Neddy of the Temple Church was high priest and musical adviser of this parish, I believe.'" In a letter to Mr. H. C. Tonking, Best unkindly, and somewhat unjustly, alluded to Hopkins as a "trimmer," a term which William Thomas proceeded to define as meaning "a man who eats his own expressed opinion if he can curry favour with others." Poor Hopkins had written to the Musical Standard, praising, as Best described it, "organists who grubbed on the lowest octave of the pedals," and had termed the excessive use of the upper notes "twittering on the top F." Best considered that as "Bach and others wrote high" we were "bound to keep

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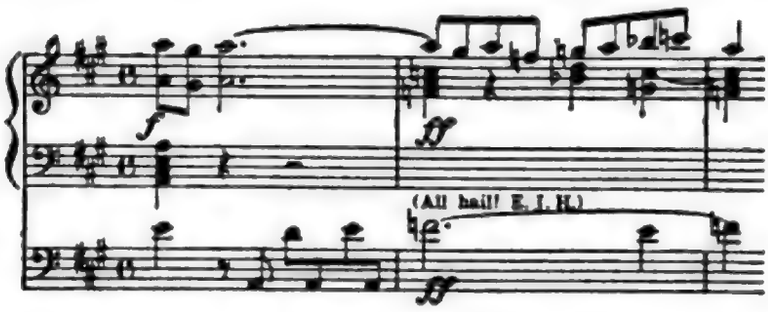
to the text." So, as a joke on poor 'Opkins, as he facetiously termed him, he wrote his fine Toccata in A. There, in the recapitulation of his primary theme we have this passage and



over the pedal part, as shown above, Best sarcastically scribbled, and caused to be engraved, the phrase, "All hail! E. J. H.," an annotation which has often puzzled organists who have ventured on the performance of this delightful piece of organ music. With Sir Walter Parratt the wordy war was on this wise:—In 1892, Parratt, in writing and lecturing, had unfortunately spoken of Best's arrangements as "examples of misapplied skill." Best at once mounted his epistolary war horse and charged full upon the enemy by remarking that on the only occasion on which he had ever heard Parratt perform upon the organ the latter "*essayed* a transcription of Mendelssohn's Overture to Ruy Blas." Then, with true north country directness, Best proceeds to deal faithfully with his Yorkshire opponent in a letter two columns in length, saying amongst other good things,

as regards the organ, it is beyond cavil that a well-known instrumental *adagio* or *andante*, suitably arranged, is infinitely preferable to the frequently dull specimens of modern organ music duly vaunted as being "original." It is melancholy to record that the efforts of some organ composers (many of whom have caudal appendages to their surnames) merely serve to point a moral as well as excite the risibility of foreign critics. If we could obtain anything approaching Mozart's great Fantasia in F minor all would be well. Modern German composers are now timidly adding *cresc.* and *dim.* to their organ pieces, the builders being compelled to advance with the times and provide their lifeless stacks of pipes with the means of musical expression common to all English and French organs." Returning to the charge, Best continues, "The works of Mr. Parratt's favourite composers—Herren Merkel and Rheinberger—though in undeniable organ form, are apt to pall upon cultivated ears. Their numerous 'sonatas' in particular, bear a strong family likeness, the chief themes being encumbered with a wearisome technical development, too often proclaiming the manufactured article rather than the presence of the creative impulse; while the enormous length of many of the movements effectually prevents a frequent performance."

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Best then quotes Smart's reply to Chorley's "fierce onslaught on all adaptations for the organ," in the Athenæum, 1854, in which Smart describes Chorley's attack as possibly "very sharp writing" but undoubtedly "very fat nonsense," and, by way of a *coup de grace*, sarcastically expresses "a hope that Mr. Parrat, as organist to the Queen, will add to the list of composers for the instrument, as befits his high office." Although Mr. Parratt has long ago become Sir Walter, it does not yet appear that the doughty knight has paid much attention to his deceased opponent's request!

Best's views concerning the organ music of his day, as reported by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, make delightful reading. "The technical development of the modern German organ sonata," said he, "is too long and profuse: some German organ works should no more be played in public than *solfeggi* should be sung. They are too ponderous and mechanical." On the other hand a good deal of the French organ music was to Best frivolous and neglectful of the contrapuntal side of music, with the exception of the best works of Guilmant and Widor. Italian organ music was little better than "mediocre pianoforte music," and so on. Here Best was evidently fighting a triangular duel, in which both the Central Powers and the Allies came in for their respective punishments.

On organ playing Best's views were founded upon practical experience, and as such were generally unassailable. The left-footed pedalist was to him "the abomination of desolation." To organ arrangements in which the pedal part was too low, and assigned unduly to the left foot, he strongly objected, on the ground that "the goats always go to the left." He advocated the removal of the old swinging-rod swell pedal to the centre (as is done in Mr. Purcell J. Mansfield's Willis organ in Park Church, Glasgow), in order "to rescue the player's right foot from the gouty eminence where it has long been hanging as an awful example to its rinking brother, the left foot, always busy with the very abysses of sound."

On organ building his opinions were often prejudiced. He so detested the movable console as to declare that the cable or rope "ought to be 'round the builder's neck." Mr. G. Laing Miller, F. R. C. O., of New York, in a private letter to the writer, says that in his organ in Wallasey Church, which was designed by Best, there were no composition pedals to the Swell, the couplers were operated by tilting tablets, and out of 29 stops distributed over two manuals, nine were reeds, and two of these were on the pedal. An appeal to have this unsatisfactory condition altered

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was referred by the church officials to Best, who simply gave it further approval; so Mr. Miller says, "I had to make the best of it." This was the organ on which Best played from 1860-1863; and where, every Sunday, he used to *crescendo* gradually from the versicle "The Lord's name be praised" until he gave out the Venite *fortissimo*. "This is how it ought to be," he said to Mr. Miller. "Wake the sinners up! They've been cheating and bamboozling each other long enough all the week through!" Another organ which he designed for a Wesleyan church near Liverpool had but one manual, but each stop could be drawn in halves so as to be used as a solo,—an idea he had probably derived from harmonium construction, or from some of the smaller organs he had tried in Italy. Undoubtedly Best was better at destructive criticism than at constructive. He condemned what he described as "the competitive or churchwarden's organ" as an erection "which has long excited the admiration of parish undertakers, being set up in a convenient manner for impending dissolution, a fate which sooner or later overtakes it after enduring frequent doctorings of an expensive kind." Yet, as Mr. F. J. Livesey says, "it was Best who came to the rescue when the art of organ building in England was sadly in need of reform. He stood up bravely for the cause he had at heart, . . . leading the way to further advancement."

Of Best as a virtuoso perhaps, as Mr. Stephen S. Stratton once remarked, "it would savour of impertinence to speak." "Still," says the same sane and reliable critic, "it may be permitted to refer to his clear, crisp phrasing and the wonderful way in which he imparted accent to the organ. Then the smoothness and finish of his octave pedal playing! There are many fine organ players now, but all would concede him the distinction of being the greatest virtuoso of his time."

The *Musical Times* of March, 1894, declared that Best "brought pedal playing to a perfection not hitherto attained." The Encyclopædia Britannica says:

> His command over all the resources of the organ was masterly: his series of recitals at St. George's Hall included the whole field of organ music, and of music that could be arranged for the organ, ancient and modern: while his performances of Bach's organ works were particularly fine.

Closely watched through an opera glass, Best could never be seen to make the slightest "secondary motion," not even during the most intricate pedal passages. Considering that he had a working repertoire of 5,000 pieces his memory was almost

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phenomenal. Abhorring the sickly and sentimental in matter or manner, he was often accused of being deficient in expression. He once said, "We all of us play wrong notes, but I think I play fewer than most people; and so, as they cannot find fault with my technique, I suppose they think they must find fault with something and say I have no expression." This estimate of his accuracy was, however, far too modest. A great personal friend of the writer, Professor H. C. Macdougall, of Wellesley, Mass., relates that he was once told by the wife of Dr. E. H. Turpin, that when Best was giving recitals at the Bow and Bromley Institute, London, students from the London musical academies and colleges would attend in the hope of hearing him play a wrong note, but their visits, though frequent, were uniformly unsuccessful. On being commended by Mrs. Turpin for his unfailing accuracy, he merely replied that he considered it the first duty every artist owed to the public to play the written notes. Indeed, as we have already said, he gave the public more than they ever demanded; and, in giving, he gave royally and with absolute freedom from self-consciousness. As the *Musical Herald* once said concerning his playing, it was "soothing and elevating, faithfully regarding the composer's intentions; matchless in Bach's fugues, and whenever the pedal takes an important part, Best is brilliant." Here it is worth while to note that while in church work he would "indulge his fancies to the full in brilliant extemporizations," in recitals he was "invariably restrained and classical." In his Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, Mr. James D. Brown, writing of Best as a contemporary, says:

> Mr. Best is generally acknowledged to be the greatest master of the organ. He belongs to that school of modern development which endeavours to make the organ the exponent of orchestral works. That the organ is in itself capable of producing orchestral effects in an adequate manner is indisputable, and the excellent manner in which Mr. Best has proved this should be sufficient to reconcile those who imagine that it is performing out of its function and lending its powers to trickery.

In fine, as the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley said, "His fame rests mainly on his wonderful skill as an organist, where he need fear no rival in England or on the Continent."

* *
*

As the composer is generally supposed to take precedence of the editor or transcriber, we are reminded by Professor Ouseley that Best did not "neglect sacred vocal art, having

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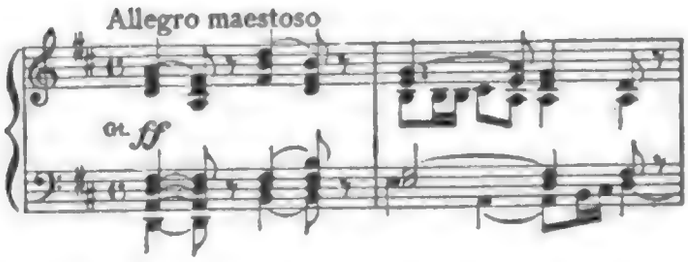
composed anthems, services and hymns, some of which have been widely used." Probably the best known of these is his Service in F and his setting (1864) of the Benedicite with free organ accompaniment. But although, in addition to church music, Best produced orchestral marches and overtures, his chief work was for the organ, and it is as a writer for the king of instruments that his reputation as a composer must be determined. Preferring to quote the opinions of abler critics than ourselves, we first note that Professor Ouseley, after describing Best as "one of the most accomplished executants on the organ," goes on to say that "Best has composed and arranged a vast number of pieces for his instrument in a masterly manner, and has thereby laid all lovers of the organ under a deep obligation."

Mr. W. S. Rockstro, formerly a fellow-townsman of the writer of this article at Torquay, England, claims that "Best's organ music, even apart from its musician-like construction, and pure artistic feeling, shows an intimate acquaintance with the character and capabilities of the instrument, which cannot but secure for it a long term of favour." Dr. Baker tersely declares that Best's works are "popular in type, though classical in form," "possessing," says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "a strong and marked individuality." These statements can easily be verified by a practical acquaintance with Best's original organ works, most of which deserve greater attention and more frequent rendering that they have hitherto received. To us, if we may presume to offer our opinion, the greatest weakness in Best's organ composition was "scrappiness," or want of continuity,—the excessive employment of detached phrases. In some of his earlier works this was very apparent, although many of these were individually interesting if collectively unequal.

Perhaps Best's most popular organ piece is his "March for a Church Festival":



a work of moderate difficulty, but of immense interest to performer and audience alike. The "Psallite omnes Angeli" and the quaint Pastorale are delightful numbers from his Six Christmas Pieces. In his article on Registration in Grove's Dictionary, Mr. H. H.

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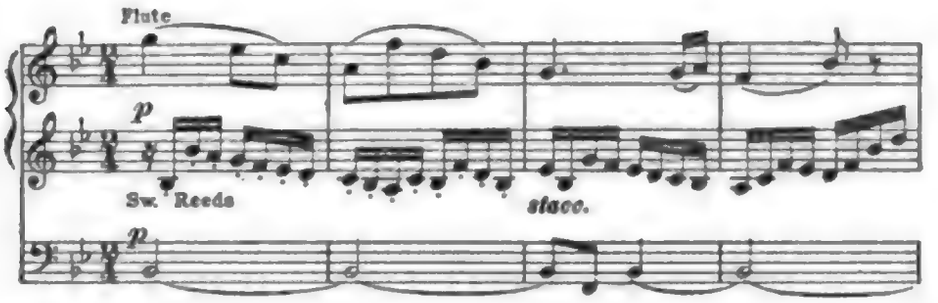
Statham quotes, from a Rheinberger sonata, a passage involving "the use of flute tone over reed tone on another keyboard, where the flute seems to glide like oil over the comparatively rough tones of the reed." But from the Pastorale last named there is a passage of considerable length, of which we quote the opening measure, which illustrates Mr. Statham's point much better than his Rheinberger quotation:



Amongst Best's larger pieces, in addition to the Toccata in A already mentioned, there are two sonatas, of which the one in D minor introduces the old long metre hymn tune, Duke Street, so popular in the north of England and in America, the production of one Hatton, of Duke St., St. Helen's, Lancashire, England, who died in 1793. Amongst Best's Six Concert Pieces (Novello) are some fine numbers, especially the Fantasia in E♭, Allegro in D, and Air with Variations in A; and the same may be said of his Four Concert Pieces (Augener) of which perhaps the best is the Fantasia on the Welsh air, "Men of Harlech." Best's fugal writing was remarkably skilful when we remember that in this department of musical composition he was practically self-taught. In his Fantasia and Fugue in E minor, he has "introduced and treated in a highly fanciful and original manner" the fine old English tune, known as the Old 81st (Day's Psalter, 1562) which, with many other Reformation psalm tunes, was in all probability the melodic handicraft of the Genevan refugees from the Marian persecution. Another remarkable fugue by Best, the Concert Fugue on a Trumpet Fanfare, is, really, a transcription of a two-part fugue for the piano.

To the variation form Best contributed largely and effectively. Allusion has already been made to his Variations in A and to his Variations on the National Anthem, performed by him at his first recital in St. George's Hall. The latter are, undoubtedly, the best set of organ variations ever written on that particular theme, the variation with double pedal and the finale fugato being of special interest.

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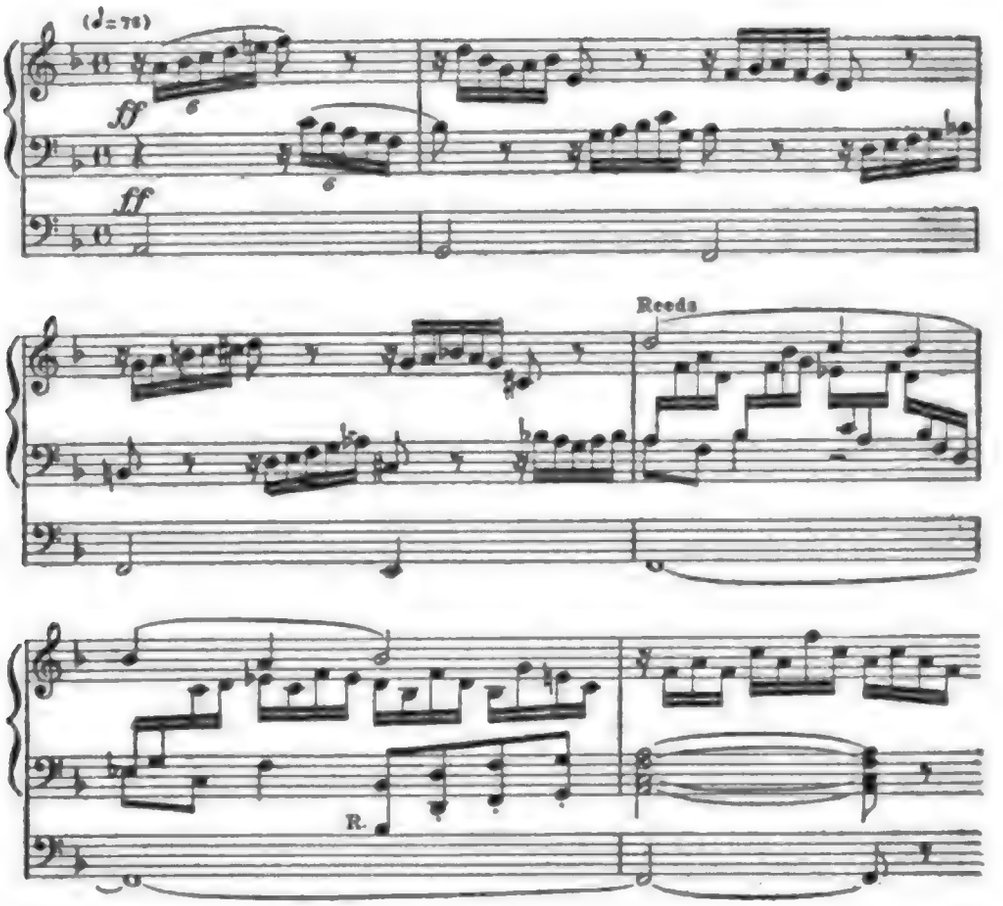
The Variations on an original Theme in F, Op. 17, (Cecilia, Bk. 28), written in 1850, are strangely reminiscent of Mendelssohn's Variations Sérieuses. Concerning this work Dr. Peace remarks that "it is by no means so frequently performed as its undoubted merits would appear to warrant." But it is not given to every organist to execute Vars. III, IV, and the Finale, with ease and precision. In his Fantasia on the old Scotch Reformation hymn-tune, Dundee or French (1615), contained in Cecilia, Book 46, and written in March, 1893, Best shows how thoroughly he has imbibed the Bach tradition, and how skilfully he can blend classical treatment with modern thought. His finale is founded upon two themes, and a very novel feature therein is the imitation of the choral theme (announced in the pedal) by diminution at the 4th above in the subdominant key and in the treble, *e. g.:*



An earlier work (Cecilia, Bk. 9), a Scherzo in A minor, is worthy of any of the great classical masters of this form. The *staccato* on the manuals opposing the *legato* on the pedals was a favourite device with Best, *e. g.*,

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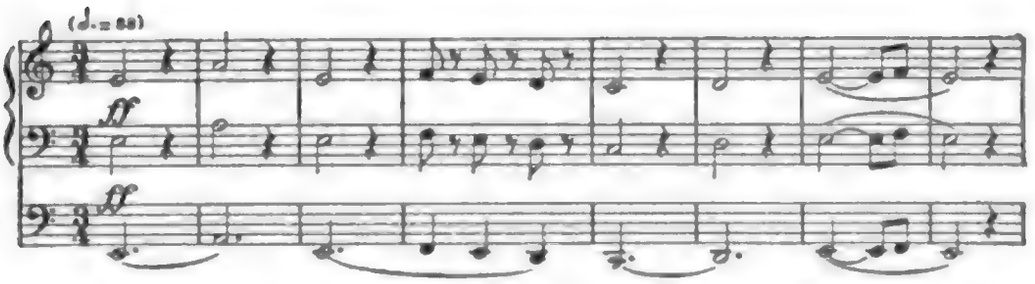
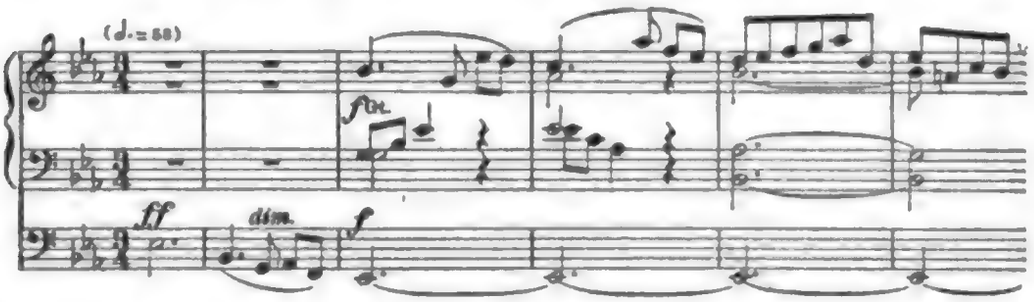
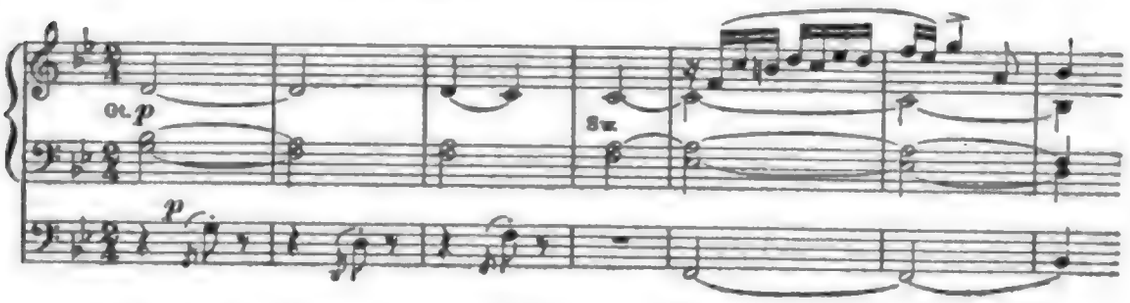


Another interesting work (Cecilia, Bk. 50) is the Allegro Festivo in E flat, the initial figure of which is strangely reminiscent of the fugue subject of the final section of Handel's chorus from *Theodora*, "He saw the lovely youth," *e. g.:*



This work is dated April, 1894, as is also an Allegretto in B flat. The latter concludes with this exquisite sentence:



reminding us of Shakespeare's line,

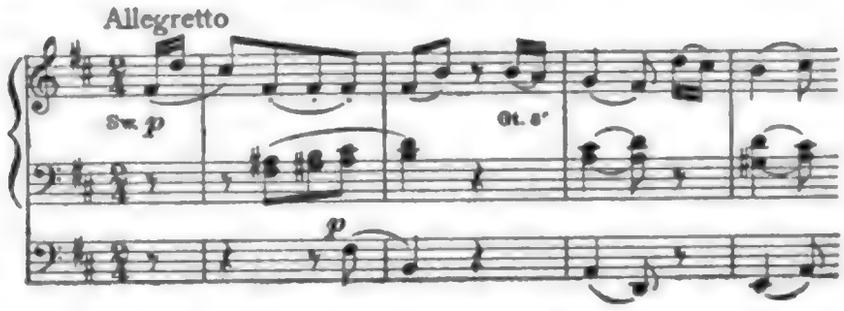
"That strain again! it had a dying fall."

Of two Concert Overtures, in C and in B flat, the former, dated October, 1889, is not so effective or massive as that in B flat, entitled Festival Overture (Cecilia, Bk. 54). This latter work is really an arrangement of an orchestral overture in C written for the Norwich Musical Festival of 1875, so that it presents Best in the dual capacity of composer and arranger. The work has been thus described by Dr. Peace:—

The alternate passages between the trumpets and the full orchestra form an appropriate Introduction which leads into an Allegretto con Moto: Alla Marcia. This in turn is followed by the principal movement, an Allegro based upon two contrasted subjects, the second of

which is assigned to the softer instruments. After this the march is again taken up, this time with the full power of the orchestra. A recapitulation of the two themes referred to (followed by a brilliant coda) makes up the remainder of this effective overture which in every aspect befits its festival title.

Although Best's influence as a teacher was comparatively slight, "his didactic works," says Mr. James Brown, "are remarkable for the clearness of their explanations and the practical character of their descriptions." The works here referred to are the Modern Organ School (1853), written during his London residence, and the Art of Organ Playing, commenced in 1869. The former work contains the excellent studies for manuals and pedals, Op. 26, some of which are quite interesting as music. In these studies Best uses the capital letters R and L for right and left foot, and a lower case h for the heel; instead of the simple signs ∧ and ∪ above the pedal staff for the right foot, and below it for the left, as is now almost universally employed. He also adheres, here and elsewhere, to the orchestral or so-called "English" fingering, + 1, 2, 3, and 4, the passing of which is much to be regretted, the stupidity of having one set of fingering for orchestral and another for keyboard instruments being almost worse than criminal. Best's work continued with 8 Trios for 2 manuals and pedals, 6 hymn-tune studies and an original setting, —in anthem form, in 8 parts, for 2 choirs,—of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."[1] After this we have 24 fine studies which for musical and technical value are infinitely superior to anything contained in Rinck's Organ School. Indeed, they may be said to contain in miniature almost every variety of organ technique, expression and phrasing. Here is a simple quotation from No. 4:



The work concludes with a Fugue in F and the Variations on the national Anthem, Op. 29, already alluded to. The Art of

[1]This hymn, the Morning Hymn, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and the Doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," were probably written at Longleat House, Wiltshire, England, close by the birthplace of the writer of this article. (See *The Churchman*, Nov., 1913).

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Organ Playing gives, in the first part, manual and pedal exercises, and studies on Gregorian tones with their various endings and some old English psalm tunes. The second part consists of fine original and selected studies, followed by a number of "detached examples from the works of Bach and other composers shewing how passages of special difficulty are to be played." There are also some selected compositions of the Bach school and a fine Solemn March in A minor by Best himself. As an example of organ erudition the volume is well worthy of study.

Best as an editor will always be remembered by his masterly edition of Handel's Messiah, the first to include Mozart's additional accompaniments arranged for the pianoforte or organ. He also edited for Novello the vocal score edition of Mozart's Requiem Mass, and several other works, including Bach's immortal "48," Rinck's Organ School—the most perfect edition in existence—and the larger portion of Lefébure Wély's compositions for the organ. For Boosey, Best edited volumes of Handel's oratorio and opera songs; for Schott, albums of organ works by Lemmens and selections from his Organ School; for Ricordi, a volume of Italian organ music, the first of its kind in England, as well as editions of the works of Morandi and Gambini; and for Augener, the works of Benoist, Boëly, Capocci, &c. Best's edition of Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas (Novello) was, at the time of its production, London, February, 1871, the only edition then on the market in which any attempt had been made to render clearer the division of the parts "by a more frequent use of the middle staff for the 'left hand' part," thus making the music "easier to read." That his edition fully justified the claim he made for it cannot be denied, the only regret being that he did not give us some indication of his own phrasing in substitution for, or instead of, Mendelssohn's antiquated and often imperfect method of phrase notation. For Messrs. Cocks & Sons, one of the principal English publishers of the mid-Victorian period, Best edited two volumes of organ music, entitled, "A Collection of Organ Compositions Ancient and Modern." Although many of the selections included therein were somewhat uninspired and uninteresting, we believe this was the first English collection which contained Gade's Op. 22 and the popular Andante and Allegro in D by F. E. Bache (1833–1858), the Birmingham pupil of Liszt, who died at the early age of 25. Best himself contributed a Pastorale in C with a "storm" episode. But all the shortcomings of the work were more than atoned for by the insertion, at the end of the second volume, of Best's arrangement of Mozart's magnificent

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Fantasia in F minor, which, as every student of musical history knows, was the first of two Fantasias written in 1791 for an organ actuated by clock work mechanism in a fine-art exhibition in Vienna.

But the finest collection of original organ music ever edited by Best was undoubtedly that entitled "Cecilia" (Augener). This was commenced about 1880, and 56 books were issued under Best's editorship, the remainder being undertaken by Dr. Turpin, who also passed away while the work was still in progress, in 1907. In this series were included composers of almost every European nation—English, French, Belgian, German, Italian, Danish, Swedish, etc., Its ecclecticism alone should secure for this work a place in every organist's library.

As an arranger and transcriber of organ music Best's achievements were, if possible, even greater than as a performer. Indeed, so extensive were his activities in this direction that it would be almost as impertinent as impossible to attempt anything approaching a detailed description of them. In general terms his arrangements may be summarized as "full and yet faithful to the original score, widely known, and unsurpassed," the work of a man who "unlike many soloists was an all-round musician and fully acquainted with every branch of the art." As Dr. Peace says:

> the use of the organ as a concert instrument has worked a revolution, and in this connection the name of W. T. Best is to be for ever honoured. He was under the necessity of giving recitals week after week, and he found the original organ music sadly deficient. In order to form his varied programmes he began arranging: he laid all styles under contribution: he choose good music: he had the ability to transcribe and to perform it, and so he has done more than any other man to extend the resources of his instrument.

In order to secure for Best the esteem to which he is entitled, it must never be forgotten that when he first commenced arranging for his instrument, organ arrangements with pedal obbligato were practically non-existent, with the exception of a few movements by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, and others by George Cooper, the organist of the Chapel Royal. The idea of rendering orchestral, chamber, and pianoforte music on the organ was a novelty. This gave Best his chance; and the greatest credit is due to him for taking the chance and making such good use of it. But even then Best's arrangements excited great prejudice. Professor Ritter, sometime Professor of Music in Vassar College,—a musician whose activities were so frequently misdirected, especially in his later years—voiced this feeling of misunderstanding and dislike

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in his formerly popular History of Music. After extolling Rinck, Schneider, Herzog, and other forgotten writers of the pedantic German school of a century or so ago, he says:

> In opposition to their style . . . Best . . . and other organists . . . not being satisfied with that which the organ can do well, and utterly misunderstanding its true æsthetical resources, have tried, assisted by the wonderful improvements in its mechanical construction by ingenious organ-builders, to draw it from its own sphere, recklessly demanding from it somewhat coy and rather heavy mechanism [? did Ritter know nothing of pneumatic or electric actions?], and its slowly responding mass of sound, the manifold rich expressions of modern orchestration . . . . Ingenious as some of their transcriptions of overtures, movements from symphonies and string quartets, may be, they are out of place when played on the organ; and when compared with real organ compositions . . . not worth the trouble of study.

This was written in the '70s. How strange it sounds to us—strange and remote, like the distant echoes of a dead controversy. To-day Ritter's opinions (largely based upon inadequate knowledge of organ construction and capacity) are entirely discredited. Which is as it should be.

It is, however, very doubtful whether Best would find to-day, as he found in the '60s of the last century, that almost every publishing firm of repute was willing to accept his manuscripts. Just at present many modern organists are filling their programmes with works whose only merit is their modernity, and refusing to educate the public by the rendering on the organ of standard and classical music, which, apart from these efforts, their audience would probably never hear at all. As a prominent London publisher once said to the writer concerning some of his organ arrangements of classics not hitherto set out for the kind of instruments, "Beautiful music, and beautifully arranged; but we have no market for it." There was a market for Best's arrangements. He supplied it skilfully. Hence the sales of his arrangements ran into four figures where to-day they might not run into more than two.

One of Best's earliest published volumes of arrangements was "The Organ Student," which contained a capital arrangement of the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, several Handel choruses, and movements from Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, etc. A series of popular arrangements known as "The Organist's Miscellany" contained such tit-bits as the Rigadoon from Rameau's Dardanus, Schumann's Traümerei, Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga," the Finale from Schumann's Études Symphoniques, several of Schubert's Marches, Handel's "O

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ruddier than the cherry," arranged as a solo for the pedal reed, and many other popular items never before exhibited on three staves. Two lengthy and elaborate arrangements by Best are published separately, viz.:—the whole of Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, and Moscheles' Duet for 2 Pianos, "Homage à Handel," Op. 92, the latter of which makes a splendid concert solo and deserves a more frequent hearing. Best's arrangement of the Overture to Mozart's Magic Flute was a very early effort, quite incapable of being classed with or included amongst his later works.

But all Best's efforts in the direction of organ transcriptions are eclipsed by that magnificent series entitled "Arrangements from the Scores of the Great Masters" (Novello), amounting to 100 numbers and occupying five huge oblong folio volumes. These were commenced about 1850 and were completed about 1872. A detailed criticism of such a stupendous undertaking would be impossible here, but special mention may be made of the slow movements from several of the best symphonies and quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; also selections from the choral and instrumental works of Bach; some of the finest airs, choruses, and overtures from Handel's oratorios; movements from the chamber and orchestral music of Mendelssohn and Spohr; the motetts of Haydn and Mozart; a large number of vocal and pianoforte pieces, pianoforte duets, music for pianoforte and violin; music for wind instruments, etc., almost every department of musical composition being represented in this musical pantheon.

To criticize individual movements would also be impossible within present limits. We may say however, that perhaps the most difficult of all the arrangements is that of the Overture to Mendelssohn's St. Paul; but such numbers as Haydn's "The Heavens are telling," Handel's Overture to Samson and "Fixed in His everlasting seat," Haydn's Romance from the Symphony "La Reine de France," and the Variations in A from a Symphony in D, Mozart's Larghetto from the Clarinet Quintet, the Larghetto from Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, Meyerbeer's Schiller March, Beethoven's Romances for Violin and Orchestra, Ops. 40 and 50, and Spohr's overtures to Jessonda, the Fall of Babylon and the Last Judgment, together with many others of similar calibre, are transcribed in such a manner as to make their arrangement inimitable and unsurpassable in spite of the fact that they had never been arranged for the organ before. Indeed, of Best's arrangements it may be said, as Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, that they are "not of an age, but for all time."

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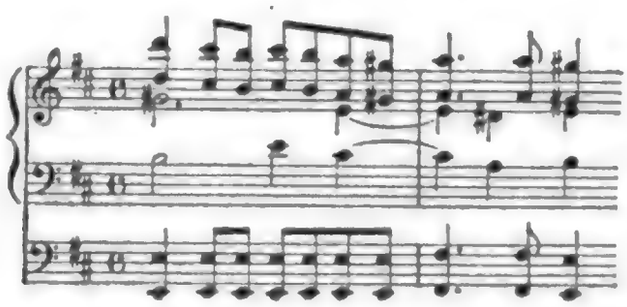
Mr. George Augener, for whom Best commenced writing in 1875, says that he "always retained his MSS. when the printer had done with them; that he wrote in black ink for the notes, but put in the expression marks with red ink and the registering in blue." His charges for editing Mr. Augener considered high, but not exorbitant for the class of work accomplished. Best has been accused of "occasionally demanding impossible things on the part of the performer, particularly in the matter of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, when both feet and hands were otherwise occupied." This and many other criticisms were founded on a misunderstanding. Many of the apparently impossible expression marks were inserted because they were in the original. They were never intended to be observed in the organ performance, since it was necessary to sacrifice them there in order to secure a better general effect. Then many of Best's registration directions appeared fantastic or even absurd, but were not so when it was remembered that they mostly applied to the organ in St. George's Hall which, fortunately or otherwise, was the one which Best usually seemed to have in mind when transcribing for his instrument. The too literal adherence to his directions would often cause trouble. But none but the merest tyro would imagine that when Best wrote his favourite direction "Gt. Viola, 8 ft.," he meant every stop on the Great organ to be silenced except that mentioned. All that Best was demanding was the employment of string tone on the Great. Only he had his own way of asking for it.

Passing from local to general criticisms, we find ourselves in cordial argreement with Mr. Truette when he says that in his great series of arrangements last mentioned Best "showed that the organ is in itself capable of producing orchestral effects, without transcending its proper functions or descending to trickery." Dr. J. Higgs says concerning the same works, "Mr. Best often leaves his own individuality on the music he treats, and at times makes a demand for executive skill equal to his own, and seems to arrange for an instrument of exceptional resource. . . His Arrangements remain a monument of his industry and extensive musical reading."

We have left to the last any mention of Best's transcriptions of Handel and editions of Bach because each is in its way absolutely unique. Up to the middle of the last century Handel's choruses were only available for the organ in two-stave arrangements, marked "for organ or pianoforte" but generally suitable for neither. To remedy this Best issued his magnificent collection of 130

choruses, "selected from all Handel's Oratorios and Anthems, and arranged for the Organ with Pedal Obbligato." In the arrangement of these choruses Best claimed that he had "specially endeavoured to render them facile to the performer without at the same time losing sight of the massive characteristics of the great composer, and the due representation of his works upon an instrument so grand and complete in itself as the organ." It is doubtful whether for fidelity to the text, clearness of part progression and of effect, this edition has ever been surpassed. To say that all the arrangements were simple would be untrue, but many of the difficulties of Best's arrangements vanish when one becomes used to the method he so frequently adopted of confining himself as far as possible to the bass clef for the lower of his two manual staves, placing on this staff one part only, and writing the part for the left hand partly on the lower and partly on the upper staff, thus avoiding change of clefs and perplexing ledger lines. We give an example from the chorus "Let their Celestial Concerts all unite." (Samson):



This method is the pet aversion of editors not acquainted with the Best tradition; but its use frequently simplifies the reading and renders the task of writing a far easier one than when numerous ledger lines have to be negotiated and perpetual changes of clef indulged in. Of course it cannot be maintained that the choice of choruses for arrangement is above criticism. Some are omitted which we should like to have seen inserted, and *vice versa;* but this happens whenever and under whatever circumstances any attempt at selection may be made. To every editor must be given the credit in compilation of knowing "what is best to be avoided in the construction thereof."

The history of Handel's Organ Concertos is too well known to call for detailed mention here. Suffice it to say that they were first performed during the Lent season of 1732, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, between the acts of the oratorios, and being an instant success were repeated in subsequent years. Of the 23

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concertos, most of which were adaptations from earlier works, the popularity was so great that Dr. Burney says, "public players on keyed instruments, as well as private, totally subsisted on these concertos for nearly 30 years."

They were written for orchestra and organ, the latter being of "limited dimensions and destitute of a pedal board." Best's task was to amalgamate the orchestral and organ parts, evolve a pedal part from the orchestral and organ bass, amplify the harmonies, and so render these works available for one performer on the modern organ. How well the great virtuoso accomplished this undertaking can be seen by reference to the first set of Six Concertos (Novello), to the second set (Boosey), compiled by Best from various Handelian movements, and to the isolated concertos published by Ricordi and others, also to the editions of some single concertos for organ and orchestra published by Augener. After such examination every unprejudiced observer must be impressed with the evidences of Best's deep reverence for the original, exhibited simultaneously with the clearest possible conception of the requirements of the modern organist and the capabilities of his instrument. The amplification of Handel's thin scoring is particularly fine, while the contrasts between organ and orchestra and the occasional solo passages for obbligato instrument are all faithfully depicted by change of manual and choice of stops in the solo arrangement. As is well known, the custom in Handel's day and in somewhat later times was for the composer of the concerto to extemporize a cadenza at the place appointed for the latter. Owing to the decline of extempore playing this custom gradually fell into desuetude, and the cadenzas omitted by the earlier composers are now frequently supplied by more or less competent editors. In the case of pianoforte concertos this procedure has aroused no protest; but in the case of Handel's organ concertos the cadenzas supplied by Best appear to have stirred up quite a little cloud of critical and controversial dust. Yet Best's cadenzas are thoroughly Handelian in spirit, and they lack the decorous dulness of Rinck, Rheinberger, etc. They are Handel expressed in the idiom of W. T. Best, perhaps what Handel might have said had he possessed the technique and the instrument of his 19th century exponent. Hence Best's cadenzas do not find favour with the "made in Germany" type of organist. Yet, notwithstanding this, some of them are models of artistic development. Those to the 2nd and 4th concertos of the first set should be consulted in this connection; while in the so-called Cuckoo and Nightingale Concerto we have another example as beautiful as it is short. We

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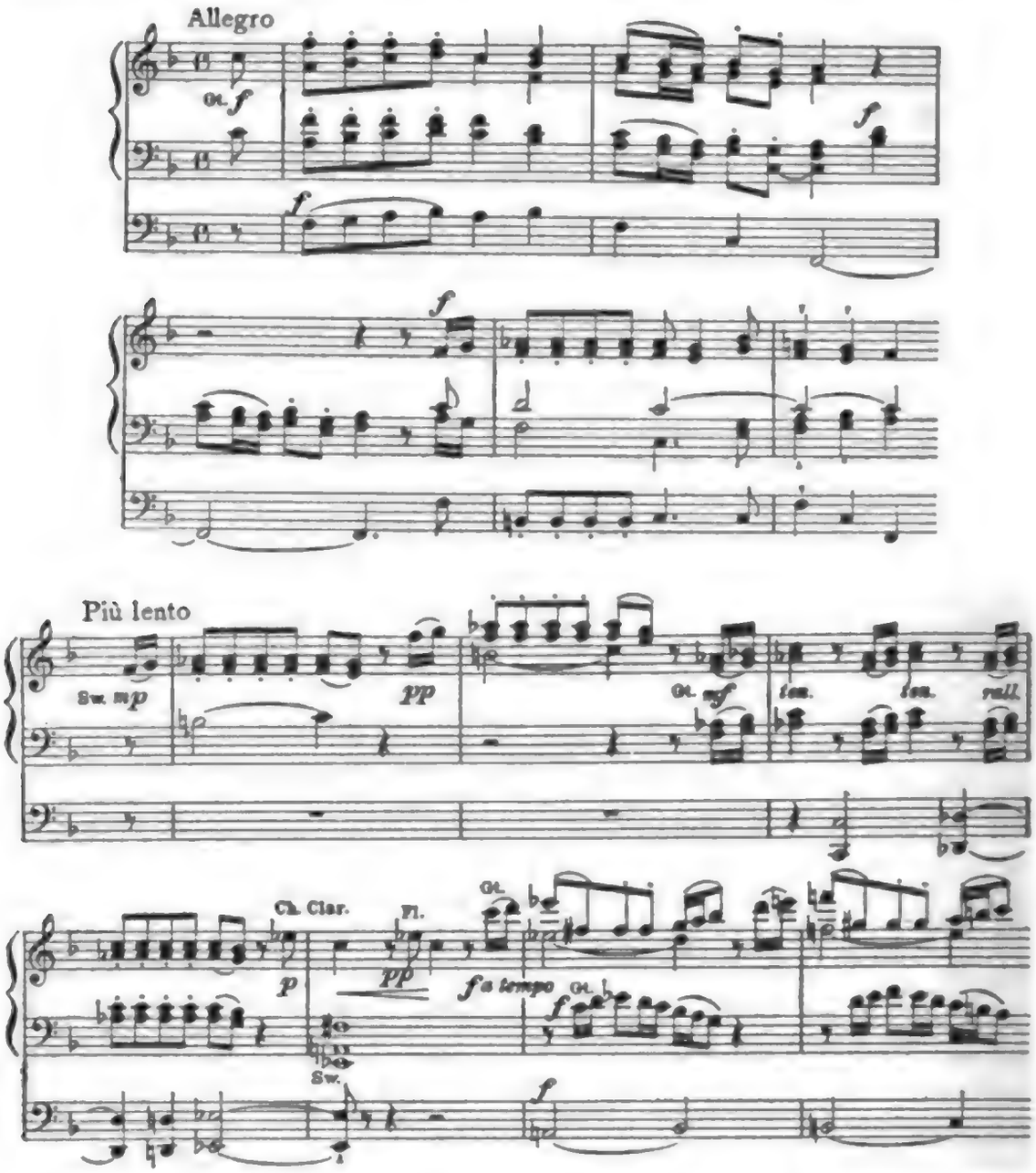
quote the principal theme as well as the cadenza in order to facilitate comparison:



In addition to the Handel concertos and choruses Best showed how "deeply studied" in Handel's music he really was by transcribing for the organ for Augener & Co. "extracts from Instrumental Music of Handel now rarely performed; the Curtain Tunes, Marches, and other incidental music of the Italian Operas, Selections from the Sonatas for Stringed Instruments, Organ and Harpsichord Music, Oboe Concertos, Grand Concertos, Water and Fire Music, etc." The arrangements were afterwards chosen from more varied sources, included in two volumes, and termed

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the Handel Album. They comprised a large number of Overtures to Handel's various operas, as well as several movements from the lesser known oratorios and anthems. Apart from the excellent manner of the transcriptions, the matter of the whole series is invaluable to a student desirous of acquaintance with some of the more obscure works of the "giant Saxon."

As an editor of Bach's organ works Best came into notice in the year 1885, when he commenced for Messrs. Augener & Co. his bi-centenary edition—"an English undertaking, edited by an Englishman whose name," says the *Musical Record*, "is a guarantee of his fitness for the task." Apart from the excellence of the engraving, the great features of Best's edition are the *tempo* indications, showing a modern concert speed rather than the fashionable sleepy *tempo* of a past period; assistance to the performer in matters of fingering and pedalling; elucidations in foot notes, of the old *Agréments* or *Manieren*, so little understood, apparently, in the present day; and, lastly, and even more important than all, from a 'past master' in the art, a guide as to the proper registering or combination of stops, to be adopted in each piece." "Further," says the reviewer, "the text has been subjected to thorough revision, the editor going the length of reducing the whole to manuscript, in order to render the design of each work conspicuously plain to the student; and the left hand part in particular has been the object of painstaking attention, the full extent of which will only be apparent to the practiced executant, who knows but too well how the 'inner parts' are inartistically jumbled together even by composers themselves, to say nothing of the doings of untrained copyists and transcribers." Of this edition 17 volumes were published before Best's death, the remainder being completed by Dr. Turpin. In the revised edition recently issued under the able editorship of Dr. Eaglefield Hull, of Huddersfield, Best's work has been retained with the exception of the substitution of "continental" for the orchestral or so-called "English" fingering; and with the addition of registration better adapted to ordinary organs, and of additional phrasing and pedalling—not always an improvement, we venture to think. It is much to be regretted that the publishers have not seen fit to continue the issue of this fine edition in single numbers, the former issue of which was so great a boon to the recitalist not caring to be burdened with huge volumes while on tour.

The objection to Best's arrangements of the Handelian Concertos has been urged against his edition of Bach's organ works, viz., that the prescribed treatment is essentially of the editor,

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editorial. This scruple, in the case of the Bach edition, was strengthened by a reference to Best's registration and *tempo*, of which the former appeared fanciful, but came out with remarkable effect upon his own organ, and the latter too rapid, whereas Best was simply working under the impression that all performers possessed his facile technique and easily manipulated organ. Then in the matter of fingering, phrasing, and part-distribution, Best broke new ground, giving us not the Bach of the pedant but the Bach of the modern concert virtuoso. As an example of his phrasing which was never petty or undignified, take the subject of the G minor Fugue:

His fingering and registration defy adequate quotation, but for the distribution of the manual parts one has only to compare his edition with, let us say, that of Peters to see that his work was not only undertaken *con amore*, but that it was the practical expression of a life's study and experience in the public performance of the organ works of the Leipsic Cantor. As such this edition has stood the test—the acid test if you will—of more than thirty years' constant use and still more constant criticism, a good deal of the latter being neither courteous nor fair.

Public indebtedness to Best extends beyond the various points indicated in this study to at least two others. It is to him that we owe the introduction of the annotated programme in our public organ recitals. And it is very probable that to him we are indebted for the very use of the word "recital" in this connection. According to Mr. F. G. Edwards, the late editor of the *Musical Times*, the expression "organ performance" was only supplemented by the less cumbersome term "recital" as late as December 4, 1867, when Best was announced to give an organ "recital" at Union Chapel, Islington, London, a Congregational church made famous by the ministry of that gifted preacher and amateur musician, Dr. Henry Allon, the editor of the *Congregational Psalmist* and of the *British Quarterly Review*, and by the organ playing of Professor Prout and Mr. Fountain Meen. Whether the expression "organ recital" was adopted at the suggestion of the great recitalist or of the Union church authorities this witness deponeth not. But if Best did not originate the term with reference to organ performances he both admitted and approved of its use. Otherwise he would have expended

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upon it a little more of his vitriolic sarcasm concerning the employment of which on this occasion history is absolutely silent.

Other works of Best there were, but the space in which to refer to them has long ago been exhausted. For this reason this study, which is neither an essay nor a biography, and which had no prologue, can now have no epilogue. The desire of its writer is primarily, persistentently, and finally, to do some small measure of justice, and pay some humble respect to the life and labours of a man who, as the greatest virtuoso on the organ the world has ever known, the originator and perfector of organ arrangements, a model editor and transcriber, and a composer of no mean merit, was a musician concerning whom "take him for all in all" we may well ask with Horace

Quando ullum inveniet parem?

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SOUND AND ITS USES

By ARTHUR ELSON

"O father, I hear the church-bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast—"
And he steered for the open sea.

IF Ralph (Rafe) Norman on the boat alluded to above had only known the location of the fog-bell, mentioned in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," there would have been no need for any wreck. It is on Eastern Point, at the mouth of Gloucester harbor, into which his ill-fated ship could have been brought. But according to the poem (and history, too), the skipper drove across to the Magnolia shore, and was wrecked on a rock projecting out from the land. This rock is now known as Norman's Woe; and a certain chasm near it is called Rafe's Chasm.

Fog-bells and fog-whistles are now well known to the coastwise skippers. It was claimed in jest that the early Yankee captains could tell their location by tasting the earth or mud brought up from the sea-bottom; but some modern writer would be nearer the truth if he described an old salt who could tell his whereabouts by the sound of the fog-bells and bell-buoys. Musicians are apt to think that the gift of absolute pitch is of no especial use; but to the fog-bound mariner it would certainly be of great practical value. The bells are not at present made to conform to any system of pitch; but the sailor who has come to know their haphazard pitches will certainly find that knowledge useful.

It is difficult when at sea to tell the direction of a sound by the ear alone. This is shown by the ease with which a man in a rowboat may lose his way when trying to follow guiding shouts, or any other noise, in a fog. A simple device, however, will remedy the trouble; for a megaphone, with the small end held to the ear, will enable the listener to locate the sound correctly. The writer remembers one foggy trip to Gloucester, on the little steamer of many years ago, when the inverted megaphone idea might have saved a little trouble. By some means the boat got outside the fog-bell mentioned by Longfellow. As the land curves around in a horse-shoe, it follows that we were passing the harbor,

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as if bound for Portland. The ship's superstructure acted as a sound reflector, and showed those who sat near it that the fog-bell must be on their side of the ship. In the pilot-house, however, there was no such guide. The boat edged in gradually until land was seen, and the vessel slid upon a sunken rock. She was backed off without other damage than upset crockery, and brought around properly into port; but the time and the crockery would have been saved if the pilot-house had been equipped with the inverted megaphone device, or some similar cone for receiving sound.

The sound waves do not entirely resemble light waves. They are rathermore analogous to the waves of the ocean. Just as the latter will swish up along a sloping rock, so the sound-waves will surge along a properly curved surface. As an illustration, the Salt Lake City Tabernacle will serve. It is semi-oval in shape, and the sound-waves rush along its gently curved roof and sides in a way that gives excellent acoustical results. The reverse is true of the Trocadero, in Paris. That edifice was built on the principle of reflection, such as light waves would have demanded; and it proved a failure acoustically.

Our lack of real knowledge in architectural acoustics has led to many surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant. Among the former sort are whispering galleries, such as the one in Saint Paul's Cathedral, London. Our own national Capitol reflects sounds from its dome with unusual ease. An unpleasant surprise came when a certain church in Boston was completed and turned over to its congregation; for it was found that every word spoken by the minister was followed by a perfect echo. The church was deemed useless, and sold. The new buyers remedied the defect only after lengthy experiments with galleries, interrupting wire screens, etc.

Fog-whistles are usually made in very deep pitches, as a deep tone carries farther than a high one.

Sirens, in which a revolving wheel allows jets of steam or air to pass through a series of small holes, one after another, may be made to vary in pitch by varying the speed of the wheel. If this variation is made definite, and repeated accurately, the resulting signal will always be the same. This procedure is followed by many light-ships.

A more recent development in marine signalling is the use of submarine bells. These have proven eminently practicable, for sound travels about four times as fast in water as it does in air. At present, each lightship along our coast has a special number of its own; and it rings that number on a submarine bell during

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thick or foggy weather. Steamers equipped to catch these signals are each provided with a pair of receivers, one on each side, below the surface of the water. Suitable wires lead from these to two telephone receivers in the pilot-house. The pilot, or other officer, holds one receiver to each of his ears. If the signal comes from one side, it will sound more clearly in the receiver on that side. By turning the boat until the sound is equally loud in both receivers, the pilot can make his ship head directly for the lightship. He can then proceed to that ship, and make it a new point of departure.

Submarine signals are being developed in various ways. The company controlling them has been working upon a submerged electric buzzer, of such a nature that its sound will produce an echo from any submarine obstruction within a certain distance. This, it is hoped, will prove useful in locating icebergs, even two or three miles off.

The practical uses of sound in marine work, however, are far surpassed in variety and interest by its various applications on land. Modern business life would have been wholly impracticable without the telegraph and telephone, for example; while in our daily life we take little notice of the cleverness shown in such inventions as the phonograph or the electric bell.

The phonograph, or gramophone, or victrola, is a machine that takes impressions of sound waves on waxy material, by means of a needle carried on a vibrating diaphragm. When the record is used, the process is reversed, the grooves on the finished surface moving the needle, and thus causing the diaphragm to reproduce its original vibrations. The recording material may be hardened for use if desired.

The phonograph devices, with the various sorts of player-pianos and pianolas, have been of great value in disseminating some knowledge of good music, in spite of the widespread desire for rag-time records. The only defect of the phonograph is its inability to reproduce the higher overtones, of shorter sound-wave length. This prevents it from recording the violin tone accurately; and the reproduction of that instrument sounds more like a flute than it should. Brass instruments, however, and piano tones, and voices, are reproduced excellently on the records. The original phonographs recorded sound on cylinders, while the more recent victrola forms use flat circular discs.

The telegraphone is an electrical and magnetic device for recording and reproducing sound. At the beginning of this century it was discovered (by the Dane Poulsen) that magnetism

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of varying degrees would localize itself on moving metal. In charging the telegraphone, a small telephone circuit is used, of direct-current type. The circuit is made to pass around two poles of an electromagnet. Between these poles, in the earlier instruments, was drawn the fine steel wire that was to receive and record the magnetism. This wire was drawn through at seven or eight feet per second. When a message or any other desired sound enters the transmitter, it produces the usual current fluctuations; and the resulting magnetic fluctuations are located on the wire. The latter is of steel, and is thus permanently magnetized, each part retaining the amount of magnetism given to it by the varying flux from the electromagnet. This magnetic record may be kept for many months, if desired, or may be erased at any time by the use of a stronger magnet. In reproducing the record, the wire is again drawn between the poles of the electromagnet, in the same direction, and at about the same speed. The varying magnetism of the wire now transmits its variations back to the poles of the electromagnet; and the variations of the latter cause the current variations that are recorded as sound in the receiver. The action of transmitters and receivers is explained on later pages. In more recent telegraphones, the drawn wire has been replaced by a revolving steel disc.

The type-reading optophone is an instrument that arouses interest, even though it has not yet come into general use. It aims to reproduce to the ear the letters of a printed line of type, so that blind people may be enabled to read ordinary print. The process depends upon the use of the metal selenium, whose electrical resistance is varied greatly by variations of light falling upon it. The selenium is included in an electric circuit, which contains also the receiver necessary to transform electric current variations into sound. The type, it will be seen, should be printed on one side of the page only. This type is then passed, line by line, over the selenium, so that the shadows of letters will fall upon it. Each letter, of course, casts its own special shadow, and influences the current (and the sound in the receiver) in a way different from other letters. As soon as the optophone user has learned to recognize the different letters by their various sounds, he can read the printed type aurally by passing it through the beam of light that plays upon the selenium. If the light is made to be reflected from the printed letter, instead of merely causing that letter to cast a shadow, the instrument will enable its users to read from any ordinary page, printed on both sides.

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Practice will enable the optophone user to proceed at a fairly rapid pace.

The electric bell has come to be one of the commonplaces of modern life. It summons the reluctant bell-boy, for various purposes; it warns the railroad gate-man of approaching trains; it announces our arrival at many a house-door; and in a more advanced form, it summons us to the telephone.

The electric door-bell depends for its usefulness on what is known as a make-and-break device. Macaulay's schoolboy, and many more recent and less gifted members of that class, are all familiar with the fact that an electric current will flow through a closed metallic circuit. The bell is placed in circuit with one or more batteries of sufficient strength. Pressing the button at the door closes the circuit, i. e. makes it continuous, so the current can flow through it. The wires are so arranged that the current, in flowing through the bell, makes it for the time being a magnet. This property of currents to induce temporary magnetism in certain metals is of great use in various forms of the telegraph and telephone.

The visitor's push on the door-bell, and his completion of the path for the electric current, gives the bell so much magnetism that it at once attracts the hammer, or striker, towards it. The result is a single tap on the bell. Were this all, the hammer would rest against the bell until the visitor decided to release the button. The hammer, however, is placed on a long, springy arm; and when the bell pulls the hammer towards it, the springy arm is bent so much that it draws away from a certain wire with which it is normally in contact. The current has been so arranged that it flows through the wire and through part of the springy arm; so that when the arm is bent over to let the hammer strike, it loses contact with its neighbouring wire and thus interrupts the flow of current.

When the current is interrupted, the bell, no longer magnetized, ceases to attract the hammer, The latter, after having received momentum enough to hit the bell once, swings back to its original position. But as the arm swings back, it makes a new contact with the wire behind it, and allows the current to flow again. The bell is thus remagnetized, the hammer attracted again, the bell struck once more, and the circuit again broken by the movement of the springy arm, after which the hammer sways back again. This cycle is repeated as long as the button at the door is pressed in to close the circuit at that point. The cycle is completed so quickly that the bell receives a series of

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rapid blows. One of the most noticeable things about electricity is its speed; and the rate of a current is said to be nearly two hundred thousand miles a second.

Electromagnets are used in all telegraph work, and in very important ways for all telephone work. An electromagnet consists of a coil of wire, through which a current may pass; and inside this coil is a core, usually soft iron, which is magnetized only when the current passes through the coil of wire. The iron, when magnetized, attracts toward itself another metal piece, known as the armature. This armature is usually carried on some swinging bar, arranged to do certain things when the armature makes it move.

In telegraphy, the electromagnet (with two coils and two cores) is found in what is known as the sounder. When the current is flowing through the sounder, the coils magnetize their cores, which attract an armature and hold it against the magnet. When the current is interrupted, the armature is released by the magnet cores; and a spring draws it back. The bar on which the armature is carried strikes against projections at the end of its motion in either direction; and the sounds that it makes are the clicks which enable the operator to read a message. The letters, of course, are made by various combinations of dots and dashes, i. e. clicks that succeed one another quickly or slowly. Paper tape drawn slowly through a pointed contact will record actual dots and dashes.

The interruptions of current necessary to cause these clicks are made by means of a key, which is merely a lever attached to a spring, and arranged so that the contact and the circuit can be broken by pressing the key, and remade by releasing it, or *vice versa.*

On long lines, even with many batteries at each end, the force of the main current will not make the local sounders give a loud enough click. This is remedied by having an extra sounder in what is known as a relay, or relay circuit. This is simply a short local circuit, with one or more batteries, which is made to pass through the line sounder. It is so arranged that the touching of armature to magnet in the main circuit will complete the local circuit, and make the relay sounder act. The local circuit is strong enough to make the relay sounder click loudly enough for the operator to read messages with ease.

A repeater is a device that makes a sounder in one main-line circuit operate a key in another main-line circuit. The use of repeaters enables the operator to send a message to a great distance.

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The length of a single circuit is never more than a very few hundred miles, even when dynamos replace batteries in furnishing the current.

In duplex telegraphy, two messages may be sent along one wire at the same time, in opposite directions. This is made possible by having the relay circuit at each end governed by a lever, and dividing the current. Each half of the current goes through an electromagnet, and the two coils are placed at opposite ends of the lever governing the relay circuit, which contains the sounder. Half the current is sent to the line, and the other half is allowed to enter the ground, through properly arranged resistances. The two stations at each end of the line are made similar. This is known as the Stearns duplex.

It has been shown above that the current from one office, dividing equally about the relay lever, does not influence it to sway in either direction. Any extra current, however, such as comes when the other end of the line is sending a message, influences only one of the two coils by the relay lever,—the one on the line, not the one on the ground connection. This extra current overbalances the lever, and makes it close the relay circuit, which contains the sounder. In this manner it is brought about that the key (transmitter) at each end does not affect its own relay, but governs that at the other end.

It is possible to connect the batteries at each end so that by shifting the connection only a part of them will be used, instead of all. This brings about a further variation in current streugth, used in quadruplex telegraphy.

The so-called polar relay has at each end of the line bar magnets of soft iron, which will be magnetized when the current flows through wires coiled about them. Around each magnet are sets of wires, coiled in opposite directions. Current flowing through one coil will make the magnet active in one direction, and current through the other coil will cause an opposite effect, reversing its north and south poles. This current-shift is made to attract or repel an armature, which acts as the sounder. The current is divided as in the Stearns duplex, each end controlling the sounder relay at the other end, but not influencing its own sounder. This apparatus works by shifting the direction of its current.

A combination of the Stearns duplex and polar relay is used in the quadruplex, which may thus send four messages at a time over one wire, two in either direction. The polar relay is worked by about one-fourth of the total current, and the springs on the duplex sounders are made so strong that they do not act unless

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the entire current strength is used. The polar sounders act when the current is *reversed*, the duplex sounders working when the current is intermittently *interrupted*. Such interruption affects only the excess of current over that needed to work the polar relay, when the latter is in use.

Induction currents are those which one wire may generate in another wire, parallel to it, without any contact. Edison made use of an induced current for the purpose of establishing communication between stationary offices and moving trains. On the train was placed a long wire parallel to the road, and running the length of the train. The telegraph wires by the road-bed were placed on low poles, so as to be near the train. The induced current in the long train wire was then passed through a sounder. Similarly, a key on the train was used to send messages.

Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts College, used parallel vertical wires for pioneer work in wireless telegraphy and telephony; but he had no coherer, so the distance at which he could operate was only a very few hundred feet.

The simplest telephone is known as electro-magnetic. A horseshoe magnet, of the permanent variety, is provided near the diaphragm of the transmitter. The spoken voice makes the diaphragm vibrate to and fro, approaching the pole of the magnet and receding from it. Around the end of the magnet nearest the diaphragm is wound the wire of the line. The varying magnetic force resulting from the movement of the diaphragm causes a varying current to pass through the coil of wire. If this wire is extended to form the telephone circuit, the current will pass through the circuit. This current is of the alternating type, flowing one way as the diaphragm approaches the magnet, and the other way as the diaphragm recedes.

A second magnet and diaphragm, located at another place, will form a receiver. The vibrations of the first diaphragm are reproduced upon the second one. This telephone, known as the magneto telephone, was the early type used by Bell, its inventor.

The magneto telephone is successful at the receiver end; but as a transmitter, it cannot produce large currents from loud noises. For a practical transmitter, the principle of loose contact and varying resistance was brought into use. Carbon has been the material most successfully used. The current, often provided by a local battery in each transmitter circuit, is allowed to pass from the diaphragm through loose particles of carbon held against it. As the diaphragm vibrates, it alternately compresses and releases the carbon. Although the reason is not known, it is

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still a fact that the varying pressure on the carbon causes it to vary its electrical resistance considerably. The current for such a transmitter is not alternating, but direct, though it may produce an alternating current on the line.

Since a large electric force is needed for the long wires of the usual circuit, the transmitter current is allowed to produce this larger current in the wire extending to the central exchange. There are really a pair of wires, the telephone not using any ground connection. The current increase is brought about by the use of our old friend the core of soft iron. The wire from the transmitter circuit is wound around it, while the wire of the line circuit is wound around it also, but with a much greater number of coils. This excess in number of coils produces a more active current in the line circuit than in the transmitter circuit.

The variations of current produced by having the diaphragm work against a loose-carbon conductor are very great. For practical purposes, damping springs are put against the telephone diaphragms, so that the changes shall not exceed those of ordinary talking. In certain instruments, however, such springs are not used. The microphone, for example, has none; and as a result it can detect very faint sounds. One of the uses of the microphone has been in navigation. A weight is dragged over the sea-bottom; and the character of the sound enables the operator to tell what kind of bottom is below him—mud, weed, sand, or rocks, for example. The microphone is used also as a very sensitive stethoscope.

Another use of the diaphragm without damping springs is found in the telephonic ear-drums used for deaf people. The receiver is placed in the ear, the battery carried in the pocket, and the transmitter held at any convenient place. The ordinary telephone transmitter can record sounds some distances off, such as footsteps, near-by voices, etc. The loose-carbon transmitter without springs is much more powerful, enabling the user of such an ear-drum to hear voices at a greater distance, in spite of any partial deafness on his part.

The line-circuit produced by the use of the transmitter and doubly-wound coil has an alternating current. An increase of direct current in the local circuit gives an impulse in one direction in the main line, while a decrease of the local current gives a main-line impulse in the opposite direction. Many telephones, however, use direct battery current on the line: in which case the impulses caused by the transmitter are added to or subtracted from the main current, making it fluctuate. It will be seen that

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the magneto receiver is not suited for use on direct-current lines; and a new type of receiver was developed for direct-current use. Such a receiver lacks the permanent magnet of the magneto receiver, the current being allowed to magnetize the cores by flowing through coils about them. Sometimes a single coil and core is used. The current fluctuations move the receiver diaphragm by the greater or lesser attraction that they give to the magnetic core.

The ordinary telephone bell is what is known as a polarized ringer. This consists of two electromagnets, mounted side by side. An armature is placed below these, and magnetized by a permanent magnet. The armature is pivoted so that when not in use it does not touch the end of either core of the electromagnet, the pivot being on a line between the two cores. The electromagnet coils are wound in opposite directions; so that when a current flows through them it will make one core north in polarity, and the other south. Attached to the armature is one pole of a permanent magnet. The armature, being of one polarity, will be attracted toward the reverse pole, which is one of the two cores in the electromagnet. When the current is reversed, the polarity of the cores is reversed also; and the armature is now attracted toward the other core. The armature carries a rod with the bell striker, which is placed between two bells, and thus strikes them both alternately.

A biassed bell, used with the fluctuating current, is built on similar lines. The bell-striker is made to press normally against one of the two bells, by means of a spring or other device. The current is supplied in direct but short impulses, which attract the armature and pull the striker toward the other bell. As each impulse releases the striker, it drops back to its original position. Each attraction and each release thus means one bell-stroke.

In the old telephones, the subscriber turned a crank when calling central. This crank was attached to a horseshoe magnet, the rotation of which operated the polarized ringer. Now-a-days the mere lifting of the receiver off the hook, allows springs inside the telephone box to complete the circuit that will make the call.

Central office is usually called by the lighting of a lamp, in the circuit made by the subscriber's lifting his receiver. Formerly, and in some cases at present also, the signal consists of some sort of gravity-drop, in which the moving of an armature at the subscriber's office terminal allows a white strip to drop into the operator's view. Similar drops inform the hotel bell-boy what number is ringing.

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Large offices now have multiple switchboards, in which each line has several terminals. This enables the operator to make the connection (by a flexible cord containing wires and ending in plugs) with much less movement than if each line had one terminal. Even with this aid, the service is somewhat wearing, and we should not grow impatient with the hard-working telephone girl.

The use of a battery and local circuit for each transmitter becomes rather expensive for a large exchange; and it is customary now for such exchange to have its batteries in the office. The completion of the circuit is made by the rising of the hook when the receiver is lifted off it. The office batteries may be connected to serve for more lines than they could supply if used locally.

Party lines, with several instruments on a line, may be called by using the proper number of rings agreed upon for each subscriber. In these, all bells ring together. There are, however, selective and lockout party lines, in which only one bell responds to the call. In the latter classes, polarity systems are those in which a bell responds to current in one direction, but not in the other, sometimes by the use of oppositely biassed bells. Harmonic systems give to each bell-hammer a different rate of vibration, and each bell has a rate at which it will ring while the other are silent, the operator giving current impulses of the desired frequency. The step-by-step system depends on parts of ratchet wheels at each subscriber's station, the wheels moving one tooth (by escapement pawls, etc.) for each current impulse, but the bell contact being made by a different number of impulses for each station. The broken-line system has a switch at each station, which may be used for its own station or subjected to a current impulse which connects it with the wire for the station beyond and cuts off the station where the switch is thrown. For selective lines, two or four stations are usually included. Lockout lines are used for more than four stations, either the ratchet or the broken-line system being employed.

In telephone train dispatching, instruments known as selectors are used, to call individual stations. These depend uponthe use of ratchet wheels, each station making contact after the wheel has been moved the requisite number of teeth. Such wheels work on the usual escapement principle, but differ from clock escapements in having the power supplied by a pushing pawl, operated by the usual electromagnet. There are, of course, similar magnets and pawls at each station.

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The automatic central station for telephone exchanges is certainly one of the great achievements of the human mind. Such stations are in use in many places, and their principles have been employed largely in many others to lessen the work done by operators. Selectors and connectors impart to a vertical bar first a step-by-step rising motion, and then a rotary motion. The bar (selector switch) carries an arm which moves along contacts set in horizontal lines along the inner surface of part of a cylinder. The contact is not made until the "up-and-around" motion is completed, when a little plunger rod is drawn to the contacts. The operations of the automatic exchange are so varied, and the means for bringing them about so intricate, that space forbids anything more than a mere mention of them. The number is called by moving a plate on the transmitter to figures representing the successive digits of the number called. The thousands digit operates a line switch, and after it a first selector, giving contact to a trunk leading to the proper thousands group. A second selector gives the proper hundred, while the connector, on the same principle, picks out the proper ten and unit. At the beginning, each line-switch is made to take care of eight or ten subscribers. The circuit for automatic work has a ground connection, and the transmitter outfit contains certain springs enabling the operator to send impulses over either of the two wires, which are both retained. The use of electromagnets is illustrated at its very best in automatic exchanges, for they perform nearly all of the many necessary operations.

In operating a telephone with automatic central, the subscriber has only to take down his receiver and rotate a plate to successive numbers forming the digits of the number he wishes to call. The plate-release after each rotation allows it to return to its original position by passing over contacts that give the desired number of current impulses for the up-and-around motion at central. The electromagnets do the rest, flashing back a signal if the line is busy. (For a full description of telegraph and telephone apparatus of all sorts, the reader is referred to the Cyclopedia of Telephony and Telegraphy.)

The real development of "wireless" is quite recent, although its principles were foreshadowed in part many years ago. Wireless telegraphy is brought about by electric waves travelling through the ether, at a rate of 186,000 miles a second. Such waves seem to follow the earth's curvature by preference. They are generated by current impulses in an aerial wire, these impulses being made very rapidly in succession by the use of a

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recurring spark. The impulses in the ether are known as Hertzian waves.

The sending apparatus has some form of current generator, with an induction coil and a "step-up" to increase the current force, the induced circuit having many more windings about the coil than the primary circuit. The spark-gap is in the induced circuit. The key for sending messages is larger than an ordinary telegraph key, to avoid undesired sparks before or after contact; and the wireless key is often immersed in a bath of insulating oil. With this key, dot-and-dash messages are sent through the air. The ether-waves are best sent and received by the use of areial wires.

The relay at the receiving end must have some delicate form of detector, influenced by the electric ether-waves to close a local circuit of sufficient strength to operate the receiving sounder. To speak more accurately, the ether-waves produce a slight curren-in the receiving aerial wire, and this current influences the detect tor. The great variety of detectors in use bears witness to the development of this field of electric work.

The first detectors were coherers, consisting of loose iron filings. The slight current from the aerial was strong enough to make these filings cohere, and serve as a circuit-closer, for the relay current. These coherers are not now in practical use.

The Lodge-Muirhead system has a mercury-contact detector, a drop of mercury between steel discs being insulated by a film of oil, but making a contact through that film when influenced by the aerial. The mercury-contact detector is used by other firms in various forms, and may properly be called a coherer.

Valve, or rectifier, detectors, change the oscillations from the aerial into a steadier current, sometimes by the use of substances like silicon, which conduct in one direction only. This type of instrument is very simple, and much used by amateurs. Another rectifier device is the glow-lamp of Prof. Fleming. This is merely an incandescent bulb, in which negative impulses of electrons from the filament cause a one-way current action. In the bulb is a metal plate, connected to the outside circuit.

De Forest's audion lamp uses similar one-way impulses of electrons from filament to plate; but he has made the process much more delicate by introducing wire grids between filament and plate. Any variation in the charge of these grids causes a much greater variation in the filament-plate current, magnifying the effect from six to ten times.

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Marconi uses a magnetic detector, in which endless loops of wire drawn past a magnet tend to hold their magnetism except when a message is being received.

Best among the so-called electrolytic detectors is Fessenden's liquid barreter. Contact in this is made through a fine platinum wire electrode dipped into nitric acid. The oscillations from the aerial pass through this path easily, while small local currents do not. Prof. Fessenden has been one of the most intelligent investigators in the wireless field, which the public mistakenly regards as the domain of Marconi alone. Fessenden has invented also an electrodynamic detector, consisting of a suspended metal disc, which tends to swing into a plane at right angles to the current from the aerial whenever a message is being received.

Thermo-electric detectors respond to the heat caused in very fine wires when a current passes through them.

The sending station of a direct-current wireless outfit has usually an interrupter, acting on the electric bell make-and-break principle, or some other deivce that will produce rapidly recurring current impulses. By regulating this, and by altering the size of the spark-gap, and in some cases by still other means, it has been found possible to tune the waves to any desired rate. These waves are quite long in comparison with sound waves. Thus if 186,000 waves per second are generated, each wave will be a mile long. The Fessenden system has used the tuning principle most frequently. Alternating current generators are now sometimes used for spark production, in which case no interrupter is needed.

In the primary circuit of a sending station is a condenser. This is really a break in the circuit, consisting of two plates with some insulating material between. The electricity seems to store itself up in such plates, one positive and the other negative; and the rest of the circuit acts in many ways as if it were completely closed, with current flowing. Such a circuit will cause a current in the secondary circuit by means of the induction coil. A Leyden jar is practically a condenser.

To sum up briefly, the mechanism for transmitting consists of key, current generator, induction coil, an interrupter, all in the primary circuit, with a spark gap in the secondary (induced) circuit, and an aerial wire, grounded at one end, to take the spark-impulses, either directly or through another induction coil. The receiving outfit consists of the same aerial wire used for sending, a detector, a local circuit which the detector completes, and a sounder or other receiver.

The Marconi system for ships and comparatively short distances now uses an induction coil with mechanical interrupter to charge from six to twelve Leyden jars, connected to a spark-gap, two coils and two sets of jars being often supplied for different wave-lengths. The magnetic detector is used. Shore stations for the best work may have various supplies of current, and do have the horizontal antennae placed with the grounded end in the direction of sending, and the free end in the opposite direction. The magnetic detector, often with the Fleming glow-lamp, is used here.

The Fessenden system, which signalled from Massachusetts to Scotland in 1906, is used by the National Electric Signaling Company. This system is most advanced in the field of selective tuning. The sending key does not break the current, but cuts out a part of the circuit resistance, raising the resulting wave frequency. Receiving stations are tuned to respond to the raised frequency. It is claimed that a frequency alteration of less than one per cent. is enough for the sending of intelligible messages. An interference preventer takes unexpected disturbances from earth or air away from the receiver. The liquid barreter is used for detector purposes. An intensity regulator enables the operator to cut down the oscillatory force for communication with nearby stations.

The Telefunken system of Germany sells its instruments outright, and they are noted for excellence of workmanship. It uses a direct-current generator, interrupter, condensers in both primary and spark circuits, a direct-coupled aerial, and an electrolytic detector. The company has recently adopted very small spark-gaps, increasing the power considerably, and a newly invented detector of its own.

The Von Lepel system uses for its spark-gap two copper boxes separated only by a layer of paper with a hole in it. The sparks burn the edges of the hole, but the paper is easily replaced. This arrangement is directly in the aerial, with a condenser between it and the ground.

The Lodge-Muirhead system has large capacity areas connected with the (multiple) spark balls, to facilitate tuning. The transmitting circuit is coupled directly to the aerial, the receiving circuit taking its aerial impulses through an induction coil. This system has used perforated tape for sending messages, the compressed key making a contact whenever the tape permits.

DeForest's system uses a detector much like Fessenden's barreter, which is made very sensitive. It employs also a syntonized

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system, using the so-called Lecher wires, which reflect waves having a definite ratio to the wire's total length.

The Clark system makes portable instruments, such as are used in the United States army. The sending apparatus is of the induction-coil type, with condenser and alterable inductance in the spark circuit. The aerial is influenced by induction. The aerial may be switched rapidly from the transmitter to the receiver circuits. Between this point in the aerial and the ground is a variable inductance coil. The coherer has carbon granules between two conducting blocks of steel. One dry cell is put in series with the telephone receiver. Four oak cases contain the entire outfit.

The Stone system, important in America, though little mentioned, has a key that breaks the circuit when used, so that an interruption of the operator, distracting his attention, is not mistaken for the end of the message. After the message is finished, the current is shut off.

The Massie system has an imperfect-contact detector, consisting of an ordinary needle laid upon two edges of carbon, and sometimes held in place by a small magnet.

The Poulsen system employs a carbon-copper spark-gap (carbon making the so-called singing spark), and a magnetic blowout, in hydrogen, i. e., magnets on each side of the spark-gap.

A new system, invented by Anders Bull, makes the receiver respond only to a set of impulses with unequal but prearranged time intervals between them. The timing of the impulses is done by a dispenser, and they are received by a collector operating a Morse recorder. The apparatus is complicated, but the results excellent.

Wireless telephony has been suggested by nearly all who have had much to do with the wireless telegraph, and by others as well. But before it began to develop much, the so-called light telephony was used. In Bell's photophone, light was reflected from the transmitter to a selenium cell, the latter being in a circuit with batteries and a receiver. Prof. Simon noted that a direct-current arc may be made to give a musical note when telephone currents are superimposed upon it. The arc was therefore used in place of a transmitter, and operated in conjunction with powerful search-lights and very sensitive selenium cells. Ruhmer developed this apparatus until it became practical enough for use in the German navy, twenty miles being the maximum operating distance.

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In telephony by means of the Hertzian waves, which the wireless (radio) telegraph uses, the waves are first formed, at a desirable high frequency, and then modified by voice currents from some transmitting apparatus. Fessenden has used high-frequency alternators, while Poulsen has employed the oscillating arc as a source for the waves. Poulsen varied his method by using several arcs in series, which is known as the multiple-arc system. In general, the transmitter is made to affect the energy of the waves, and these are made to reproduce the sound on the receiver diaphragm. In the methods mentioned above, the maximum variation of energy probably does not exceed eight per cent.

To adapt the transmitter idea to wireless conditions, Fessenden made the so-called "through," or condenser, transmitter. It is placed in a circuit connected to the aerial above and below a high-frequency generator. The transmitter is practically a condenser, the diaphragm vibrating toward or away from a fixed plate, from which it is insulated by the air.

Radiotelephony, as wireless telephony is called, needs a detector that will not merely react to the impulses in the receiving aerial, but will be sensitive to varying intensity in these impulses. Such detectors are thermo-electric, depending on the amount of heat produced by the varying current intensity; or they may be electrolytic, silicon valve, or ionized gas detectors. The latter form resembles the electrolytic in principle, variations in the condition of atomic change in the gas causing variations in resistance. If the waves received are continuous and steady, the current sent to the telephone receiver is also steady, holding the diaphragm in one position. Variations in this current cause audible sounds in the receiver. Fessenden's so-called heterodyne receiver has two coils, one on the diaphragm, and the other on a fixed core close by. A high-frequency alternator sends through the fixed coil impulses about in tune with the waves received; while the waves cause impulses that are led through the diaphragm coil. Fluctuations in the waves received thus cause variations in the attraction of the two coils. The use of this instrument as a radiotelegraph detector enables the operator to tune it slightly below the wave frequency; and the "beats" between these varying vibration rates make a musical tone in the receiver, the tone being stopped when the waves are interrupted.

For two-way transmission, it is necessary for a switch to be thrown from the sending to the receiving apparatus at each station. Fessenden patented a commutator which alternated the

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connection with the transmitter and the receiver very rapidly. The calling may be done by an ordinary coherer in circuit with a bell, the circuit being disconnected before conversation is begun.

The Fessenden system, with high-frequency alternators and heterodyne receivers, has sent messages from Brant Rock to New York,—about two hundred miles. The Telefunken system, developed abroad, has operated at fifty miles' distance. The Poulsen system, with umbrella-like aerials 225 feet high, sent messages from Lyngby to Berlin,—325 miles. The Marjorana system, in Italy, is another that can cover over 300 miles. The last-named system uses a very original transmitter. A circuit-breaking gap is closed by dropping water; and the diaphragm, by making this tiny jet vibrate, causes it to vary the connection it makes in the broken circuit, and thus influence the current.

DeForest has recently made practicable a system of telephony without wires that has given remarkable results. Vacuum tubes are used in the sending circuit, in a way not definitely made public. These, often used in Physics, are tubes from which the air is almost wholly exhausted, and which have an electric terminal sealed through the glass at each end. The use of the audion lamp as a relay has already been explained, the grid between the filament and an outer plate influencing by its varying charges the current of electrons passing from the filament to the plate. All this is enclosed in the lamp bulb. This device has proven practicable as a relay in ordinary long-distance telephony. The wireless system is now owned by the United States Government and has been operated between Washington and Mare Island Navy Yard, if memory serves,—a distance of about three thousand miles.

It is not probable that wireless service will come into popular use at all quickly; but that should not detract from the credit due to those who have brought it to its present remarkable state.

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JEAN-BAPTISTE FAURE

By HENRI DE CURZON

THE events which have set all Europe aflame during many months have caused numerous deaths to be passed over without notice which, at other times, would have created considerable commotion.

One such is that of Jean-Baptiste Faure, the illustrious French lyric artist; he had, however, withdrawn from the world many years ago, never making his appearance anywhere, and was over eighty-four years of age when he passed away peacefully on November the 9th, 1914.

To-day it is difficult to realize what an exceptional position he occupied in the world of art at the end of the Empire, and even after the war of 1870, when all the life-forces of France were infused with new energy in every branch of her multifarious activities. His world-wide celebrity, the deference paid him on every hand, his entire personality even, were almost without precedent at the theatre; and he had won this extraordinary esteem as much by the dignity of his life as by his reverence for art—as much by his determination and conscientiousness in work as by the marvellous harmony of his faculties.

On approaching him one felt, in very truth, the fine unity of his lifework; one admired the proud independence of his character. From childhood he had vowed to become the foremost promoter, above and beyond any one else, of the study of that art for which he was gifted; to spare no effort to attain the highest place; and when his aim was achieved, when no one ventured to claim equality with him, and his possible rivals, on the contrary, bowed down before him, he still spared no pains to satisfy a severer judge than all these—himself. Nor did he weary in working to attain the perfection which, from the outset, had been his goal, and whose imperious demands still controlled his whole life.

Besides, he was not content with the rôle of an interpreter; he composed; and so there are scores of melodies and lofty religious songs, consecrated by unanimous approval, which have long borne witness to his admirable musicianship.

Moreover, his taste as a collector, as an amateur of painting, which had been in the ascendant since early youth, and which

he was finally enabled to gratify to the full, brought to the front an expertness of judgment gradually acquired, and gave him a standing among the keenest of connoisseurs.

Add to all this exalted friendships, familiar intercourse with most of the masters—artists or writers—of his time, and, in his own personality, a cachet of natural distinction united with the deportment of a perfect gentleman, and there will be no difficulty in comprehending that Faure then occupied, in Paris, a position wholly unique.

Finally, every one knew that he had attained that position by his own unaided efforts, and step by step; that he was, in very truth, "the child of his own works."

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He was born at Moulins (Allier) on January the 15th, 1830, his father being a humble chorister in the church. The latter, shortly after his son's birth, sought to better his condition in Paris; but his premature decease set this project at naught, and at the end he left his wife and four children in complete destitution.

How could our little Jean-Baptiste—he was but seven years old at the time—make head against such a calamity? Yet the child undertook the task, supported by the moral energy of his mother, whose spirit of initiative and of perseverance in effort were, throughout his life, the object of a veritable cult on his part. While receiving elementary instruction from her, he resolved to follow his father's career as early as possible, and make profitable use of his youthful voice.

In the meantime he began by acting as "blower" of the organ at the cathedral of Notre-Dame; this was his first gainful occupation. It was the organist who, taking an interest in his fortunes, had procured for him this paid employment, and who, moreover, gave him lessons in solfeggio which speedily enabled him to apply for, and receive, admission to the choristers' school of the church of St.-Nicolas de Chardonnet.

This first period of his life, which extended over some ten years, was of real importance for the development of his artistic individuality, and in his old age he still would recur to it with grateful enjoyment. The fact is, that a genuine passion for learning made everything easy for him: "I was in love with my art (he would say, reminiscently), tremendously in love! And before true love, every obstacle is levelled at last."

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After all, there is no better school for forming a singer *as a musician*, than a *maîtrise* (choristers' school). This proposition Faure maintained as long as he lived. However, that did not suffice him. At this same time (in 1843) he attended the Conservatoire, entering the solfeggio-classes for children; and as his teacher, Tariot, was also chorus-master at the Théâtre Italien, he obtained his permission to join the sopranos in the rehearsals. In those years Mario, Lablanche and Tamburini were the reigning powers, with Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Brambilla. Faure used to tell how he had then, more than once, held Mario's hat while the latter, after the traditionary manner of tenors, had negligently cast if off before singing.

Thus, from morning until evening, he was wholly absorbed in his art. But it was more especially when he had been admitted to the *maîtrise* of the church of La Madeleine, that his training began in good earnest. The musical director (*maître de chapelle*), Trévaux, who took a very special interest in him, and for whom he entertained throughout life a feeling of the deepest gratitude, considering him his only real teacher, lost no time in forming him into a genuine musician—into an artist, even then.

At this time the youthful Faure was the possessor of a wonderful soprano voice, pure, full, and sonorous, which (thanks to the masses for the dead, which are numerously attended by devotees of all classes) had gained him an unquestionable reputation in Paris. His services were in special request; dying persons expressed their wish that he should sing at their obsequies. Once a bequest was made him with the object "that he should meditate on what he was singing."

He was so fortunate as to preserve this soul-stirring voice for a long term; at 16, he still displayed it to the surprised and delighted Spontini. Better still, he preserved it, up to a certain point, all his life—without vocational use, of course! I have heard Faure, already advanced in years—when conversing about his art, and, for the better illustration of the possible persistence of this child's voice athwart the voice of the man, practically exemplifying it—sing an entire aria for soprano with the words! Actually, one had to see him in order not to be persuaded that a woman was singing!

The inevitable mutation took its course in the young man after a fashion commensurable with his voice as it was and his voice to be. It was violent, and his budding career was stopped short; all seemed lost! Undismayed, Faure rented a double-bass, learned its technic with all speed, and straightway sought a

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position in an orchestra. At first he had to content himself with a suburban dance-hall; but some of his comrades promptly introduced him at the Odéon Theatre, and there he found himself when his voice finally came back—the deep, resonant voice of a *basso cantante*. An unknown world was now revealed to him, which called for immediate exploration.

This he instantly undertook with zeal, reëntering, to begin with, the chorus of the Théâtre Italien, but this time among the basses. It provided means of subsistence, thus permitting him leisure to study his new resources, and soon to ask admission to the Conservatoire.

This was in 1850; he was twenty years of age. For most of the pupils, their entrance means a beginning of study, for they have everything to learn; for him it was like a consummation—one final effort, and the palm was in his grasp. Having entered Ponchard's class in singing, and then the class of Moreau-Sainti in comedy-opera, he left it in his second year with the first prize for singing and the first prize in comedy-opera, unanimously awarded! And a few months later he made his début on the stage of the Opéra-Comique in such a manner as to exhibit from the outset an artistic temperament of the rarest and most individualistic sort.

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It was fitting (so it seemed to me) to dwell in some detail on the preliminary steps of this magnificent career, in order that its normal upbuilding might be understood and its intelligent perseverance appreciated. We shall now proceed more rapidly in following its swift evolution. It will suffice, in the main, to insist on the vast variety of its manifestations and their perfect unity of direction. We have to do with an artist who always knew where he was going, what his aim was, and what he was able to accomplish; an artist who satisfied all his aspirations, because he had none save those which he knew he could satisfy.

From the day on which he presented himself for the first time to the public until the time of his definitive leavetaking, four periods may be traced in his career: The one passed at the Opéra-Comique (1852–1860), that of his reign over the Opéra (1861–1876), his Italian seasons at London (1860–1877), and, finally, the long years which followed his premature retirement in 1876, during which he appeared solely at his own pleasure, and chiefly in concerts.

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In order to give a clearer idea of the development of these periods I shall set down for each of them, before commenting upon them, a list of the works interpreted—the artist's "certificate of service."

Faure, at the Opéra-Comique, appeared in the following rôles:

1852. *Galathée*, by V. Massé (rôle of Pygmalion)
Le Caïd, by A. Thomas (Michel)
1853. *La Tonelli*, by A. Thomas (Masselli)
Haydée, by Auber (Malipieri)
Mario Spada, by Auber (Borromée)
Le Chalet, by Adam (Max)
1854. *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été*, by A. Thomas (Falstaff)
Mario Spada (Torrida)
L'Étoile du Nord, by Meyerbeer (Peters)
1855. *Le Chien du jardinier*, by Grisar (Justin)
Jenny Bell, by Auber (Greenwich)
1856. *Manon Lescaut*, by Auber (d'Hérigny)
Le Sylphe, by Clapisson (Valbreuse)
1857. *Joconde*, by Nicolo (Joconde)
1858. *Quentin Durward*, by Gevaert (Crêvecœur)
1859. *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, by Meyerbeer (Hoël)

Remarkable talents, and a surprisingly early maturity, were requisite for a successful début, at the age of twenty-two, in rôles so strongly contrasted as the poetic Pygmalion and the clownish drum-major Michel. Applause was bestowed on both (from the vocal point of view) for a timbre at once resonant and mellow, velvety, full of charm, a tone perfectly equalized throughout the entire range, the purity of style of a true musician, a vocal suppleness and agility already consummate; and (from the histrionic standpoint), with a residue of inexpertness, a buoyant, intelligent style of acting, full of good taste and moderation, coupled with elegance of gesture and an attractive physiognomy.

These characteristics, continuously developed by practical experience, assumed thenceforward, day by day, greater distinction and authority, and greater variety as well. One could wish for time to analyze each of the rôles interpreted by Faure during these eight years; none bears resemblance to the one preceding or following it. With the eagerness of an explorer, with the delight of a dilettante arrived at full mastery of his art, he took pleasure in widening his vocal resources, in seeking after novel modes of expression, in devising unlooked-for effects, which, however, always bore the cachet of distinction and naturalness.

In *La Tonelli* one admired his boldness and gracefulness in the vocalises wherewith his rôle was bestrewn. In *l'Étoile du*

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Nord, which he had studied with Meyerbeer himself as an understudy to the creator of the part of Tsar Peter, the admirable Battaille, he aroused amazement by his sovereign authority. In the somewhat rustic rôle of the Peasant in *le Chien du jardinier* his depiction of repressed emotion was exquisite; and as the Marquis in *Manon Lescaut* he discovered the rarest taste in the elegance and nobility of his bearing. In *Jenny Bell* the mere tone of his voice, ineffably sweet, brought tears to the eyes; and in *Le Sylphe* he executed the *tour de force* of playing (as it were) a double rôle;—a baritone on the stage, he became a tenor behind the scenes, and this with equal sonority and equal *brio*. "He shades, he colors, he has command of style and expression. And he never shouts! Is he not a rare man?"—so writes a contemporary critic.

That same year an official approbation came to emphasize his early mastership. Ponchard (whose pupil, as we have seen, he had been) having retired, Faure was appointed to take his place as professor of singing in the Conservatoire. He was only twenty-six years of age!

His response (so to speak) to this mark of confidence was given in the revival of *Joconde*, which was one of the most brilliant of his successes, both in the wonderful charm of his acting and in the elasticity and evenness of his voice in the celebrated rôle of Martin, where the notes of the tenor alternate continually with those of the bass.

Let us further, and finally, mention the distinction and the nobility of bearing which won him a triumph in the difficult rôle of Quentin Durward, and, more especially, his sensational creation of the character of Hoël in *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, a part so well adapted to display all his qualities of power and tenderness, of histrionic fervor and art in the grand style; from a study of the score it would seem that no other part better reveals the variety of resources which the actor has at command on the stage.

Two months later, his marriage took place. He espoused his associate, Caroline Lefebvre, equally exquisite as a singer, as an actress, and as a woman, who has left an abiding memory of grace and *esprit* in connection with the representations of *l'Épreuve villageoise*, *Psyché*, *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été*, *Miss Fauvette*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Joconde*, *Mireille*—but who did not hesitate to abandon the theatre that she might devote herself exclusively to domestic life and the education of her son.

It is here—and in order to give a connected description—that allusion should be made to Faure's Italian engagements at

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London, for the stage of Covent Garden. They really commenced in 1860. At the same time, he gave up his position at the Opéra-Comique and his class at the Conservatoire. The season, however, claimed him for only a few months in each year; but he was also preparing to enter the Opéra, an event which took place the year following. Furthermore, a comparison of the list given below with the one provided somewhat later, for the Opéra, will show that he was frequently studying some rôle in Italian which he was to interpret subsequently in French at Paris. These summer engagements regularly occupied his vacation-time at the Opéra from 1860 to 1866, and again from 1870 to 1877. These are the rôles sung in London during the two periods just mentioned:

1860. *Dinorah* [*Le Pardon de Ploërmel*] (rôle of Hoël)
La Favorita, by Donizetti (Alphonso)
La Gazza ladra, by Rossini (Fernando)
Gli Ugonotti, by Meyerbeer (St.-Bris)
1861. *Guglielmo Tell*, by Rossini (Guglielmo)
Don Giovanni, by Mozart (Don Giovanni)
1863. *Masaniello* [*La Muette de Portici*], by Auber (Pietro)
Faust, by Gounod (Mefistofele)
I Puritani, by Bellini (Riccardo)
1864. *La Sonnambula*, by Bellini (Rodolfo)
L'Elisir d'Amore, by Donizetti (Dulcamara)
Le Stella del Nord [*l'Étoile du Nord*] (Pietro)
1866. *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart (Figaro)
1870. *Otello*, by Rossini (Iago)
Mignon, by Ambroise Thomas (Lotario)
1871. *Amleto*, by Ambroise Thomas (Amleto)
1872. *Der Freischütz*, by Weber (Gaspard)
Il Guarany, by Gomez (The Cacique)
1875. *Semiramide*, by Rossini (Assur)
1876. *Gli Ugonotti*, by Meyerbeer (de Nevers)
Lucrezia Borgia, by Donizetti (Il Duca)

What memories must have been awakened in Faure by this Italian repertory, the ambition of his childhood! What a realization of his dream—what a contrast between the boy-chorister and the artist, now in the foremost rank, again meeting Mario and the Grisi, but as their competitor for the approval of the public! For the rest, he took good care not to waste this new opportunity for study, and the perfection of his singing owed an even greater lustre to it. This was noticed immediately in Paris; never had his exuberant voice possessed such evenness, so beautiful a sonority.

Among the works cited above, which he interpreted almost every year, were some which were heard the world over—*La*

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Favorite, Les Huguenots, Guillaume Tell, Don Juan—and in which he was to remain incomparable; *Faust*, one of his most popular successes; *l'Étoile du Nord, Hamlet*, his magnificent Parisian creation. Some others were heard only in London, like *Les Noces de Figaro* (in which his sprightly and piquant Figaro earned him a triumph), and *Otello* (his Iago was a most impressive impersonation). The beautiful Italian language, sung by him, lent itself in marvellous fashion to the poignancy or the gracefulness of his diction, the amplitude of his voice.

It was after his second season in London that he made his début at the Opéra in Paris. He appeared in a second-class work; but it was a revival, and provided him with an interesting rôle—*Pierre de Médicis*, by Prince Poniatowski. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded—all the greater, perhaps, because certain amateurs had rashly apprehended that he might force his fine voice in this novel environment; whereas, on the contrary, this voice, ever alert to adapt itself to the auditorium in which it was to be heard, seemed to have gained not only in breadth, power, and authority, but even in mellowness, limpidity, and delicacy. It was in *Guillaume Tell*, above all, that this impression was awakened. This admirable rôle, so lofty in expression, was —as Rossini himself wrote—of a truth "created" by Faure.

For completeness sake we append a list of the rôles sung by our great artist on this stage, the third scene of his exploits:

1861. *Pierre de Médicis*, by Prince Poniatowski (Julien de Médicis)
Guillaume Tell (Guillaume)
1862. *La Favorite* (Alphonse)
1863. *La Mule de Pedro*, by V. Massé (Pedro)
Les Huguenots (de Nevers)
La Muette de Portici (Pietro)
Moïse, by Rossini (Pharaon)
1865. *l'Africaine*, by Meyerbeer (Nélusko)
1866. *Don Juan* (Don Juan)
1867. *Don Carlos*, by Verdi (Rodrigue)
La Fiancée de Corinthe, by Duprato (Polus)
1868. *Hamlet*, by Ambroise Thomas (Hamlet)
1869. *Faust* (Méphistophélès)
1873. *La Coupe du roi de Thulé*, by Diaz (Paddock)
1876. *Jeanne d'Arc*, by Mermet (Charles VII)

Several of these rôles, as already remarked, were preceded in Paris by the reputation which they had acquired in London. They came hither to receive supreme approval—and it was enthusiastic. For example, take *La Favorite*, in which the part of King Alphonse had never been impersonated with so great

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distinction, tact, and concentrated passion (in most curious contrast to the exuberance of Mme. Pauline Viardot, who then sang, for the first time on that stage, the rôle of Léonore). And, in later years, Don Juan, which seemed a real revelation, and remained thenceforward the type of his artistic personality, moulded of elegance and conceptive imagination. Or *Faust*, where the sarcastic Mephisto revealed himself as a fallen and infernal Don Juan, of a wholly original fatuity.

In the *Huguenots*, wherein he had been, at London, an impressionable Saint-Bris, he assumed, at Paris, the more seductive rôle of de Nevers, immediately enrolling it among the "favorites" of his repertory, until his retirement. *La Muette*, and *Moïse*, so utterly contrasted in style, redounded no less to his honor; like *Don Carlos*, in which his Marquis de Posa has left an indelible memory of haughty and graceful bearing. With regard to his two celebrated creations of Nélusko (*l'Africaine*) and Hamlet, their renown was such that it is wellnigh superfluous to dwell upon it. In Nélusko we admired his wild, proud pathos and incisive diction; in Hamlet, the most penetrating melancholy blended with a wonderful delicacy of expression; and always that sovereign distinction of manner which became more and more characteristic of his acting; always, too, that eloquence of vocalization which produced the effect of the maximum of energy and power with a minimum of expenditure—effortless, tireless, never clamorous.

A complete Study in Technique might be written on Faure's method of singing, and more particularly on the intelligent way in which he used his voice; he could "send" it the precise distance required, while the imposing organ of some fellow-artist could scarcely penetrate beyond the footlights. And how many professional anecdotes might be told about it! How many artists, envious of this facility, sought to outdo him, and merely made themselves ridiculous! This was because he possessed, among other acquired qualities, a fairly incredible breath-control. When far advanced in age, he still frequently amused himself by giving the following little demonstration of "the art of breathing":—In the midst of some conversational phrase, in the middle of a word, all of a sudden and quite without taking breath, he would start a vocalise, keeping on and on——At last you would take out your watch to time him!

Faure's last grand rôle at the Opéra—for that of Charles VII, in *Jeanne d'Arc*, was really a trifling affair—was that of the buffoon Paddock in *La Coupe du roi de Thulé*. Made to measure,

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this part naturally lends itself to the effects created by the artist, either through the flexibility of his voice, or its color and expression, or the variety of his acting. But this period, following so closely on the events of 1870, was devoid of great works, and that was one of the reasons which brought on his retirement from a stage where he was confined to a continual repetition of the same repertory. Nevertheless, it was only by a narrow margin that he escaped participation in the representation of the masterpieces of Richard Wagner. It would be superfluous to dwell on what such an artist as he lost thereby—and we, too. We may judge from certain fragments of *Tannhäuser* (which, at the outbreak of the war, was about to be re-staged) that we were permitted to hear him sing in various concerts from 1868 until as late as 1888.

Throughout his career, Faure had revealed himself as an unrivalled concert-singer—a fact beyond cavil. In his "Art du Chant," which is a masterly work, he called attention to the point that neither the same voice nor the same style is suitable for both concert-hall and theatre, for the church or the *salon*. We know only too well how rarely one hears a singer from the theatre who has assimilated this rule of taste and proportion. Those in a position to follow Faure during this period still bear witness that they heard four artists in a single person. And thus it came that, during the many years succeeding his retirement from the stage, he found no difficulty in achieving such flattering and well-merited successes.

Indeed, throughout his entire career one would seek in vain for one representation or one concert in which the plenitude of his gifts did not find demonstration; for no one could be more scrupulous about appearing before an audience only when fully able to satisfy them. No hit-or-miss for him! People knew him and were sure of him in advance; and this sense of security was not without influence on the enthusiastic receptions which he met with everywhere. Hence, at the dawn of an apprehension that fatigue might steal upon him before the end of a representation, he renounced the theatre without regret.

There was another, and wholly physical, reason which moved him to make this decision. The greater his renown and the loftier and more exceptional his position as an artist became, the more his feeling of responsibility grew, while on the stage, to a source of terror which at times reached an agonizing intensity. It has often been said that real artists, those who properly ought to have the greatest self-confidence, are the ones most

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afraid of the public, and suffer from "stage-fright." Probably no one has had to fight harder against stage-fright than Faure. In his case this fight was made manifest by a cold sweat of such abundance as to drip upon the boards he was treading! One evening the souffleur in his den, captivated by the delight of hearing him, neglected to follow the score spread out before him, and Faure recalled him to his duty by flirting at him, with an appropriate gesture, the drops of perspiration coursing down his hand!

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It was in 1876 that he left the Opéra in Paris; but he was still heard on the stage during several tournées in France and abroad. He had never had a liking for moving from place to place; up to that time we find but a few scattered representations at Baden-Baden (in 1867 and 1869) and at Brussels (1870–1873; he had been appointed inspector of vocal study at the Royal Conservatory). During the years following his retirement, he reappeared in a score of towns in France, to begin with, then in Belgium, in Geneva, and more especially in Vienna (1878, when he sang Hamlet in French, *La Favorite*, Faust, Don Juan in Italian), and Monte Carlo (1880, 1882), where the Casino had just been opened. A relation of the triumphs he won would entail useless repetitions. Mention was just made of one impression—so characteristic of the career of this great artist, and so rare in others—that he found favor for never appearing except at his best.

In concerts, he could still be admired as late as 1892; in private, or in church when drawn thither by special solemnities, at least ten years later. Taking note of only the grand lyric interpretations in the concert-hall, in some cases of higher importance than theatrical works, in which he took part after his retirement, I shall mention *La Tempête* and *Sardanapale*, by Alphonse Duvernoy (1880, 1882), *Frithjof*, by Max Bruch (1884), *Mérowig*, by Samuel Rousseau (1892), and above all Gounod's two oratorios *Rédemption* (1884) and *Mors et vita* (1886), in which the sentiment of grandeur and respect evoked by the admirable artist in pronouncing the sacred text clings in my memory among the most thrilling, sublime impressions of my life. Indeed, in these moments of supreme artistic achievement his entire life was, so to speak, epitomized—a lifetime of labor and faith, from his singing as a boy-chorister to the *Pie Jesu* and the *Dies irae*

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at the obsequies of his friends, when, in the tones of that wonderful voice, one truly felt a soul that wept in supplication.

He himself wrote several sacred songs fraught with sincerest inspiration. We know, in fact, that from childhood he had striven to make himself a real musician—otherwise, how can a singer become an artist in the fullest sense? But he wanted, besides, to compose; a far rarer faculty, and one bestowed on very few lyric arists—for example, Mme. Pauline Viardot. However, he confined his endeavors to the domain of song, wherein he was more at home than any one else. And so his melodies, of which he published about one hundred, possess the merit—less common than may be imagined—of being perfectly written for the voice. They have other merits; and although not all are equally inspired, many are worthy of a place beside the lyrical productions of the French school of that epoch, both by virtue of depth and sincerity of feeling and through charm of conception or breadth of style. Among those most deserving such praise we note *Les Myrtes sont flétries, l'Enfant au jardin, Que le jour me dure, Bonjour Suzon, Le Missel, Alleluia d'amour Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme, Adieu à un ami, Le Voyageur, Discrétion, Valse des feuilles, Nous avons passé sans nous voir, Mirage, Espoir en Dieu.*

Several songs, whose inspiration is altogether religious, have won, and still maintain, a worldwide reputation. Some of these are *Les Rameaux*, and the admirable *Crucifix*, for two voices. Faure also wrote (more especially for the church and the liturgy) some thirty motets, among them a *Pie Jesu*, an *O Salutaris*, a *Sub tuum praesidium*, an *Ave Maria*, a *Tantum ergo*, and a *Pater noster*—all really remarkable.

The first of these works go back as far as 1860, at least; the last date from 1904.

His vocal method, "l'Art du Chant," has added no less to his renown, and it is studied with respect by the greatest artists. One is at a loss whether to bestow greater praise on the profoundly artistic spirit which controlled the creation of this work, or on the wisdom, the reasonableness, and the good taste which dictated the advice wherewith it is so abundantly stored. Never before had been said so well, and so simply, what one must do to bring one's natural voice to perfection, and to acquire the three following, and no less essential, qualities: Style, taste, feeling.

In a word, a passion for composition shared his leisure with the zeal of an amateur of art; his picture-gallery, in particular, was celebrated, and his way of encouraging artists whose style he appreciated was well known. As noted above, he had, from

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childhood, that instinct of a collector which was so well assorted with a keen spirit imbued with a love of the beautiful, and which he bequeathed to his son, a distinguished painter, a man of refined culture and intellectual charm. From this instinct he derived ever-renewed delight, which assuredly smoothed the way for the progressive renunciation of his own art. And so he was never happier than when at home in his apartment on Boulevard Haussmann in Paris, or by the seashore in his villa at Êtretat, two museums. I visited him chiefly during the course of this period of his career. Surrounded by his dear ones—his faithful partner, his son, his grandchildren—between his piano and his pictures, a man of honor and conscience, he awaited with serenity the appointed hour.

He did not give lessons—he never had given any, properly speaking; this is a point that should be clearly understood. He may have given advice; but no one has a right to declare himself actually "his pupil"; this he himself formally stated. The reason was, on the one hand, that he found it distasteful to assume responsibility of this sort; on the other, that he disliked above all things any restraint of his freedom. This fact alone proves how little of the mercenary spirit was his. Now and again it has been imputed to him, because, once in a position to demand whatever he pleased for his appearances in the theatre, in concerts, or in society, he considered it due to his dignity as an artist to make and enforce such demands, even beyond those of others. But—apart from the lessons for which he was besieged from every quarter, and which would have made his fortune—consider how unconcernedly he gave up his exceptional position at the Opéra! how many inviting engagements he refused! No; however alluring the offer, he never allowed the temptation of gain to get the better of his independence of spirit and his personal tastes.

Moreover, with advancing age, yet more pronounced became the trait of nobility and lofty dignity which I have praised from the outset of this sketch—that species of introversion which impelled him to turn away from whatsoever might remind him of his past glory and induce melancholy at surviving it. He loved to speak of his art, to throw into relief its charm and esthetic quality, to explain how it should be taught; he did not like to speak of himself. Many another imposes on his environment—and does his utmost to maintain—a sovereignty whose glory has long been on the wane. Faure sought only to withdraw from notice, to be forgotten.

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So long as he felt that his voice (which he always kept in training) was worthy of him, he might still be seen and heard at some concert given either for a benevolent purpose, or to pay tribute to the memory of a friend; for example, at the obsequies of Legouvé at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, on March the 17th, 1903—he was then seventy-three!—On such occasions he sometimes reaped a reward which he no longer expected. At a certain concert in which he thus appeared, in the great hall of the Trocadéro, where the élite of Parisian artists was assembled, they seized the opportunity to give him a spontaneous and enthusiastic ovation, by which he was profoundly moved.

But his last years were greatly saddened, not only by the death of his wife (1905), after which he never seemed to be himself again, but also by a strange kind of deafness that set his ears "out of tune" with one another, and soon robbed him of all musical enjoyment. And so he had lost all pleasure in life long before life itself came to an end, painlessly, like the shadow of supreme peace.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE FETISH OF VIRTUOSITY

By J. N. BURK

PEOPLE are growing more and more inclined to yawn at those unhuman creatures in pink tights that, with a superlative skill acquired by life-long practice, perform balancing feats which are entirely inane and uninteresting. These unfortunate folk have devoted their lives to diverting the public, gauging the course of their activities naturally and necessarily by the amount of applause which each "turn" receives. But the public, once delighted and thrilled, has become sophisticated; it ceases to be fooled by the pretense of danger and difficulty, and turns away, bored. Hence, the acrobatic acts are now termed, in the lingo of continuous vaudeville, "chasers;" they are used to discourage tight sitters, and clear the seats for new comers. So, the victims of a whim find their life-work suddenly become imbecilic, with nothing to show for their arduous and wearisome training but unnatural and cumbersome muscles.

In that more pretentious world of the concert-halls, which maintains a more hushed and dignified sense of its own importance, there are acrobats, too, acrobats of the piano and violin, with a remarkable skill acquired in exactly the same manner, but the magic spell of culture calls them "virtuosi," and their skill, "technique," with the help of which distinguished passwords the same human need for diversion goes under the name of high art. The most essential difference between the two forms of entertainment is that the one public is disillusioned as to the tricks, and looks elsewhere for something not so entirely devoid of sense as skill for skill's sake, while the other public flocks to the lure of billboards and world renown, pays enormous sums, and beholds, in puerile wonderment and delight, feats which dazzle, and leave in their wake little more than a tingle of stupefaction. This public, which we know so well, seems highly satisfied with that contemptible institution, the concerto—with rare exceptions, a mere show case, wherein the soloist may spread forth his technical jewels baldly on black velvet, to be appraised by the connoissueurs. It cares little for a magnificent orchestra, but mainly for the soloist who tries to outdo them in what might be called the birth-struggle between a sonata and a

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symphony, and who performs cadenzas of scales, arpeggios, glissandi, or harmonics, while the great orchestra sits as patiently as may be with their instruments idle, and ready to lend volume to a closing flourish when it is all over. It is not at all unlike the other acrobats' way of erecting a final symmetrical structure of arms and legs, shooting off two pistols, and unfurling an American flag with their feet, that the audience, both awake and asleep, may be aroused by patterns, patriotism, and noise, to reactionary applause. An orchestra is even better equipped for this physiological ruse—Mozart once admitted writing clamorous endings "for long ears." And applause is the guiding and final ambition of more than one virtuoso of our time. Concertos are so gratifying to the sense of bedazzlement, the impression of difficulty by facile means—in short, they are so eminently useful for the successful exploitation of everything that the virtuoso holds most dear, that he must transport his violin concertos into his recitals, and further stultify an already hybrid concoction by transcribing the "tutti" and completely destroying the balance.

You might admit limb-twisting and finger-twisting alike to be mere forms of passing amusement, and treat them lightly in the degree of their insignificance,—value trills, arabesques, and the like for their beauty of tone, nicety of poise, and the breathless charm of faultless and deft execution, a glorified sleight of hand, you might say. It is also true that the satisfaction in technical mastery is legitimate in its place and degree. But in the exaggeration of it, what a cruelly long and exacting stretch of endless practice and toil this passing sparkle of mild pleasure represents! Even if you are willing to let amusing triviality pass under the name of music, you should stop to consider the result of sanctioning and setting up an unnecessarily high standard of technique, far above the normal requirements of a sane and reasonable art. Difficulties are contrived actually for the mere purpose of conquering them, so insuperably beyond the means of human fingers that the merest handful of the world musicians can master them. The valuators sit in hawklike alertness, that they may decry and denounce the slightest flaw or slur, and in turn gratify their pride of discernment and refinement of perception. Look, once, at what the virtuoso, so driven, usually makes of himself and his career. For if the acrobat of vaudeville is, in his street clothes, a crabbed, stuffy, and freakish individual, the musical acrobat is in most cases all this and more. Where the first has had to spend some eight hours a day in the confinement of practice and abnormal development, the second has

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had to spend nine or ten hours a day in the attainment of a far more exacting skill. To keep primed to this perfection, once attained, means still more of those long, unceasing hours of tireless practice. The victim of the custom is narrow, unintelligent, and unhuman (musically speaking at least) because, whereas the art of music demands first of all breadth of mind and heart for its realization and communication, the virtuoso is steeped in technicalities and choked by them. His entirely absorbing work is unintelligent, unconnected with any normal human activity. He aims to hold his audience, not solely by the power of music, but by the power of necromancy, in which interest he cultivates "personality" which his music alone should express, and various oddities, aping the more genuine and less conscious figures of Victorian romantic times. Such oddities, under the name of "temperament," have also advertising values, and, instead of the gold teeth of his brethren, he comes forth in long, greasy hair. It all goes to the production of freaks at the opposite pole from true art, which is, first of all, normal and healthy. As the athletes of the open air find more zest in life, and make more agreeable and beneficial human beings in our society than the acrobats with the bulging biceps which are useless off the stage, so the true, likable, and active-minded musician perceives the ultimate values of music to be simple, persuasive, and the bond of the race in a common love. Nor will he care laboriously to develop several extra joints in his thumb while learning to perform the "Erlkönig" on the piano with the left hand alone.

In this matter, history is a dangerous resource whereby to justify the present, for the history of music is also the history of perversions, corruptions and enslavements. Virtuosity dates back to the period when musicians, composers included, depended upon the patronage and nod of nobility for their very existence, when musicians and tumblers and fantastics were on the same social level, and had severally to contort themselves, and exhibit skill when bidden. Beethoven was the rebel who brought music to its rights. Then came the famed romantic virtuosi, who left behind them, for the most part, nothing more than rather tiresome anecdotes and decidedly tiresome concertos. Paganini, popularly passing for the greatest of violinists, may not improbably have been inferior to more than one of to-day, who, with the generally high standards of execution, might very conceivably "play him down," according to the old custom. The Paganini of biographical data was a charlatan in every sense. He was uneducated and immoral, he spread reports of his league with

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the devil because they brought him fame and riches, he cultivated mannerisms in his playing, and, in all but his own compositions, showed a sad lack of musical taste; finally, he left behind him a stupendous fortune and a bastard, and did his very best to carry to his grave the jealously guarded secret of his harmonics (his only permanent gift to the world). The complex character of Liszt makes another story than this. Of his many sides, the rôle of virtuoso, the foremost to assure him contemporary fame, has resulted in considerable addition to pianistic usage, and a horde of piano compositions which eloquently bespeak their own limitations.

As for the questionable place of concertos in present musical life, their doom lies in the fact that none are made now-a-days by composers of importance, and any stylistic change since the Lisztian times has been of the slightest. So, we can do no more than hasten their extinction. They are numerously and extensively performed only from the mistaken idea that orchestras must have soloists, and are generally of negligible interest to musical people otherwise than technical and competitive preoccupations among pianists and violinists themselves. Exceptions, such as one or two from Beethoven, Schumann, or Brahms, are great in spite of their form rather than because of it, and represent the least creative efforts of the respective composers; cases of the force of creating genius conquering resistant materials by the impetus of its own drive. To probe again to the sources, the fifty concertos recorded from the facile, swift, and obliging pen of the hard pressed Mozart, have practically passed from concerts. Under courtesy to one virtuoso or another, the remarkable Mozart learned to dash one off in a day or two at will, with as little waste of inspiration and divine exuberant vitality as possible, between the precious hours concentrated upon a masterpiece. With Haydn, they were similarly a matter of routine. Your Tschaikowsky or Brahms, less possessed of that supreme insight which grasps not only the significance but the insignificance of things, worried away weary months over putting them together, haranguing the publishers, and anxiously consulting friends and conductors. Tedious are the results of the wise and conscientious heads of Brahms and Joachim bowed laboriously over more than one manuscript. But concertos have always served primarily to keep the pot boiling. As final evidence of their unimportance, among the surviving concertos those of the masters hold equal favor with those by numerous musicians who could write for the advantageous display of their instruments, but possessed

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nothing more than a commonplace and conventional utility, from an orchestral or broadly musical point of view: Vivaldi, Vieuxtemps, Spohr, Bruch, Viotti, Saint-Saëns, Chopin, Rubinstein, Paderewski—the list goes on indefinitely. Their names are perpetuated because of the tradition of having soloists, and the need of diversion at orchestral concerts. Soloists take up the time and efforts of an orchestra, which should be devoted to valuable orchestral music; they break up the continuity and character of the most carefully compiled programme, and they bring with them for the most part worthless scores: it is not an overstatement to say that there is no violin concerto of better than third-rate order (violinists would be lost without that very useful one by Beethoven); 'cello or double concertos, most of us openly or secretly dread.

For the rest, no genius has ever happily combined pianistic and orchestral tone, and none ever will. Here is a chance to reduce to its fundamentals by specific example a matter that must cause uneasiness in more than one concert-goer: namely, the suspicion that the over-used pianoforte is a tonally self-sufficing instrument, which has never made a completely satisfactory background to other colors or taken any background but its own; that its system of values is thrown askew in a concerto, with "tinny" results; that orchestral clarity is similarly blurred by the complex vibrations from the box of strings. To bring the question to a direct test, let us reduce the number of concertos in existence to those of the rare geniuses who worked instinctively and creatively in the two media. This leaves, under strict judgment, only Beethoven and Liszt. Concertos from the two composers are few. Liszt's two rhapsodic color-riots are revels in extravagant strokes and contrasts, extreme examples of the abbé's habit of key board orchestration, peculiar to himself, and with thrills that do not far outlast the performance. Except for two, Beethoven's concertos represent his rare submission to routine and obligation, but those two are mightily interesting and enlightening, as glorious and hopeless efforts at realizing the impossible. The opening movements of both the "Emperor" and G major Concertos are necessarily brilliant and highly ornamental by too firmly established precedent, like the Rondos, into which the slow movements so marvelously blend. And the fine themes are neither entirely satisfactory for orchestra nor piano, but rather a compromise, with mutual loss. The slow movements of each one remembers as most expressive, possessing that marked and individual character which sets a single work

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of art apart from all others, that makes them perhaps the most eloquent music for piano and orchestra, and the most happy in the use of the dual material. The secret of beauty and fitness in these instances may plausibly lie in the confinement of the orchestral part to the strings, with only a whispering use of the wood wind and a touch of horn in that of the "Emperor," but of the other, clear strings. So the whole discussion boils down to those few pages from the G major Concerto, supreme in purity of tone and significance of content. It is successful because it treats contrast instead of compromise. The first voice of the string orchestra, terse, virile, and forbidding, is gradually softened, in the manner of the Overture to "Coriolanus," by the answering feminine influence of the tender, lovely, and persuasive piano chords, increasing in fantasia-like fulness of insinuating emotion, until the two are delicately merged. And this transcendental fragment is in manner completely removed from all custom of concerto-making—entirely simple in performance, with no ornament whatsoever, and requiring no more in the most humble of pianists than an appreciation of their beauty.

It is not this, but the music of executive ostentation which we would do without. The soloist habit holds partly through inertia, partly through the difficulty of financing orchestras, partly through the popular demand for celebrities. Should a joint movement for abolishing soloists be started among orchestral directors, conductors, and the celebrities themselves, should it be accomplished in a single important orchestra, municipal rivalry would surely make it spread, and the demand which needs no encouragement would necessarily turn to recitals for gratification.

But this is merely a single volley in the hunting down of an aspect of modern musical performance which it is the purpose of this article to pursue to its sources. You might consign technique to its subordinate part in the ultimate values of musical affairs, in spite of its over-emphasis, and hold up against the argument of technical freaks the great names of the geniuses of their instruments who are also humanly and musically broad and cultured. Yet genius refutes any axiom of human life; it is superhuman, and its feats are beyond belief—a Beethoven is everything musical at once, with a great, expansive, and reflective mind; he was a pianoforte virtuoso without having practised away more than a minimum part of his life and vitality for it, nor had he any desire to exhibit his skill further than the necessities of recognition and sustenance. Even Liszt branched into

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all musical departments, and was a creative virtuoso in orchestration, leaving no evidence of years of study and practice in the finding of this greatest part of his genius. Such things pass our understanding. And with the lesser geniuses of virtuosity, which nevertheless belong to our own day, we are more concerned in this discussion. The handful of the world's most noted pianists and violinists, at once supreme in technique, and in broad artistic development and insight, still hold to concertos because it is not in their unaided power to do away with the custom of playing with orchestras. With the abandonment of concertos, their gift to the world would by no means be lessened, and a devotion to the finest music obtainable rather than self-advancement, would lead violinists away from the musically unfruitful field of solo pieces, to combine with other musicians for the marvelously rich and neglected stores of violin sonatas and trios. Eighteenth century music yields endless beautiful ones; Beethoven's trios, in their loveliness, rarity, and exaltation, make a very close fourth to his symphonic and pianistic works and his string quartets, while the modern French and Belgian schools provide a most glorious list of both combinations from such as Franck, Lekeu, Chausson, d'Indy, Ravel, and Magnard, comprising an inheritance of which the world as yet scarcely appreciates the smallest part. What a bracing change from the nonentities of violin or 'cello recital programmes, and even from the endlessly hackneyed Chopin and Liszt of pianists! Nor can you say that chamber music touches the other extreme from self-exploitation—self-obliteration. It shears mainly the idiosyncratic parts of personal expression which are artistically superfluous. A mutually sympathetic performance, for instance, of Franck's Violin Sonata by two eminent musicians, involves no compromise in elasticity or phrasing, but rather inspiration in the joint interpretation of a beloved masterpiece. It encourages the best and the noblest, albeit the humblest, in a musician, and discourages competitive pride, chicanery, and ostentation of skill. And to have heard such a performance is to cherish in the memory a supreme rendering of supreme music, and closely to associate one's conception of the work with its finest interpreters. But these highest of musicians do not commit a merely negative crime in wasting their own imparting energies, and the appreciative energies of their audiences, upon pieces for display. Worse than this, they immediately set a false and sterile technical goal for musical aspirants the world over.

Prosper the amateurs! Let us not despise or even slight them, though they harass us as neighbors with their execrable

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scales, and oblige us as friends to attend their "coming out" recitals which crowd every season. Those who search among various races for our national music, seeking for some clue whereupon to attach a prophecy, had better turn to the younger generation in the settlements, conservatories, and elsewhere, poor and rich —the thousands of them who are whole-heartedly and intently devoting their careers to music. An inestimable amount of hopeful energy and activity, anxious for direction and advice, but under perfectly stupid teaching, and with a fundamentally unmusical society about them; a society utterly unlike the peoples of Germany, France, or Russia, where strong musical instinct is a common and not an unusual phenomenon, where amateur quartets permeate the countryside, and singing societies are on every hand; where musical development is coincident with daily experience and social contact, and not simply looked at askance by the uncomprehending on every side. What can the musical student do, so left to his own salvation, but look to the music that is going on—the concerts and operas wherein the star system is rife, where talent ready-made is imported from the old world like rare wine, and so pronounced upon by connoisseurs? Where we pay for the best, and receive the most famous. Where the public goes primarily to behold a remarkable tenor or violinist, regardless of what the music happens to be, and only the more content if it is such as to show him off to the best advantage. So, we find them all aspiring to be second Kreislers or Paderewskis, while before them stretch discouraging vistas of humanly and normally impossible technical achievement. And inevitably in their recitals comes some bombastic and baffling concert piece of Liszt, or the over-played "Appassionata" Sonata, or Bach's "Chaconne" for violin unaccompanied, works suited only to fully developed maturity, wherein the most direct and disparaging comparisons must arise in the minds of an audience fresh from finer performances of the same music. So it is a matter of "cut-throat competition" on identical grounds, resulting in an unceasing deluge of "Appassionatas" and thrice-hackneyed Chopin throughout the country. An appalling amount of admirable and highly accomplished technical achievement, and veritable thousands of excellently trained and hopeful pianists and violinists, all working desperately for the same limited end, and bound with the utmost certainty to fail, ninety-five per cent. of them, in that the number of far-famed virtuosi in the world is necessarily limited. That is an unescapable fact; unless they change their aim, they must, save a small handful, flounder from

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obscurity into oblivion to the tune of their beloved "Funeral March Sonata"! And the tragedy of such enormous wasted effort is not lessened by an evident futility in the success of the few. A good many of the younger virtuosi who have risen to recent fame may be consolidated, for the present purposes, into a sort of composite photograph: the typical viloinist is first heralded by the advertising methods of a circus, circulars of shameless exaggeration, and (in one case, at least, of the past season) a glaring canvas on a box frame driven about the streets; he comes upon the stage with the cramped and abnormal look of a recluse, unused to human society. His programme is a concerto or two, and various "sweetmeats" by various violinists, all of which he plays in exactly the same style and manner. His technique is swift, clever, accurate, and very nearly perfect; in fact, falls just perceptibly short of the older, topmost violinist whom he is emulating; his melodic tone is pure and beautiful. He is intensely musical by nature, alert and emotional, but his undivided attention is on his instrument, which he loves, and which this composer or that more or less successfully serves. Hence, it is not the music of the composer at all, in a particular sense, but simply technique and tone making; "ravishing tone," and overemphasized technique, which obscures the broader proportions with the pride of workmanship. The whole process is one of hard brilliance, which leaves the warmer musical impulses unstirred, in spite of the emotional absorption of the player. It is not a paradox—his enthusiasm probes no deeper than the fire of execution and the glow of tone. He has simply never gone deeper; to the best part of music he is cold and indifferent only because he is ignorant. One of his sort stumbled upon the "Kreutzer Sonata" recently, and the result was a thick profusion of ornament, with Beethoven and the pianist alike effectually concealed beneath. With pianists, almost precisely the same is true. A high and prevalent standard of dexterity, but also a mechanical hardness and inability to unbend; a docile and apathetic obedience to the annotations of editors and the precepts of teachers. Violinists and pianists both are very apt to begin their recitals with Bach, not because Bach means anything to them, but because that is the custom among the famed. Unfortunate Bach is even more hardly treated than Chopin—a dance by the latter is at least a dance, or a fantasia a fantasia, but temporal remoteness deprives Bach of any throb of vitality in their ears; his dances, fantasias, and fugues alike become stiff and matter-of-fact finger exercises, with the steely glint of highly polished mechanism.

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The first thing to realize is, that in music no less than the other arts, teaching can only go a very short way. Beyond advice in the nimbling of fingers, and the fundamentals of bowing or pedalling, a teacher is a deterrent of self-reliance and initiative. As well teach a person breathing as phrasing! The reading of a particular piece can never be laid down—even the custom and precedent of its interpretation must be attested by the performer's own unaided instincts. As all great works of art have varying potentialities to appeal to succeeding periods and personalities, so some of Beethoven's later piano sonatas are as subjective as the part of Hamlet. They hold numberless readings for this nature and that, and far from the reach of didacticism, require much of the creator in their interpreters. Technical mastery bears one almost no way at all in such hallowed ground. Yet every upstart must have his plunge, and the result is like the Fotheringay's Ophelia, largely multiplied.

This is not saying, of course, that he who cannot play the "Hammerklavier" Sonata without desecration (few can indeed) had better renounce art on the spot. For musical success is certainly possible without preeminence, and within nearer grasp of many who could deflect their desperate technical ambitions. That scramble is largely a matter of misdirected effort. The majority who pound their lives away unrecognized over Liszt, would bring actual pleasure and benefits to themselves and their audiences by realizing that it is not of primary importance to be a "Leschetizky pupil," or to have studied in Europe; that true and remunerative artistic success is possible without far-flung fame; that as a relief from the stereotyped, variegated, and hackneyed programmes that abound, programmes of character, emphasizing fine music neglected from lack of exploiting utilities, would be greatly appreciated by musically discerning people. If young musicians would, in the same interest, combine more frequently for violin sonatas and trios, their public would begin to find out that hands which might falter under the requirements for poise and command from a piano sonata, will find confidence and support in the coöperative playing of chamber music; that such music brings out the best of one's abilities without making disagreeable and damning exaction, cruel exclusions and comparisons; that the simplest sort of music is a clear test of one's finer attainments, tone quality, delicacy of shading and sense of values, precision of rhythm and deftness of finger-work; that these traits are the more profoundly admired when "art conceals art," when they are not vaunted or accentuated, but selectively

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subordinated to the high, interpretative purpose of lofty music, beautifully rendered. The realization of this success is its own reward, and it is a state within the reach of thousands, if those thousands would admit their limitations, making music a secondary pursuit if need be, and besides their own enjoyment, delighting their friends, instead of driving them to flight with incessant and laborious finger-exercises.

This should be printed in gold lettering on the front of every piano manufactured: "In music, there is no rule outside the promptings of instinct. The beginning and end of musical development is not technique but natural impulse, and if you have not the impulse at the start, technical training will never bring it to you on this side of heaven. While piano technique is as necessary as the routine which accompanies every human activity, if you have not the self assertion and imagination to make it your liberator, to make skill a matter of second thought that you may freely explore your marvelous chosen field, if technique becomes not your humble tool but your master, then you had far better make no beginning, for your worth as a musician and artist is *nil*."

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OLD BALLAD BURTHENS

By JOSEPHINE McGILL

THE exhaustive study to-day devoted to Folk-Song and Folk-Dance inevitably leads to a consideration of the refrain—that most venerable and distinctive element of communal song and dance, actually the mark of the old song's choral origin. So significant is this structural feature—the repetition of word, phrase, sentence—it has been said that all the earliest ballads and other traditional songs once had a refrain or burden, their link with "the dance, work or play of the people, going back to that choral repetition which is the protoplasm of all poetry."

Professor Gummere thus quoted recalls that of the five hundred and two Scandinavian ballads in an authoritative collection only twenty lacked refrains; while the Child collection of three hundred and five English and Scottish ballads contains one hundred and six showing in some version evidence of refrain or chorus. It has been suggested that the four line ballad stanza is but an outgrowth of the original two line form with a double refrain, exemplified in this version of The Greenwood Side found among the ballads surviving in the Kentucky mountains:

> There was a lady in yonders town,
> *Alone, alonie O;*
> She's taken her a walk one day—
> *Down by the greenwood sidey O.*

During a visit to the Kentucky mountains—that region so rich in such survivals—among the most valued of the songs there collected were those still retaining a vestige of the repetition which has been pronounced the "organic test," the "fundamental fact" of ballad structure; hence in hearing these old songs there was added to the interest of their survival the pleasure of listening for the possible refrain with its beauty, its identity with versions from other sources.

Of the refrains which have migrated to America the same generalization may be made as that which applies to those found elsewhere: some have a relation, if but one of mere suggestion, with the main idea of the song; others seem to have been used purely for their rhythmical values, having no logical connection, not even that of suggestion, with the other material of the song.

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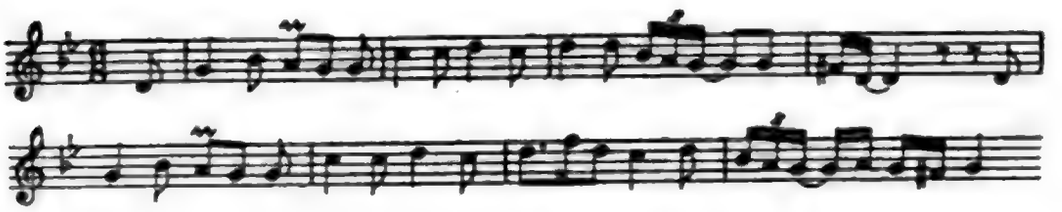
The ballad above quoted offers an example of the former class. Without having a perfectly definite connection with the words to which they are linked, the lines of the refrain fit so admirably with the story as greatly to enhance its charm—the "Alone, alonie O" corresponding to the mood of the mother; while "Down by the greenwood sidey O" conjures the atmosphere of the open, the scene of the ballad's tragic episode; thus the two lines become practically fused into the stanza. This incorporation of the refrain as part of the stanza offers an analogy for what occurs in the musical settings of some of the ballads, where the refrain is an integral part of the musical phrase, its conclusion rather than an additional melodic figure:

THE GREENWOOD SIDE



In gathering these mountain survivals no single experience was more delightful than hearing this ballad with its lovely double refrain: "Alone, alonie O" and "Down by the greenwood sidey O." The special pleasure in hearing this ballad in the Kentucky highlands was due to its high quality of completeness as music and poetry; often the survivals discovered in these mountain regions are so fragmentary, so indefinite in form, so unconvincing, they are almost worthless to one who seeks for a version intact and beautiful; hence the gratification in finding this one with its integrity of text, its music so beautiful, balanced, pure. Whatever its source, its loveliness is unquestionable and recalls the saying: "A good melody is for all time." Its recurring lines link it to The Cruel Mother in Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, whose refrain consists of the lines, "All alone and alonie" and "Down by the greenwood sae bonnie."

The repetitional element of another ballad heard in the mountains—Lord Randal—is a more organic part of the story than is the reiteration in The Greenwood Side:

Where have you been Randal, it's Randal my son?
Where have you been Randal, my pretty sweet one?
O I've been a-courting; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

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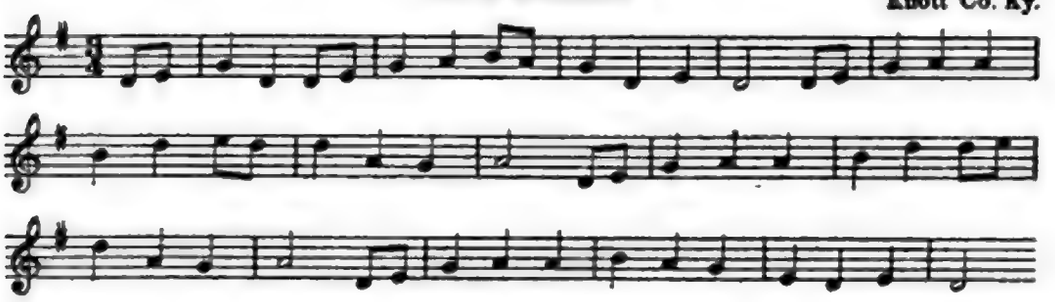
What did you have for your supper, it's Randal my son?
What did you have for your supper, my pretty sweet one?
Fried eels and fresh butter; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

What will you leave to your father, it's Randal my son?
What will you leave to your father, my pretty sweet one?
My land and fine buildings; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

Here indeed the repetition becomes part of the narrative and serves to stamp upon the mind the bitterness and gloom of the last stanza, recounting the legacy to the sweetheart—"a rope and a gallows"—and to the mother "A dead son to bury." The impressiveness is enhanced through the constant recurrence of certain phrases and the incremental additions with their cumulative effect of horror. The music to which the mountaineers sing this ballad of treachery shares what has been termed the "abounding triple measure" of the verses and is akin to the Scotch version found in Songs of Scotland:

Lord Randal

Knott Co. Ky.



Lord Ronald

Songs of Scotland

Two other well-known ballads—Son Davie and Edward—are similar in form, and no unusual analytical power is needed to prove that they would be less effective if built upon any other plan. As in these two ballads and Lord Randal, the recurrent units and the dramatic augmentations form the frame-work of The Gallows Tree (The Maid and The Gallows 95[1]), the text

[1] Numbers refer to the Cambridge edition of English and Scottish Popular Ballads.

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being little more than a "progressive refrain" or "incremental refrain in dialogue:"

O slack that rope, O slack that rope,
  O slack it for a while;
I see my father coming,
  He's travelled many a mile.

O have you come to bring me gold,
  Have you come to pay my fee?
Or have you come to see me hung
  All on the gallows tree?

I've neither come to bring you gold,
  Neither to pay your fee,
But I have come to see you hung
  Upon the gallows tree.

So on, through the appearance of the mother, brother, sister, till finally the true love arrives:

O I have come to bring you gold,
  I've come to pay your fee;
I have not come to see you hung
  But to take you home with me.

This treatment of a dramatic situation is one of the simplest and oldest, its simplicity and its element of repetition commending themselves to communal presentation. As appears, the pattern is so clear, defined and effective, it obviously appeals to popular taste; it is easy to see how, having once heard it, the chorus could add stanzas indefinitely. Numerous ballads of this type are proof of its attraction for the general. A notable instance is that of False Lamkin, which, it has been said, might be continued as long as there are any feminine relatives to be named. What beauty this simple form may attain is seen in that Sicilian ballad of barter, The Noble Sibilla, whose haunting beauty of rhythm and suggestion can scarcely be overestimated, its richness of detail contrasting with the bareness of poetic substance in The Gallows Tree:

O sailor sailing, always sailing,
  Tell me how does the sea-wind blow?
Be it the South wind, be it the North wind,
  To my father I will go.
O my father, my dear father!
  Wilt thou not come and ransom me?
"O my daughter, my dear daughter,
  Tell me what must thy ransom be?"

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Three gold lions, three gold falcons,
  Four gold columns it must be.
"I cannot part with so much treasure,
  How much better to part with thee."

Appeal is made to mother, brother, sister—finally to the faithful husband:

O sailor sailing, always sailing,
  Tell me how does the sea-wind blow?
Be it Sirocco or Tramontana,
  To my husband I will go.

O my husband, my dear husband,
  Wilt thou not come and ransom me?
"O my lady, my dear lady,
  Tell me what must thy ransom be?"

Three gold lions, three gold falcons,
  Four gold columns it must be.
"Better to part with all my treasure,
  Enough that I never part with thee."

Though so highly elaborated in the earlier portions, it may be noted that at the point of the climax The Noble Sibilla, like The Gallows Tree, assumes the simplest form—the story being borne forward by the three stanzas, which themselves have the singing repetitional quality of a refrain.

The various refrains accompanying different versions of a ballad frequently offer interesting material for comment and comparison. The mountain version of The Farmer's Curst Wife (278), called The Old Farmer's Wife, contains a refrain which has neither beauty nor sense: "Ti o raddleing day," in contrast with that of the Burns version, Kellyburn Braes, which the Scotch poet claimed was traditional: "Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme," "and the thyme it is withered and the rue is in prime." The mountain version is more closely allied in spirit to the Sussex Whistling Song, (Percy Society, Vol. XVII), sung to the tune of Lilliebullero, the whistlers joining in with zest on the refrain.

Apropos of the words, "Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme," it may be remarked that many of the most charming refrains are those with flowery allusions, stock material of the ballads—the poignancy of the ballad often being enhanced by the contrast between the lovely suggestion of the refrain and the horror of the story. A striking example is that offered by a version of The Cruel Mother called Fine Flowers in the Valley:

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She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley;
And there she has her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Nearly identical is the refrain with that of another ballad of domestic tragedy, The Cruel Brother:

There was three sisters in a ha',
Fine flowers i' the valley;
There came three knights among them a',
The red, green and the yellow.

Another version of the latter ballad, called The Bride's Testament, has the charming flower refrain:

There were three ladies playing at the ba'
With a heigh ho! and a lily gay;
There came a knight played o'er them a',
And the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Again in The Three Knights—so persistently did the form haunt popular imagination:

There did three knights come from the west,
With a heigh and the lily oh!
And these three knights courted one lady,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

That high authority on all that pertains to balladry, Professor Gummere, cautions the reader against assuming "a provocative intention where none is meant"; yet it would be a poor fancy which did not discern a romantic flavor in the first line of the refrain in The Minister's Dochter of Newarke quoted below, and that did not leap forward with sombre premonition on hearing the burden's second motif:

The minister's dochter o' Newarke,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie O,
Has fa'en in love wi' her father's clerk,
Alane by the green burn sidie O.

There can be no doubt that in such a ballad as this, driving on toward a tragic denouement, a distinct æsthetic effect is produced by the felicity of suggestion in the refrain—overshadowed more and more by the cumulative sombreness of the story—the charm of the refrain momentarily sweeping the fancy away, only to have it startlingly recalled by the heartbreaking climax. On the other hand, when the ballad is more cheerful in mood—less of what Autolycus calls a "very pitiful" strain and the mountaineers "a hurtin' tune"—the flowery element helps to sustain

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the romantic tenor of the song. An example is found in the phrases following every stanza of a sailor-lover song extremely popular in the mountains and variously called Jackero, Jack Monroe and Jack the Sailor:

There was a wealthy merchant,
In London he did dwell;
He had one only daughter,
The truth to you I'll tell;
Sing high and sing low,
And sing lay the lily low.

This refrain has a variant, "Sing high and sing low and sing fare you well my dear," with the added merit of being more in the spirit of the story. To a song taking its title from the first line, "Young Johnny came from Ireland," belongs another variant of Jackero's refrain:

O lily, lily, lily,
O lily, lily, O.

A prime evidence of the æsthetic values of these repetitional elements lies in the fact that it is often some particularly haunting refrain which makes one version of a ballad more prized than another. Much of the pity aroused by a certain version of The Twa Sisters—one of those ballads of domestic tragedy alluded to above—is due to the plaintive long drawn out vocables of that truly magical interjection, Binnorie O Binnorie:

There was two sisters in a bower,
Binnorie O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.

The mood of another version is similarly influenced by the emotional suggestion and rhythmic magic of its verbal iterations:

There was two sisters in a bower,
Edinburgh, Edinburgh;
There was two sisters in a bower,
Sterling for ay,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
So bonny St. Johnson stands fair upon Tay.

This refrain, uniting the spurring effect of a slogan with romantic and imaginative elements, lifts the heart, quickens the pulses, creates that tension which it is the function of all great art to induce, though such tension is finally relaxed, leaving a mood of peace, rest, satisfaction. The names of the three cities haunt the memory and prick the fancy even of those unfamiliar

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with their associations, reminding one of the old father in the Beaumont and Fletcher comedy: "Though I do know no Greek I like the sound on't." In contrast with the refrain above quoted, bearing no obvious connection with the remainder of the ballad, may be cited the explicit and direct appeal of recurrent lines in another familiar but ever stirring ballad:

Hie upon hielands
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rode out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
And gallant rode he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never came he.

Inarticulate to us but possibly the survival of a dignified and classical refrain is the "derry down, down, derry down" of an uncouth traveler's song recounting experiences at a house where a night's lodging had been asked. This song of the mountains is without interest save for its refrain, which, especially in its last line, bears kinship with the "Down a down, hay down, hay down" of the Three Ravens. The original form is said to have been: Hai down ir deri danno, interpreted as "Come, let us hasten to the sacred grove"—the burden of an old Druidical chant, assembling the people to religious rites. Some intrinsic virtue—of incantation, what not, challenging elucidation from the mystics—seems to inhere in these syllables, which in one order or another recur through English song, familiarly in Shakespeare, perhaps less familiarly in The Miller and The King's Daughter:

There were two sisters, they went a-playing,
With hie downe, downe, a downe a;
To see their father's ships sayling in,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a.

Dandroo, a mountain version of The Wife Wrapped in Wether Skin (277) has an elaborate if nonsensical refrain—the theme being one which has furnished material for ballads and folk-tales innumerable, not to mention The Taming of the Shrew:

Clima clash ta ma clango,
Old Jerry mingo, big Jerry mingo, little Jerry mingo,
Dandroo, dandroo.

This has neither the lilting if inelegant quality of "Riffly, raffly, now, now, now" of the version The Laird of Fife, nor the

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verbal as well as rhythmical charm of "Hollin, green hollin," in the version Sweet Robin; yet sung in a rushing tempo, with no regard for pauses, the Romany tang of Dandroo is not without exhilarating effect—the climactic punishment of the nagging wife being always received with enthusiasm in the mountains.

A story rehearsing the bringing of a husband to submission furnishes an example of the use of meaningless syllables for their rhythmical values:

> There was a fair damsel of Colchester,
> *Tum a roddle lol di dolt,*
> *Tum a roddle lol di day.*
> And there a clothier courted her,
> *Tum a roddle lol di dolt, etc.;*
> For three months' space, both night and day,
> *Tum a roddle, etc.;*
> And yet the damsel still said nay,
> *Tum a roddle, etc.*

In somewhat similar category as to its refrain is The Miller's Three Sons (Christie):

> There was an old miller, he lived all alone;
> He had three sons, they were all men grown;
> And when he came to die, he made his will;
> He had nothing to will but a little old mill,
> *Sing Whack fol de riddle ding, tu ri riley,*
> *Fo, tu rol, tu addle ding a day.*

The mountain classic, Sourwood Mountain, is an example of songs more or less nonsensical throughout, the meaningless syllables of the refrain nevertheless often adding a zest to the performance:

> Chickens am a-crowing in the Sourwood Mountain;
> *Hey di ying ding diddle la la day.*

This is a good example of the ballad without formal beginning or ending, resembling the imaginary line moving indefinitely through space; as it is sung, everybody wants to add a line or stanza; herein it offers an authoritative instance of ballad-making in process—the incremental additions being forthcoming as long as the inspiration of the crowd lasts.

Slightly less popular is the Swapping Song quoted in the American Folk Lore Journal, whose refrain hovers on the border of sense, some of the words connoting ideas if not a sequence of thought:

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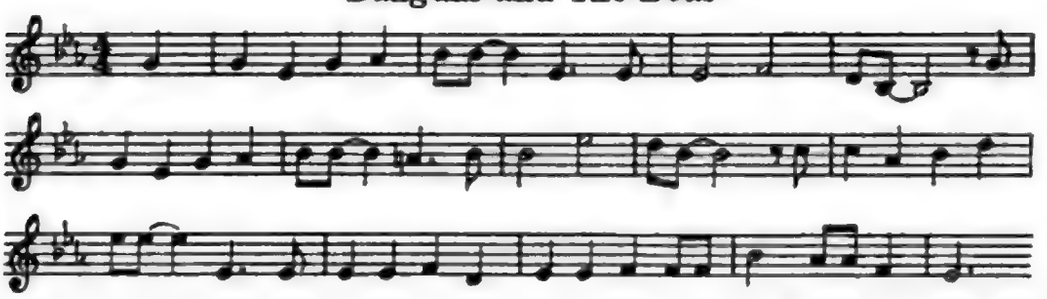
When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I laid upon the shelf;
Tum a wing wang waddle ding a
Jack straw straddle ding a
John far faddle ding,
A long way home.

An instance of a refrain lacking reference to the other words of a ballad, in no way serving as comment on the verses it accompanies, is the double refrain of Bangum and The Boar, a fragment of Sir Rylas (18). Though tangible meaning is lacking, there is a vivacity in the refrain, which one can imagine was sung with gusto by some company of early English huntsmen, as it is to-day sung by the Kentucky mountaineers—themselves doughty Nimrods:

There is a wild boar in these woods,
Dillom dom diddle.
There is a wild boar in these woods,
Dillom dom diddle.
He eats our flesh and drinks our blood
Tum a qui quiddle quo qum.

The music of this ballad partakes of the boisterous, rollicking character of the words, the refrain being sung to a figure which answers rather than completes the musical phrase set forth by the stanza proper:

Bangum and The Boar



The Old World original of this lively ballad narrates the rescue of a lady from an evil giant, the hero being romantically named Sir Lionel or Sir Rylas. One Old World version contains the charming refrain: "And the Norlan' flowers bloom bonny."

Refrains are particularly adapted to songs of sentiment, as is illustrated by our contemporary products as well as by these survivals. An old English melody sung in the mountains, The Gardener, gains a quaintly touching character from its burden:

As I was a-walking down by the sea-shore,
The wind it did whistle and the sea it did roar;
Crying: "O my love's lost, he's the one I adore;
He's gone where I never shall see him more."

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Here the refrain, while not part of the story, partakes of its melancholy, anticipates and emphasizes the narrative telling how the girl pines for her lover and finally casts herself into the sea to be joined with him in death. In another song of parted lovers the heroine protests at the end: "I never shall marry till my John comes again."

More in the nature of choruses are the recurrent lines of The Golden Willow Tree (The Sweet Trinity 286) and of the Mermaid (289). There is a fine swinging rhythm in the refrains of these songs which are not only a delight to the singer but have moreover a definite bearing upon the narrative. The Golden Willow Tree has an interwoven chorus:

I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low";
I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
And she went by the name of The Golden Willow Tree—
As she sailed in the lowlands, low, low, low,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

In another mountain version, The Merry Golden Tree, whose form is similar to a setting found in Moffat's Minstrelsy of England, the refrain follows the stanza:

I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
And she went by the name of The Merry Golden Tree,
As we sailed in the lonesome lowlands low,
As we sailed upon the lowlands low.

A rousing chorus accompanies The Mermaid, sung by the mountaineers with much spirit:

Last Friday morning as we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We all espied a fair mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.
The stormy winds do blow, blow, blow;
And the raging seas how they roar!
And us poor sailors climbing to the top,
And the land all a-lying down below, down below,
And the land all a-lying down below.

Moffat's Minstrelsy also contains a version of this vivacious nautical lay, with a chorus at the end of the stanza. The above quoted lines illustrate how the choral element may be elaborated till it becomes more than a recurrent line, phrase or word, takes the form of the stanza itself, equalling it in length and having a musical figure that varies from the melody of the stanza proper.

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Hence such examples are an interesting commentary on musical and literary evolution. Again, however, the refrain is but a repetition of a word or so of the stanza, as in Lord Lovel:

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
  Combing his milk-white steed;
Down came the Lady Nancie Belle,
  A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,
  A-wishing her lover good speed.

In contrast with this slight elaboration other mountain survivals have a greater expansion of this form, interestingly exemplified by Loving Hannah:

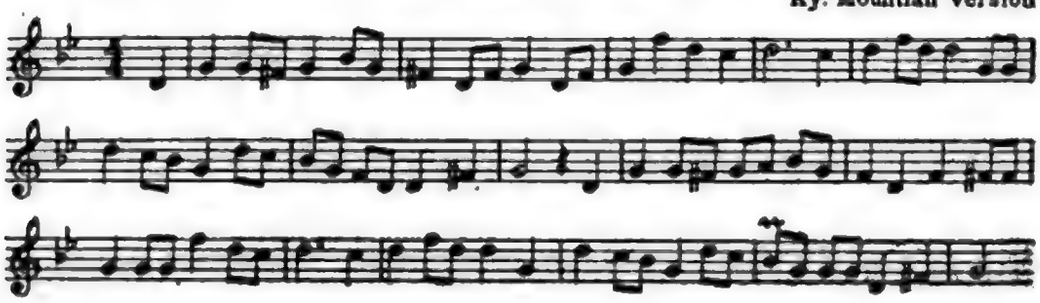
Loving Hannah, loving Hannah,
  Come give to me your hand;
And say if you marry
  That I shall be the man (repeat twice)
And say if you marry
  That I shall be the man.

Thus the last line of the original stanza is twice repeated; then, to make assurance doubly sure, the ardent lover returns to the penultimate line, singing it and the following one in a final intensity of persuasion. By these repetitions the musical setting of the stanza is extended over sixteen measures; thereby a greater breadth of melody and a more flexible musical figure are achieved. Mr. Henry Krehbiel has noted the unmistakable Scotch character of this air, and the singular conclusion on the second interval of the scale, "inviting a minor close in a predominantly major melody."

Another instance of such expansion is found in the mountain version of As I Walked Out, whose refrain doubles the length of the melody and increases its sweep. An example of the refrain merely repeating the melody of the stanza proper is found in an English version of the same song.

As I walked out

Ky. Mountian version



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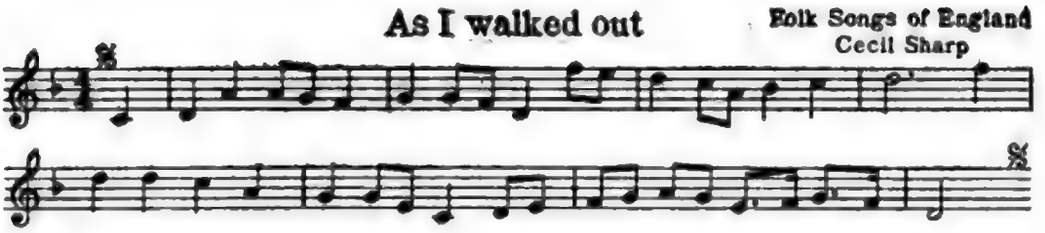

In the mountain version of this air, as in Loving Hannah, the elaboration balances the foregoing section, enhances its beauty, increases the fluency of the musical design.

Whatever other points of interest the refrains found in the mountain regions may have, the fact that they have come so far from their source in the England and Scotland of centuries ago and have so long persisted is proof of their vital æsthetic quality, their possession of some singularly preservative essence. Evidently theirs is an enduring charm for ear and imagination; theirs a lasting appeal to that element of human mood which, though ever ready for fresh adventure, yet finds deep enchantment in the familiar. Be they ever so time-worn, be they even unintelligible, their power of incantation is so great as to add to the enjoyment of their hearer and to pique his curiosity about the secret of their rhythmic magic. The most casual student of Shakespeare can of course bear testimony on the subject—to the irresistible effect, for instance, of the recurrent line in

> It was a lover and his lass,
> *With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino.*

Yet when Ophelia sings

> They bore him bare-faced on the bier,
> *Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,*

the almost identical words take on the funeral pace dictated by the preceding line and add to the dirge-like monotony, the chanting effect of the rhythm. The spell unfailingly exerted by the Shakespearean refrains offers preëminent example of their author's instinct for magic rhythm. Throughout the plays how frequent the inclusion of, or reference to, ballads with refrains. If Shakespeare had small Latin and less Greek, he doubtless knew well his English balladry, drawing from it to add enlivening touches to his characters and situations, but with still greater effect using it in those moments of high tension and profound feeling when tragedy is at its darkest; such a moment is Desdemona's when, with her premonition of disaster, she remembers Barbara's song of willow:

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> An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
> And she died singing it; that song to-night
> Will not go from my mind.

Nor, when once heard, does it ever pass from the memory of its hearers, any more than do the refrains of numerous other old songs whereby Shakespeare and the anonymous authors of the ballads cast an enduring spell upon that popular taste which knows what it likes without understanding the cause of its pleasure, and likewise upon that more cultivated sense, part of whose keenest enjoyment springs from at least an approximate recognition of the sources of its gratification.

Lecturing on the English ballads to his Japanese students, Lafcadio Hearn expressed the opinion that "most of our ballad burthens represent the only extant portions of hundreds of older compositions that have been forever lost." If this be true, it invests the far wandering strains of the Kentucky mountains with an even more venerable antiquity than may at first be suspected from their association with seventeenth and eighteenth century ballads. Here is an immortality devoutly to be envied by contemporary inventors of new melodies, new verses. Happy indeed the musician or poet from whose inspiration spring melodies or words so magical, clinging to the memory of generations so pertinaciously as do these ancient refrains—a people's collaboration with its perhaps never to be identified poets. With their abiding charm well have these old burthens been described as an "imperious choral . . . a murmur of voices in concert, borne over great stretches of space and through many changes of time."

REFLECTIONS ON ROMANTICISM

By D. C. PARKER

I

THE following remarks are set down here by way of reflection and suggestion and are not offered in any dogmatic spirit. The whole question being subjective, it is capable of being treated only with the greatest latitude, and it will be evident to those who have given the matter a moment's thought that unusual difficulties lie in the path of the historian who would do full justice to the romantic movement. Not the least of the problems meets us as at the very threshold. Probably no two persons have exactly the same conception of what romanticism is. Very often one discovers the critic engaged in a search for a concise, yet adequate definition. Most people have a vague idea that the word romanticism is employed to indicate a work which is not classical, but it is impossible to proceed far with a negation. We are, therefore, forced to ask with Sainte-Beuve, "What is meant by a classic?" One writer, eschewing this method and satisfied with a grand show of authority, tells us that "classicism is routine, romanticism is liberty;" another, with equal confidence, that "classicism is imitation, romanticism is originality." Stendhal argued that all good art was romantic in its day. "Romanticism," he held, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which in the actual state of their habits and beliefs are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." In these assertions, as in Victor Hugo's contention that "romanticism is liberalism in literature," we seem to detect something of the exuberance which characterised the manifestos of the new creed. Such fine flourishes of finality may satisfy the makers of the phrases, but they do not deceive us, so we pass on. In comparison with the foregoing, Watts-Dunton's statement that the romantic movement was a re-introduction of the spirit of wonder seems modesty itself. Dr. William Barry, a critic of repute, is nearer to the mark when he says, "The classic is and must be the conservative, careful of the type, doting on past wonders, to whom the rules and forms of the ancients are synonymous with perfection. He looks back on

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a world better than his own. Not so the romantic, whose millenium is yet to come. Therefore rebel and revolutionist he will be, seeking a type of which he dreams, nowhere as yet visible." Nevertheless, we can sympathise with the student who protests that the subject must be treated at length, that here generalisations may be more than usually convenient, but are more than usually deceptive. We feel that this was in Pater's mind when he wrote the pregnant Postscript to his volume of "Appreciations." Though primarily treating of literature, his remarks do not lose their appositeness if applied to music:

> The words *classical* and *romantic*, although, like many other critical expressions, sometimes abused by those who have understood them too vaguely or too absolutely, yet define two real tendencies in the history of art and literature . . . The term *classical*, fixed, as it is, to a well-defined literature, and a well-defined group in art, is clear, indeed; but then it has often been used in a hard, and merely scholastic sense, by the praisers of what is old and accustomed, at the expense of what is new, by critics who would never have discovered for themselves the charm of any work, whether new or old, who value what is old in art or literature, for its accessories, and chiefly for the conventional authority that has gathered round it. . . .
>
> And as the term, *classical*, has been used in a too absolute, and therefore in a misleading sense, so the term, *romantic*, has been used much too vaguely, in various accidental senses.

Further on the author wisely reminds the reader that "the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament," and he argues that "it is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art." To him the essential elements of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty. I have cited the above views because, while, without exception, those of literary men, they offer some guidance to the musician and it seems right that they should precede a consideration of romantic music, because they emphasise the initial difficulty with which the critic is confronted.

In the main Pater is right, I think, when he says that the romantic spirit is an ever-present principle. It must be obvious that while the phrase "romantic music" is used to describe the works of certain men, the characteristics found in them are to be found also in those of masters commonly referred to as classical; and it ought in justice to be added that the romanticists are not entirely devoid of the characteristics which are prominent in the classicists. Classical music is not necessarily lacking in emotion, romantic music in form. Classicism does not consist of a denial of impulse, though it certainly sets a degree of

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control to which the impulse must be subjected. Daniel Gregory Mason has remarked that the "Coriolan" overture may be considered either classical or romantic, according to the standpoint from which it is regarded. In short, realism, not classicism, is the antithesis of romanticism. It is, therefore, impossible to draw a dividing line between what is commonly called classical and what romantic music. Some measure of the assurance with which the romanticists pursued their aims was derived from a certain amount of encouragement which they received from earlier musicians. The gradual attainment of elasticity of form which is a notable feature of Beethoven's music almost seems to prophecy the coming of the later groups, and the fact that the composer thought of following "Fidelio" with an opera based on the romantic subject of "Melusina" should not be forgotten. Schubert often leads us to the romantic world and we remark his charming and novel use of the wood-winds, which, with the horn, so often became the effective mouthpieces of romantic sentiment. It is, however, impossible to deny that the romanticists were deeply affected by the romantic movement in literature, which anticipated its counterpart in music. Programme music as exemplified in Berlioz and Liszt has more in common with the dramatic and poetical works by which it was stimulated than with the early composers who took a literary idea as a basis for their pieces. Among the most notable exponents Weber, Berlioz, Schumann and Liszt were keenly alive to the beauties of literature. So, in order to grasp the full significance of the movement in music, it is necessary to acquaint ourselves with the history of the literary one.

Spirits wearied of the dry, materialistic philosophy of the eighteenth century revolted against all that was arid and academic. The attitude was, at first, merely one of protest. Excess of a thing produces its opposite. An age of scepticism is succeeded by one of faith. The extravagancies of an "Amadis de Gaul" are followed by a "Don Quixote." Emancipation was not to be gained by spasmodic attacks on pedantry, so, in the fullness of time, a new faith was born. Scorn of the pseudo-classical themes, which were a legacy of the Renaissance, went hand in hand with an impetus to Catholicism, which was a reaction against the secular tendency of the same. The other immediate effect was a restoration of folk-literature, ballad and legend, and the distinguishing traits were most plainly evident after the Napoleonic wars. Goethe declared that in Schiller's treatise "On naïve and sentimental poetry" the difference between classicism and

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romanticism was first clearly set forth. An enthusiastic, if not always discriminating group of men upheld the new banner in Germany, among them E. T. A. Hoffmann, whom Dr. Brandes describes as representing "the transition from romantic authorship to romantic musical composition"—an important link. The chief representatives in Britain were Scott, who, in Balzac's words, "used the marvellous with truth," and Byron. In France, the scene of the fullest blossoms of its harvest, the movement became deeply rooted and affected almost the entire range of the nation's literature. Rousseau and Chateaubriand were its pioneers. Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was regarded as an artistic ultimatum and interest was heightened by the appearance of Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne."

II.

The characteristics of the musical manifestation of this spirit were not unlike those of the literary one. That both were different in kind may be proved by anyone who scrutinizes the representative products of the main exponents. In the German school a rustic strain is evident. As a result of the worship of imagination the glories of folk-lore were enthusiastically hailed. The magic of wood and stream was re-discovered; eyes grown young gazed upon sombre forests. Every hill had its Venus, every meadow its sprite, every rock its Lorelei. Ancient castles were repeopled with knights and dames; flowers held secret messages of hope and love; the hour of twilight, beloved of poets, loosed the springs of sentiment. There was a general glorification of the Middle Age, on which the culture of the eighteenth century had set its frown. Those of his novels in which Scott dealt with remote periods were the most highly esteemed. In a comment on Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron," Robert Louis Stevenson warned the author to "beware of his damned century". No such word of caution was necessary here. These men were evidently perfectly convinced that the picturesque past yielded treasures on which they could profitably feast their eyes. They cried for local colour—"*point de salut sans couleur locale*," said Mérimée—which trait Brunetière called "a literary acquisition of romanticism;" and local colour to them meant "the characteristics of foreign nations, of far-off days, of unfamiliar climes." "Don Quixote" may have smiled Spain's chivalry away, but the high priests of romanticism, combating a barren intellectual formula, set the wheels of chivalry in vigorous and noisy motion.

The naïve note so often piped East of the Rhine is not conspicuous in the French expression of the movement, which was more than a trifle sophisticated. Above all else was the instinct for revolt. Matters of cosmic significance were argued out in brilliant salons. The old world with its false valuations and futile traditions was to be thrown into a crucible. No requiem was appointed to be sung and the only incense was that of George Sand's cigars. The hour was the hour of youth, its fire and enthusiam, its fads and follies. Behind this activity one perceives a burning contempt for the *bourgeoisie* with its placid routine and regular dividends, the expression of which provides us with an equivalent of Schumann's lampoons against the Philistines. The plain fact that so many of the poets and musicians of the boulevards were out of touch with the practical affairs of life was, doubtless, responsible for the whimsical remark that the artistic temperament consists of a disinclination to pay tradesmen's bills. And one almost feels tempted to parody Mr. Micawber's immortal lecture on economics by saying, "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, the balance-sheet of a Philistine. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, the balance-sheet of a romanticist." It is related that Balzac, in a moment of desperation, exclaimed to a friend, "Come, let us spit upon Paris." This hostility, in part sincere, in part a concession to a kind of priggishness which took its cue from Byron's intellectual aloofness, proclaimed itself in eccentricity of dress—was not Gautier's waistcoat an historical garment?—and in a general swagger, braggadocio and extravagance which in many men stifled the inherent Gallic tendency towards classicism. There was nothing of the scrupulous weighing out, the rigid economy of the *moraliste*, nothing of Sainte-Beuve's golden mean. Mediocrity having decided that moderation was a sure sign of mediocrity, half the world set about painting the lily, the frogs were quick to ape the ox and superlatives were thrown about in bewildering profusion.

It is probably to the confidence in the romanticists' ability to set things right that we owe the intimate association of music with philosophy, religion and literature which marks the period under review. Not content with singing his song, the young artist must needs suck honey out of every flower, write his sonnet, paint his picture, erect his barricade. There is something youthful in the assurance with which this program was drawn up and gone through. The case of Schaune, the prototype of Murger's Schaunard, who wrote a symphony "On the Influence of Blue in

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Art," was evidently typical of many. He has been depicted as one in sore distress not knowing whether he was a painter or a musician. That the musician is a man of general culture must, surely, have a beneficial influence; we get a genuine thrill of pleasure, not to be had elsewhere, when we come into contact with rich minds like those of Schumann and Liszt. And it is significant that the modern criticism of musical works can be traced to the hey-day of the movement. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that a restless coquetting with all things and sundry may very easily prevent a man's attaining a degree of eminence in any direction, may put a check on his complete development in one sphere, may, in fact, condemn him to the ranks of dilettantism, there to exhibit a kind of vain versatility.

III.

It would be foolish to ignore the fact that it is possible to say a hundred things against the romantic movement in music. It is easy to take stock of the works of a school, look for something which is not there and anathematise them on that score. Reticence, for example, has a high artistic value and it is not conspicuous in Berlioz. There are many who would not countenance such a method who yet cannot find it in their hearts to say anything in favour of the particular activity. It may be that some are born romanticists and that others achieve romanticism, but evidently you cannot thrust it upon a man. It seems to me that the verdict in each case must of necessity largely depend on the conception. To some romanticism means the long hair and ridiculous cut of coat commonly associated with the stage aspect. To others it appears as a mandate for excess and sentimental prodigality, as the origin of a pernicious view of the musician and the function of his art; to others, again, it seems a colossal pose, less a movement than a conspiracy; or, failing that, much spent strife and superannuated argument. A practical and material age in which utilitarianism is widespread and the cash nexus of the first importance pronounces a harsh judgment in no measured terms. What is romanticism? A faded rose, an obsolete phrase, departed beauty, none of which is quoted on the bourse. From its very nature romanticism is open to attack from many quarters. It is easy to ridicule some of the exponents who were devoid of the humour which saves the situation, and in these days, when the word Byronic is chiefly used as a derogatory epithet, it is difficult for the modern man to realize all that it conveyed to a past generation. The spirit of our time, which moves at a quicker *tempo* than

did that of the period of which I speak, breeds men with little stomach for a world of dreamy Werthers and Renées, moonshine and "Almavivery." To take another line of thought: our objection to an important phase of romanticism is a philosophical one if we accept the dictum that the ultimate expression of the universe must be optimistic. The most important case against romanticism, however, still remains to be stated. It is based on the view that the thing itself is fundamentally false. The word bohemianism does not describe a light, irresponsible way of living; it describes a tragedy, doubly tragic in that the externals are deceptive. The laughter is hollow, the high spirits are artificial. Romanticism, the argument runs, leads to foolish ideas and futile illusions. To Bernard Shaw, no friend of sugared sentimentality and perfumed voluptuousness, romantic love is lust decked out in Sunday attire. The fine hero in his silk and feathers is a villain at heart and we come away from an exhibition of mock-heroics with perverted senses and a dimmed vision to weigh mankind on an unjust scale. One feels that the shot is aimed at literature and the drama rather than at music. But the line of reasoning cannot be entirely set aside, because not a few have recorded a regret at what they consider Berlioz's sawdust-kicking, Liszt's cheap pageantry and empty rhetoric and the blend of melodrama and impossible mediævalism to which the Italian stage is largely consecrated.

IV.

So much for the debit; scanning the credit side of the ledger we see that it is not empty. Whatever its shortcomings, there is no doubt that the music of the most considerable exponents has given to the world an immense amount of material on which to sharpen its wits. The romantic period was, certainly, an era of personality and we do ourselves and it a very serious injustice if, counting the unrealised dreams, the unfulfilled hopes, the unreached heights, we do not at the same time bear in mind that experimentation was in the air. The world, I believe, has yet to witness experimentation on a grand scale which is unaccompanied by baffled research and abortive exploration. There are defects peculiar to pioneer work which reflect not so much on the ability of the author as on the difficult nature of the task which he has undertaken. Sir Hubert Parry has said somewhere that the attitude of Monteverde towards the madrigal resembled that of Liszt and Schumann towards the sonata as exemplified in the former's example in B minor and the latter's in F♯ minor. It is commonly

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held that our greatest indebtedness to the romanticists lies in their generous use of colour, the musical analogy of the sensualisation of language which Dr. Brandes finds in their literary brethren, whether in harmony as in Chopin and Schumann, or in orchestration as in Weber, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner. The remark has some justification, but it may cause us to overlook the fact that the leading spirits were not so lacking on the intellectual side as the casual observer might suppose. To Weber we owe the standard pronouncement on *tempi;* to Berlioz a valuable work on instrumentation; to Wagner an elaborate treatise on conducting. And we have still to learn that Schumann was deficient in brain power. There is, no doubt, a sense of completeness in classical music which is not to be found in romantic, and this is because classicism looks to the past and draws its strength from experience and tradition. For this reason all absolute music tends to become purely formal except in the hands of the very greatest. In the romantic works we are frequently conscious of a great disparity between the aim and the fulfilment. It could not well be otherwise with men who set out on voyages of discovery. Nevertheless, the student cannot fail to acknowledge that the romantic works have provided the most considerable stimulus to modern music. As a source of suggestion they have been enormously fruitful. A careful examination of the music of the last half-century would give proof of the fact that a very large proportion of the sum total has been influenced by the methods and manners of the romanticists; and, be it noted, this influence is not to be traced in superficialities and externals but in the very essence of the music itself. The intrinsic merit of much that came from the pens of the great figures cannot for a moment be disregarded; but it must be obvious that, to set the romanticists in the right focus, one must allow that there are men whose value lies not so much in their achievements as in the pregnancy of their utterances. In other words, one must recognise that many composers, whose works require no word of apology, have a greater historical importance than the formalist is willing to admit. What Liszt meant to music cannot be gauged from his compositions alone. In all fairness we have to own that his contribution was not confined to them. We refresh ourselves with the works of others which would never have existed had it not been for the activity which he inaugurated. One may deplore the absence of this or that virtue in Berlioz, Schumann or Liszt; one may think of the classic groves while wandering in which one beholds a universe ordered, controlled and self-sufficient, but he who only looks askance at the tangle and brushwood which lie in

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the path of the explorer surely forgets the immense indebtedness of those who follow in his wake.

Whatever course the argument take it must be manifest that there will always be minds which find the supreme pleasure in recollection and others which find it in adventure. If there were no God, said Voltaire, it would be necessary to invent one; and those who feel the necessity for embarking on the strange expeditions which are impossible save in the regions of the mind appear to exclaim, "If there can be no knight-errantry it is necessary to invent it." By a whimsical turn of fate, the most famous apologist for this attitude is to be found among the "nation of shopkeepers." In his introduction to "Quentin Durward" (1831) Sir Walter Scott wrote:

> The spirit of chivalry had in it this point of excellence, that however overstrained and fantastic many of its doctrines may appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which if the earth were deprived, it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race.

As throwing light upon the public taste of the time, it is interesting to note what Lockhart, the biographer, said of the reception of the novel:

> For the first time Scott had ventured upon foreign ground, and the French public, long wearied of the pompous tragedians and feeble romancers, who had alone striven to bring out the ancient history and manners of their country in popular forms, were seized with a fever of delight when Louis XI and Charles the Bold started into life again at the beck of the Northern Magician . . . . The infection of admiration ran far and wide on the Continent, and soon re-acted most potently at home.

To this very creation Balzac took exception on the grounds of inaccuracy. The corrective came from the Frenchman's pen in the shape of the story "Maître Cornélius," wherein he informs the reader that, through a "singular caprice," Scott placed the Château of Plessis-les-Tours on a height, while it really stood in a hollow. The particular case can safely be left to the *littérateur*, but the principle at stake touches music. The reader will, probably, have encountered commentaries which enlarge on the haphazard methods of the romanticists. In the most glowing of their pages, it seems, Plessis-les-Tours is still on a height. Far be it from me to attempt to prove that some men did not run amuck to gather the Dead Sea fruit of indiscreet impetuosity. The act of surrendering to an emotional force which frets at guidance and tends to throw off intellectual restraint may well result in work which ill stands the

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extreme scholastic test. In order to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis we have here, I think, to make a subtle distinction. No responsible critic desires to set small store on the need for accuracy, but one may very easily press the claim too urgently, and there is a point beyond which it is wrong to make it. A learned archæologist, for example, might find a hundred errors in a work which is a piece of good literature. It is a question, then, if historical romance and the music which bears an affinity to it should not be assigned to a special place; and the theory that there is a musician's license, as there is a poet's, is legitimate. Further, it is a matter of doubt if the artistic method does not obtain the desired result better than the scientific one. Some illumination on the problem is to be derived from Dr. George Saintsbury, an omnivorous reader and a critic of experience. Discussing Carlyle's "French Revolution," he tells us

> It has been to me an inexhaustible joy for twenty or thirty years past to read the excellent persons who, in English and French and German, have undertaken to "correct" Carlyle. They have demonstrated in, I dare say, the most sufficient and triumphant way that he sometimes represents a thing as having happened at two o'clock on Thursday when it actually happened on Tuesday at three o'clock. . . . . But have they to the satisfaction of the *phronimos*, the Aristotelian intelligent person, altered or destroyed one feature in the Carlylian picture of the uprising and of the Terror? Not they. . . . . The French Revolution of Carlyle is the French Revolution as it happened, as it was. The French Revolution of the others is the French Revolution dug up in lifeless fragments by excellent persons with the newest patent pickaxes. ("Corrected Impressions.")

As I have hinted, exception to the romanticists has been taken on this question. Berlioz's portraiture may be faulty and there are, possibly, things in Weber and the Italian operas to which you cannot reconcile yourself. It is with Liszt, however, that the contention is hottest. The contemporary movement in Hungary aims at clearing away misconceptions which have for long been nursed in many quarters. The idea which animates the representatives seems to be that the time has come to reveal the folk-music of Hungary in its purity and to combat the heresies which have spread so widely. The *czardas* is to be redeemed from its meretricious surroundings. The implied reproach is put upon the shoulders of the gypsy and of Liszt. When Liszt's rhapsodies made their appearance the weight of his name gave them an authority. But the researches of Béla Bartok and Zoltán Kodály are cited as proving that his rhapsodical nature carried him away in an outburst of enthusiasm, when a more analytical turn of mind

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would have caused him to pause. Specialists may find an ill-assorted array of songs and dances, many of them in corrupt versions, others grievously disfigured. Now and again, perhaps, the indigenous and the foreign jig past in ridiculous proximity; and we may, in the end, declare that a man who clung to the belief in a gypsy epic was in no wise a safe guide. "The Life of Chopin" and the book on "The Gypsies and their Music in Hungary" do not reassure us. Though mixing highly-spiced ingredients was an agreeable task to Liszt, the kind of diagnosis called for was not his forte. It is characteristic of him that "Mazeppa" ends on a confidant note and shows no trace of the difficulties which beset the historian who endeavours to recount the last chapter of the hetmann's life. Plessis-les-Tours is here set on a summit, if you will. I have no desire to minimise the defects of the romanticists in this respect—they may have too often forgotten that the poet is made as well as born—but I submit that there are men who, whatever the faults of their work from the strictly scientific standpoint, give us living glimpses which are of the highest value. They enrich the world, not by laboriously collecting data, but by recording their visions; they do not learn by rote, they apprehend. The intrinsic value of the rhapsodies need not be discussed. It will at least be conceded that they are brilliant and picturesque, and what must be emphasised is that no amount of subsequent investigation can tarnish their glory. We naturally shrink from the anachronisms and solecisms born of ignorance, but we transgress on the artist's privilege if we demand an unbroken record of historical exactness. Are you prepared to say that "Quentin Durward" is not a good novel because Plessis-les-Tours is therein set upon a height?

V.

It has been said that the romantic movement had a strong musical bias and it might be added that it had an equally strong operatic one. This is no place to revive the old discussion as to whether Weber or Spohr was the first to give us a romantic opera. A right-minded posterity must always assign to Weber a higher position than that allotted to the creator of "Jessonda." Whatever misfortunes and defects characterised his worldly career, there is no doubt that Weber was one of those fortunate individuals who were born at the right time. For some indefinable reason one school of critics is little minded to credit him with what is certainly his due. After a perusal of the stage works of his predecessors and contemporaries his music carries us to another sphere. Half a

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troubadour—he practised the guitar—and more than half a bohemian, the theatre world was to him a reality. His choice of subjects reveals the bent of his mind and his treatment of them ought to satisfy the fastidious. "Der Freischütz," which marks the opening of a new era, speaks not only of an artistic change but of an intellectual convulsion. We here meet with a landscape painter of the first order—"the romanticists write musical poetry; Weber composes pictorial music," says Dr. Brandes; there is both melodic charm and excellent characterisation.[1] "Euryanthe," a pageant of the Middle Age, which has much in common with the *drame populaire de cape et d'épée*, forms a definite link with Boccaccio. As a chivaleresque page it is worthy of Scott in his stride. The student will not fail to observe the power and eloquence of the recitatives. "Oberon," light of touch and elfin in spirit, cut the clothes for all subsequent generations of musical fairies. Weber's orchestra is plastic; in his hands it became, so to speak, a dramatic vehicle. He was among the first, if he were not the very first, to realise the inherent possibilities of its many voices. In other words, he understood the psychology of instruments, the study of which was raised to the *n*th degree by Berlioz. He is prolific in moments which can never lose their enchantment. The introduction to the "Der Freischütz" overture is highly effective, though simple; the second subjects of those to "Euryanthe" and "Oberon" have a perennial freshness and charm. There is a temptation to enlarge upon the contour of Weber's melody, his strongly developed sense of colour, his feeling for harmony, his power to treat the supernatural. But it must suffice to record the enormous extent of his influence. The *largo* of the "Euryanthe" overture was not forgotten by the Wagner of "Lohengrin". It is, in fact, a question if the full extent of Wagner's indebtedness to Weber is fully recognised. Weber opened up "fresh woods and pastures new" and the modern musician who, in examining Debussy and Ravel, is spirited away to China or Java owes him more than he is commonly aware of.

If Weber represent romanticism in its pictorial aspect, Berlioz was the incarnation of its dynamic one. The youthful Berlioz was the romanticist of the boulevard, ready to break his lance in any tournament. It is often regretted that in his music there is so much chaff and so little wheat, that he was readier to join a satanic orgy than a divine choir, that his compositions are illuminated by the *feu d'enfers* rather than by the *feu sacré*. But the real

[1] Compare the remark of William Pitt that he could have expected "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" from a painter, but not from a poet.

tragedy lies in the fact that he could not fully express all that he felt. No caliph ever dreamt more opulent dreams, no imagination ever soared so often into the realms of the impossible. I have not the slighest doubt that his pieces meant infinitely more to him than they ever meant to others, because they were closely associated with the wildest flights of his fancy. Ultimately defying analysis, he remains something of a contradiction, a sentimentalist —did he not wander in search of his lost soul?—with a touch of cynicism. Too much, however, has been said against him. Technically he is far from perfect, but few men have been so thoroughly original. The Love Scene and Queen Mab Scherzo of "Romeo and Juliet," which seem to have been fashioned on another planet, are the work of a born magician and we search in vain through the whole range of French music for their equal. "La Damnation de Faust" is full of arresting episodes and it is superfluous to point out that through Berlioz a new interest in orchestration was kindled. An idea no sooner occurred to him than, by a sure instinct, it was set in its proper instrumental *milieu*. The last phase is pathetic to contemplate. The emancipator, seeking escape from the world, took refuge in the chaste scores of Gluck. The picture is one of a disillusioned romanticist. The word failure may, perhaps, describe the strange odyssey, but, if this be the correct way in which to sum up all the feverish activity, we must add that it was failure in the grand manner, ten times more impressive, ten times more fruitful than all the ephemeral successes of fortunate mediocrity.

With Schumann romanticism is in repose. We think of the "rapt inaction" of the old dreamers. By nature introspective, he was sometimes cryptic and the full beauty of his song is seldom yielded at the first advance. It might very truly be remarked of his art, as Browning said of his own poetry, that it makes no pretence to offer a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes. But the keen-eyed traveller will return many times to those pages in which a beautiful thought is beautifully expressed, as, for example, in the first few bars of "Moonlight" and in the second theme of the "Genoveva" overture. In few other composers are the poet and musician so perfectly blended. The man who wrote the "Manfred" music was something more than a spinner of notes. He is, says Georges Pioch, with Byron and de Musset the most sincere of the romanticists. Chopin, though less profound than Schumann, is more intimate. He is probably the only notable writer whom we can call a salon composer without using that threadbare term in a derogatory sense. The Chopin of the

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drawing-room is the essential Chopin, the Chopin of the nocturnes, the études, the ballades, and the valses. His romantic feeling is expressed in relatively small compass; it is the romanticism of moonlit nights and eager whisperings.

Liszt calls us to the heights. He was concerned with the heroic aspect of romanticism. A cosmopolitan with the courtly manners of an ambassador, no man was ever more susceptible to the finer influences of life and culture. He might well have sighed with Heine, "How I long for the roses of Shiraz!" When he took up his residence in Paris romanticism was very much in the air. In his presence Victor Hugo is said to have read his "*Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne,*" which forms the basis of the first symphonic poem. It is easy to imagine the extent of the influence of the movement on the composer's impressionable nature. Were I asked to name the musician who seems to embody all that Pater meant by his phrase "born romanticist," I should say Liszt. He often sang the pleasure that is half pain. With him we have all the familiar ingredients—flowers, incense, a regret for things or times past and a woman, delicate, beautiful and sad, languishing on the balcony. Liszt's education was obtained in the university of the world. He remains an eternal reproach to all who are wont to deliver themselves to abstractions, who bow the knee to inelastic theories concerning æsthetics. Covering a large field—we find here a Pisan tranquillity, there an echo of the distant tumult—it is not surprising if the subsoil be sometimes untouched. But I protest most vigorously against the interpretation of his life and work which portrays him as entirely shallow and continually superficial. Such a finding is at variance with two of his most prominent actions, his retiral from the public platform while still in his prime and his withdrawal from the conductorship at Weimar. Behind the posing, if you must have it so, there is the real, the earnest Liszt. His powers of assimilation were, doubtless, immeasurably greater than his powers of creation. And you may add that the heroic note is often strained to its utmost and Ossa piled needlessly upon Pelion. We are not here, however, primarily concerned with Liszt's value as a composer, but with his importance as a figure in the romantic group. Attention must, therefore, be concentrated on his attitude to the past and to the future. It was left to Wagner to point out that Liszt "was the first to place the worth and significance of his forerunners in their fullest light." He gazed long and lovingly towards the ancient seats of learning. To Italy, cradle of the refinements and the humanities,

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Infinite of years . . . . .
Strong with old strength of great things. . . . . .

he often turned his eyes. His hero was the complete man of the Renaissance, a world figure like Dante or Petrarch. It seems to me, at least, that the beautiful blossom of the "Liebesträume" exhales the perfume of the South, that the stem of the plant is firmly set in the soil of a semi-tropical garden; and the composer, in his least unconventional moments, has a way of turning to the *cantilena* style of the Italian opera and embracing it with all the fervour of a young lover. Not once or twice but frequently he revels in the thirds and sixths of Southern passion and sentimentality. It is needless to say that there is a definite connection between the suave and leisurely melodies of the Italian stage and those of many of the romanticists, and some of the lesser fry read their Bellini to good purpose. If Liszt found the refrain of the sirens and sibyls of the Southern shore entrancing, he came to new tasks with the appetite of a Galileo. As *précurseur* and *novateur* he claims special notice. The works of few other men and no other romanticist have had so great an effect on subsequent musicians. A study of his music proves that he anticipated much that has come from later writers. His interest in the researches of Fétis shows how deeply he was immersed in harmonic exploration, and M. Calvocoressi has demonstrated that in "Les Jeux d'eau à la Villa d' Este" "almost every bar will be found to deserve attentive consideration for its boldness in tone- and colour-effects akin to the boldest dared by a Debussy or a Ravel." Of the heroic aspect, with its fur and feathers, its battle hymns and eloquent perorations, he is the perfect exemplar.

In Wagner the romantic movement found its culmination. I have mentioned the influence which Weber had upon him. It remains to say that he was much indebted to Liszt and, in the orchestral sense, to Berlioz. His theory regarding the suitability of legendary subjects for dramatic treatment is well known. What in his day was the music of the future portrayed the knights and ladies, the heroes and goddesses of far-off times. Of all the romanticists he was the most richly endowed. The pictures are painted with the sure confidence of genius. Where the walls of the gallery are so well covered with portraits and landscapes I must, perforce, select one or two of them in order to show the nature of Wagner's romantic temper. In "The Flying Dutchman" we have a tale borrowed from Heine and one cannot fail to observe that the sea is depicted with conspicuous success, that it becomes, in his hands, almost a living thing. In "Tannhäuser" the shepherd's

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song to Dame Holda, sung amidst the sylvan splendours of the valley, calls for comment. The second act of "Tristan and Isolda," a miracle of beauty, is nothing if not an inspired piece of romanticism. The scene of Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens in "The Dusk of the Gods" might have come from the pen of one of those poets who inhabited the land of fables. Though with Wagner romanticism travelled from its Southern home and reappeared in more muscular form, I cannot think of any passage which so well epitomises all that is best in it as the phrase of the sirens in "Tannhäuser." There is a sense of distance, a sublety of harmony, an ethereal softness in that call which marks it out as one of the most wonderful products of its author's vast imagination. And with these magic notes sounding from afar, I take leave of this fascinating subject.

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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FOLK-SONG AND AMERICAN MUSIC

(A PLEA FOR THE UNPOPULAR POINT OF VIEW)

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THAT type of musical æsthetic which insists much on the importance of the racial and national differences dividing human kind into groups, and of the special features, technical and expressive, characterizing the music of these various groups, is constantly challenging our American music to disavow what it calls a featureless cosmopolitanism, and to achieve individuality by idealizing some primitive popular strain, whether of the Indians, of the negroes, of the British colonizers, or of our contemporary "rag-time." In so doing, it usually accepts uncritically certain assumptions. It is apt to assume, for instance, that interpretative truth is assured by geographical propinquity. The chant of the Indian "expresses" the modern American because the habitat of both is west of the Atlantic Ocean. It often assumes that characteristic turns of idiom, such as certain modal intervals or rhythmic figures, are of intrinsic value as making music "distinctive." You can make a tune "American" by "ragging" its rhythm, as you make a story American by inserting "I guess" or "I reckon" at frequent intervals. It often mistakes the conception of the average for that of the ideal type, and supposes that the man in the street represents the best taste of America. Above all, it condemns any attempt at universalizing artistic utterance as "featureless cosmopolitanism" or "flabby eclecticism", and suggests that the musician who speaks, not a dialect but a language understood over the civilized world (as Tschaikowsky did, for example, to the disgust of the Russian nationalists), has "lost contact", as the phrase goes, "with the soil." In the

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interest of clear thinking all these assumptions stand in need of criticism.

It is hardly possible even to state the first without recognizing the large measure of absurdity it contains. That the crude war dances and chants of the red aborigines of this continent should be in any way representative of so mixed a people, compounded of so many European strains, as we who have exterminated and displaced them, is a thought more worthy of savages who believe that the strength of their enemy passes into them when they eat him, than of our vaunted intelligence, fortified by ethnological science. We should hardly entertain it if we were not misled by the interest that attaches to anything unusual or outlandish, and tempted by certain idiomatic peculiarities of these monotonous strains to exploit their "local color." This may very well be done now and then for an artistic holiday, as MacDowell has done it in his Indian Suite; but if a folk-music is to enter vitally into art it must bring with it something more than quaintness or distinctive idioms, it must be genuinely expressive of the temperament of the people using it; and of the complex American temper Indian music can never be thus representative.

Somewhat similar considerations apply to the British folk-songs, which, introduced by our pioneering grandfathers, have in remote regions like the Kentucky mountains survived uncontaminated by modernisms, and have recently been rediscovered and widely acclaimed. Here again the piquancy of unfamiliar idiom and a simplicity that falls agreeably on over-stimulated ears has aroused an enthusiasm that overshoots its mark. By all means let us enjoy these fresh songs, and even embody them in our music if we find it an interesting experiment. But can we expect that they will have any far-reaching interpretative value for us, that they will express our national temper? That they are not even native to the soil is a minor objection to them, for we are importations ourselves. But that they are, with all their charm, British through and through, makes it unlikely that they can adequately reflect a nation which, though partly British, is also partly almost everything else.

The case of rag-time is rather more subtle. Here is a music, local and piquantly idiomatic, and undeniably representative of a certain aspect of American character—our restlessness, our insatiable nervous activity, our thoughtless superficial "optimism", our fondness for "hustling", our carelessness of whither, how, or why we are moving if only we can "keep on the move." If this were the whole of us, if the first impression which foreigners get of

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us, summed up for them oftentimes in our inimitably characteristic "Step lively, please", were also the last, and there was nothing more solid, sweet or wise in America than this galvanic twitching, then indeed rag-time would be our perfect music. But every true American knows that, on the contrary, this is not our virtue but our vice, not our strength but our weakness, and that such a picture of us as it presents is not a portrait but a caricature. And similarly, as soon as we examine rag-time at all critically we discover its essential triviality. Its melodies are commonplace, its harmonies cheap, shoddy and sentimental. Even its rhythm is a clever formula rather than a creative form, a trick for giving ordinary movement a specious air of animation. It is, in fact, as a writer in the London *Times*[1] points out, "a debased imitation of genuine negro song, just as the popular Gaiety favorites of the late eighties, 'Enniscorthy' and 'Ballyhooley', were debased imitations of a certain class of Irish folk-song." A few lines later this same writer falls into the pitfall always yawning for the theorist about rag-time, asks if the American composer will arrive who can extract gold from this ore, states coolly that "Rag-time represents the American nation", and of course ends up with an edifying reference to an art "really vital because it has its roots in its own soil." Does he consider that "Ballyhooley" "represents the Irish nation"? Would he advise Sir Charles Stanford to write a symphony upon it? Only an American journalist could be more naïve, and here is one that is. "The important point", he says, "is that rag-time, whether it be adjudged good or bad, is original with Americans—it is their own creation."[2] This beggars comment.

II.

So far our results are mainly negative. We have discovered fallacies in several assumptions too commonly and easily made. We have set a lower estimate on purely geographical considerations than is often set. We have tried to distinguish between what in a popular strain is merely quaint or piquant because of peculiarities of idiom, and what is more profoundly true in expression to a national or racial temper; and while admitting the superficial charm of such idioms and of the "distinctiveness" to which they minister, we have insisted on the far deeper import of interpretative truth. We have glanced at the danger of confounding

[1] *Times*, London, February 8, 1913.

[2] Quoted by Mr. Charles L. Buchanan in an admirably sane article on "Rag-Time and American Music" in *The Opera Magazine*, February, 1916.

appeal to the majority with appeal to good taste, which is always outvoted, or of supposing that "originality" is of any importance in comparison with merit. From these criticisms certain positive principles thus tend to emerge. It becomes evident that there is a certain gradation of values in the qualities which a folk-music may possess. Distinctiveness of idiom is a merit, but a less vital one than interpretative power; higher than either is beauty, suitability to enter into music that may bear comparison with the best music of the world. Is there any body of folk-song available to Americans that possesses any or all of these merits in a higher degree than the types we have examined?

We seem to discover such a richer vein in the songs of the negroes—not the debased forms found in rag-time and the "coon-songs" of the minstrel shows, but the genuine old plantation tunes, the "spirituals" and "shouts" of the slaves. In idiomatic individuality, to begin with, both of harmonic interval and rhythmic figure, these songs will compare favorably with those of any European nation. With many of these they share, indeed, odd modal intervals of great antiquity, such as the lowered seventh scale-step in major and the raised sixth-step in minor. Like

The Angels Done Changed My Name

From "Jubilee Songs"

I— went to the hill - side, I went to pray, I know the an - gels done changed my— name, Done changed my name for the com - ing day, Thank God the an - gels done changed my name.

Scottish tunes they make frequent use of the incomplete or pentatonic scale, omitting the fourth and seventh steps. A peculiarity in which they are almost unique is a curious oscillation between a major key and its relative minor, especially at cadences, so that one gets a haunting sense of uncertainty that enhances tenfold their plaintiveness. In "The Angels Done Changed My Name" are exemplified the lowered seventh step—at "I went to pray"—and the pentatonic scale; in "You May Bury Me in the East" the raised sixth step—to the word "trumpet"—and

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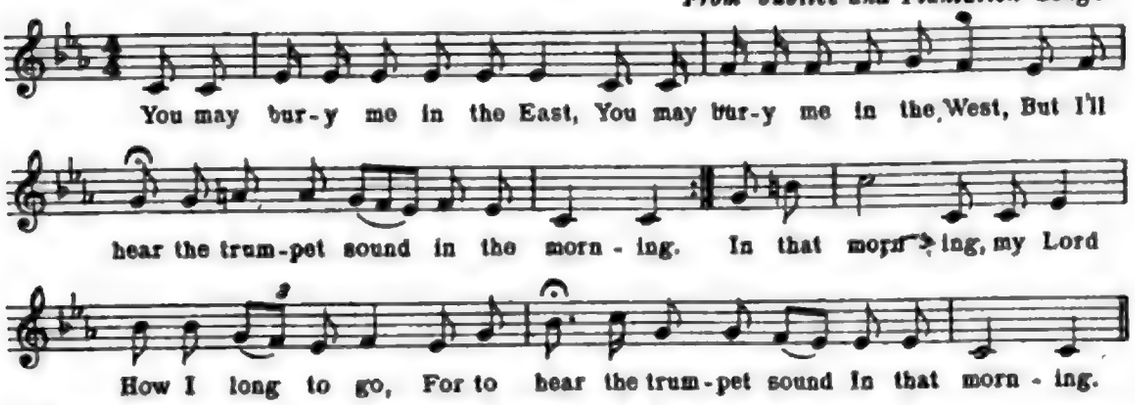
You May Bury Me in the East

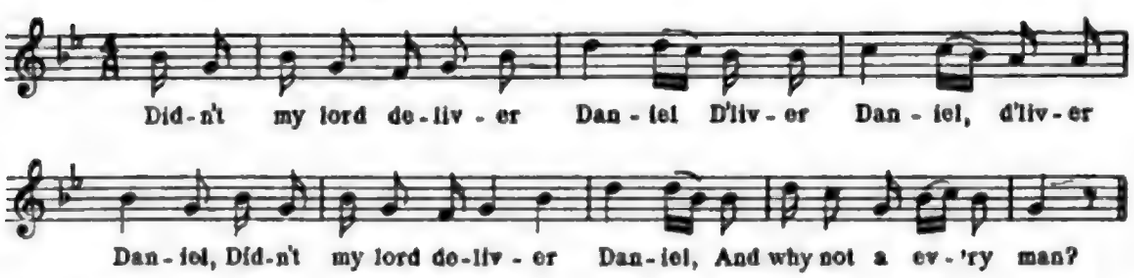
From "Jubilee and Plantation Songs"



the major-minor cadence. The last line begins unmistakably in E flat, and ends equally unmistakably in C minor, and gets from that veering in the wind, so to speak, a peculiar flavor which we should recognize anywhere as "Negro." It is noteworthy that both these songs have to be harmonized strongly and simply with the staple triads—it is impossible to harmonize them otherwise. In other words they are the product and expression of a primitive but pure and strong tonal sense, refreshingly free from the effeminate chromatic harmonies—the "barber-shop chords"— of rag-time. The one compares with the other as the fervent childish poetry of the lines here, "Thank God the angels done changed my name," or "I'll hear the trumpet sound in that morning" compares with the slangy doggerel of the cabarets.(1)

It is often stated that the chief rhythmic characteristic of the negro music is the so-called "Scotch jerk", the jump away from the normally accented note to another, thrice exemplified in the third line of "The Angels Done Changed My Name", and imitated in rag-time. A more typical instance of it is "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel," which also further illustrates major-

Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?



[1]For example:

"They got a fiddler there
That always slickens his hair,
An' folks he sure do pull some bow."

from "The Memphis Blues", in which Mr. H. K. Moderwell assures us we shall find "characteristic verse of a high order."

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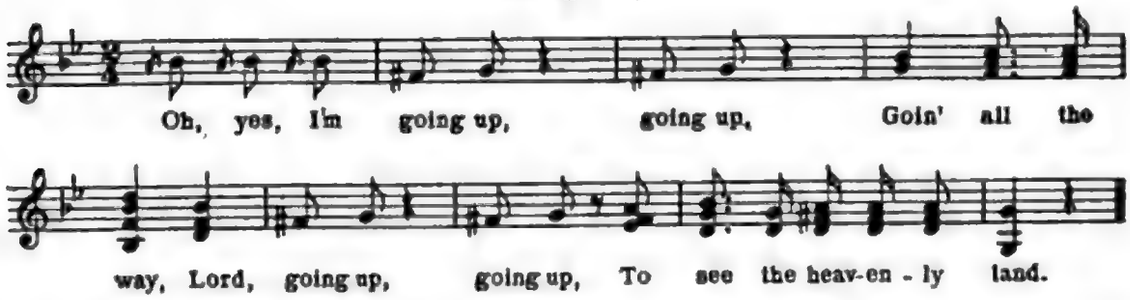
minor idiom in its constant see-saw between G minor and B flat major. It is pointed out that the slaves had a strong sense of time, that the overwhelming majority of their songs are in duple or march time, with very few in the more graceful but less vehement triple measure, and that in their "shouts" or religious dances they rocked themselves into paroxysms of rhythmic excitement, one group clapping the metre while the others sang and scuffled with a "jerking, twitching motion which agitated the entire shouter and soon brought out streams of perspiration."(1) No doubt the jerk evidences their love of strong accentuation; but it must be noted that accentuation is a purely local thing, affects the metre rather than the rhythm, and may be assumed and put off by a tune (as in the "ragging" of a standard melody) without changing its essential curve.

Far more significant, therefore, than their half-barbaric fondness for the jerk is the grasp shown by negroes over the larger and nobler reaches of rhythm, their feeling for the phrase as a whole and ability to impress upon it a firm and yet varied profile. The second half of "You May Bury Me in the East", with its bold festooning of outline, even more strikingly the tune "Going Up",

Going Up



with its piquant silences and its even-paced insistence on "going all the way, Lord", show a unity in their variety, a certain "all-of-a-piece-ness", compared with which even "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel" seems scrappy, and the ordinary rag-time effusion pitifully poverty-stricken. There is plenty of internal evidence, too, that these happy results are attributable to genuine musical imagination, and not to luck in the servile following of felicitous word-patterns. Indeed, the frequency with which unimportant words are accented and important ones slurred over shows that, as is so often the case with great melodists like Schubert, the words were regarded more or less as convenient pegs to hang the melodies on, and the specifically musical faculty did not easily brook interference. "The negroes keep exquisite time",

[1] *The Nation*, May 30, 1867.

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writes one of the editors of "Slave Songs in the United States", the best of the collections, "and do not suffer themselves to be daunted by any obstacle in the words. The most obstinate hymns they will force to do duty with any tune they please, and will dash heroically through a trochaic tune at the head of a column of iambs with wonderful skill." The sense of independent tone-pattern, which when possessed by individual geniuses in supreme degree gives us the immortal melodies of a Beethoven or a Brahms, waxes and wanes in these childlike tunes, sometimes falling back into platitude, but sometimes advancing to a real distinction and beauty.

Whether this beauty is of the kind we have desiderated as the highest quality folk-song can have, rendering it "suitable to enter into music that may bear comparison with the best music of the world", is a further question, and one which brings us at length to the highly controversial matter of the kind of treatment that the composer should give folk-material in incorporating it into his more finished art. The variations of taste concerned here are so subtle that probably unanimity of judgment, even if it be desirable, will never be attained. Yet it is certain that treatment of some sort there must be. The mere collecting, collating, and setting forth of folk-songs, attractively arranged for instruments or even orchestrated, such as we have seen much of from all countries in recent years, is no more musical art than a pile of bricks is a building, or a series of anecdotes literature. So far as it tends to content the public with such potpourris, the fad for folk-song is positively injurious to taste, in something the same way that our modern floods of petty journalism are injurious to the capacity for sustained reading. Moreover, even on their own level such medleys are apt to be unsatisfactory; for the tunes themselves are so definite, brief, and complete, and the transitional passages between them are therefore so obtrusively transitional, that the net effect is that of the ill-baked bread pudding from which we eat nothing but the raisins. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Twenty-Four Negro Melodies", despite incidental attractions, are on the whole an example of this bad model.

Far worse, however, are those "improvements" of folk-song which consist in a general prettifying of its homely simplicity with all the refinements and luxuries of sophisticated musical technique—as if a country maiden should conceal her healthy color under layers of rouge. Strange that composers skilful enough to use them should not recognize the inappropriateness of Wagnerian chromatics and Debussyan whole-tone scale

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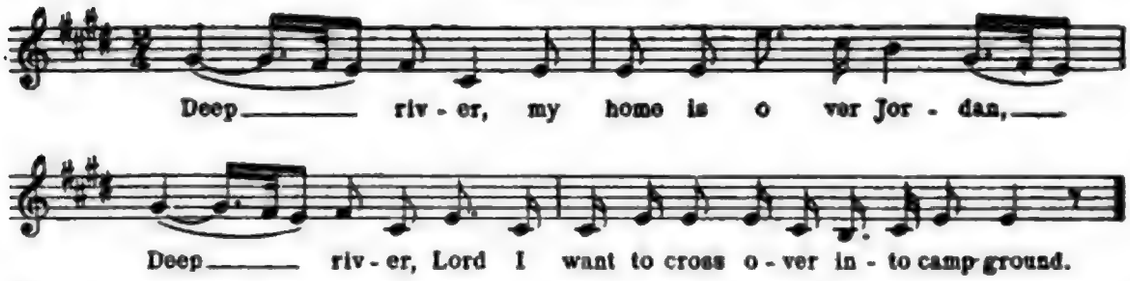
harmonies, to say nothing of all sorts of rich dissonantal trappings, to tunes as diatonic as "God Save the King" and as square-cut as the "Hymn of Joy." One would think that the sense of humor, which revels in incongruity in music as in other things, would keep them from doing it and us from taking it so seriously. It would be invidious to name examples, but they can be discovered by the discerning; for not even the negro complexion is proof against this brand of talcum powder.

The kind of change that is both legitimate and necessary may perhaps be best suggested by another example, "Deep River."

Deep River



Here we have, in the first phrase, that free and firm moulding of rhythmic pattern which is often so surprising in these songs, so that we might look far in the best composers without finding its peer in deliberate, calm beauty. But just as our hearts are responding to the wave of emotion thus generated it strikes, so to speak, a dead wall, falls shattered, and has to begin over again, without being able to recover the lost momentum. The imagination is vital as far as it goes, but its span is short, it lacks sustained power and cumulative force. What is needed in the composer who would deal with such material, then, in addition to a tact that enters into its spirit, is a synthetic imagination capable of rounding out its incompleteness, of tracing the whole of the curve it suggests, of developing into full life what it presents only as a germ.

How difficult such a truly creative treatment is, only those fully know who have tried it; how rare, musical literature testifies. To add a measure to a folk-song is almost like adding a cubit to one's stature, and for the same reason—that addition is not what is requisite, but organic growth. That it is possible we see in Brahms's masterly treatment of German student songs in his "Academic Festival Overture"; that it can be applied to negro melodies we have been shown especially by Dvořák. In his "New World" Symphony and his "American" Quartet and Quintet he assimilated a peculiar idiom so perfectly that there is

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not a note, even in the highly complex harmonies toward the end of the symphony, that does not take its place in the scheme unobtrusively. While the harmonic idiom preponderantly of simple triads dictated by the material is maintained with an unerring sense of style, these commonest of all chords are so deftly managed that they never become commonplace. The twin pitfalls of platitude and sophistication are avoided with equal success. The same felicity is attained in the construction. However brief the themes, they do not sound trivial or unconvincing, because we feel they have reached their natural growth. Above all, the same sympathy and power that are shown in these technical matters so control the conception as a whole that these works form a true idealization of negro feeling, in its moods both of half-barbaric dance and of naïvely pathetic sentiment.

Dvořák's example suffices then by itself to show that the negro music, in the hands of a master, is capable of two of the three qualities we demanded of any folk-song—idiomatic distinctiveness and capacity for organized beauty. Does he also demonstrate in it the third—adequacy to interpret the American temper? Something closely kindred to that temper and easily endeared to it there certainly is in the restless rhythmic energy, the unceasing motion and quick changes of these scherzos, the vigor and dispatch of these allegro movements. Like similar syncopations and other rhythmic peculiarities that we find in those of our composers who have more than their share of our national nervous energy, such as Chadwick and Whiting, the negro rhythms have a crispness and buoyancy that is somehow appropriate to our clear skies and self-helpful society. They give at least a far fairer portrait of us than the caricature of rag-time. In its more sentimental moods, too, negro music has an unsophistication, an unreserved naïveté, that reminds us of similar traits in the traditional conception of our fellow-countrymen. It thus seems to express more of our national temperament, and to leave less of it unexpressed than would on the whole any other body of folk-song.

Yet the very attempt to formulate these considerations forces us to realize how hopelessly inadequate they are as an account of the possibilities of America in music. The picture they give of the national type may do something like justice to it as it existed in earlier times and simpler surroundings, as it appears, for instance, in the pages of Mark Twain or Bret Harte, and as it is symbolised in the person of Uncle Sam; but the modern American is a being quite other, far more complex, far more cosmopolitan,

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the American not of nineteenth century New England but of the twentieth century "melting pot." He is wholly incommensurate not only with negro music or any folk-music, but with even individual composers like Dvořák in whom emotion far outruns intellectual subtlety. No folk-music, let us repeat, no individual composer, no school of composers, can "express" America. The age of such simplicities is past, if it ever existed. Whether we like it or not, we have to take our age and our country as they are; they are an age of rapidly accelerating intercommunication of all peoples and a country in which the internationalism that thus slowly results is being hastened by actual admixture on a heretofore unprecedented scale. Such a condition doubtless has its bad as well as its good aspects; but if those who bemoan our "featureless cosmopolitanism" and advocate an impossible parochialism as the only remedy would try rather to see how a wider outlook and a larger sympathy may deepen our art and make it more truly human by laying less stress on local, national, or even racial types, and more on the untrammeled expression of the greatest possible variety of individuals, music would fare better. "National literature:" wrote Goethe to Eckerman in 1827, "the term has no longer much meaning to-day; the time for universal literature is come, and each ought to work to hasten its advent." Signs are not wanting that the condition thus discerned by the wisest men a century ago is now gradually getting itself acknowledged in general practice.

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A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE WORKS OF GRANVILLE BANTOCK

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

GRANVILLE BANTOCK is the arch-experimentalist amongst British composers, and for that reason the merit from the purely artistic point of view of his compositions is a frequent and worthy subject of debate. This position he has now held for a long period, though during that period there have been times when the experiments of others have for the moment claimed greater attention. That he early acquired a remarkably full command of all the ordinary resources of modern melodic and harmonic technique goes without saying. His methods of using them have always been individual without being eccentric, and in this way he has had no small share in the work of extending them. His freedom from eccentricity has militated against his recognition as a progressive, for whereas his own countrymen have their attention drawn to the use of their technique by such composers as Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Reger, Schoenberg, and even by Holbrooke, Stravinsky and Florent Schmitt, they do not notice it in the works of Bantock. He never sacrifices beauty or expressiveness to his desire—a very keen one—to extend the technique of his art, nor is that desire ever made obvious except to the student and the critic. Yet he does not hesitate to use the little pointers which indicate the modernist, such as the succession of ninths in the orchestral suite *From the Scottish Highlands*, the free chordal structure of *Atalanta in Calydon*, the use of the whole-tone scale in *The Vanity of Vanities*, and others which occur in almost every work he has written in the last twenty years or more. His command of simple chords is equally as great, though he has not provided anything like the prelude to *Das Rheingold*. Chiefly he is one who thinks and who expresses his thoughts in intricate detail, and is the one almost more than any other composer of the day, whose works justify their complexity.

In the choice or creation of themes and motives he shows a decided preference for those constituted from the Common Chord. Naturally, in the wide range of his subjects he has frequently employed some of a very different character from this,

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and has used every kind of progression from that of the chromatic scale to that of wide-stretched intervals of strange harmonic effect.

His variety of instrumentation and orchestration is almost as wide. In this his tendency is generally towards complexity and bigness, but he has set many examples of simple writing for comparatively small bodies of players. Not infrequently he has reverted to the eighteenth century method of using the wind instruments as a group of soloists with a background of string work. Of the influences which were obvious in his earlier works naturally that of Wagner was the strongest, but Mozart and Grieg also appear to have made a deep impression upon him, the latter's influence being very noticeable in the ballet music he wrote for a five-act drama, *Rameses II*, which now forms a very effective orchestral suite.

Before turning to the works themselves one may also refer to the variety of literary subjects in which he has found inspiration. There was a time when everybody regarded Bantock as essentially an orientalist in his music. This phase seems to have started with *The Fire Worshippers*, the libretto of which is framed on Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, as are so many works of previous composers. It declined, if it did not cease, with Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, a poem little less British than the other. The choice of these eastern subjects arose partly from his natural inclination towards the life and thoughts of the countries from which they came and partly from a deliberate aim at finding subjects which would aid him in extending his descriptive powers and evolving a wider musical idiom. Bantock stands for the same breadth and freedom in music that has for centuries been the heritage of the English speaking races in literature and of the British peoples in all matters. He is not a great imperialistic singer, as are Elgar and Stanford; these two have several times expressed the Empire spirit much more effectively than Bantock is ever likely to do. But he is something more. He is the musical representative of that type of Englishman who explores and conquers, who utilises what is old and what is new, and revitalises all by making it his own without taking from it its own individuality. The Empire of music covers not only every phase of human emotion, but every inspiring source of emotion. Bantock has expressed many of the old ones, and has introduced the world of art, and particularly of British art, to new phases and new inspirations over which he has planted the British flag of his own music and that of his disciples.

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Like most British composers, he has been unable to resist the attraction of the authorised version of the Bible, with its finely rounded phrases; and, though not owing any allegiance to Christianity, he has taken from it the words for two big works, *Christus* (of which but part, *Christ in the Wilderness*, is published) and *Vanity of Vanities*, and several smaller ones. Of the works of modern British poets from Blake and Burns onward he has employed a large number. For his part-songs in particular he has used poems by most of the great British poets as well as by many smaller ones. Burns, Scott, Blake, Southey, Shelley, Tennyson, Hood and Meredith are only some of them. His own friend and secretary, H. Orsmond Anderton, has written many verses for him, and to none has he turned more frequently or with greater success than to those of Mrs. Bantock (Helen F. Schweitzer). *A Pageant of Human Life*, one of his recent experiments in choralism, is to words by Sir Thomas More. *Zeus, Lord of Heaven*, from Æschylus, and *Stranger, thou art standing now*, with its sequence, *Now for a Brighter Boast than all*, from Sophocles, are settings for male voices. Whitman, most popular of poets with the younger schools, appears only once, in *Sea Wanderers*.

Browning and Swinburne figure in larger works. The poems of the former have supplied words for thirteen lyrics for tenor and orchestra, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, and the popular *Cavalier Songs*, and have inspired the "Orchestral Drama with a Prologue, *Fifine at the Fair*". To Swinburne he turned for the words of his first Choral Symphony, *Atalanta in Calydon*. Latterly the folk-songs of the Hebrides as collected and arranged by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser have attracted his attention, and he has arranged some of them chorally besides basing his Hebridean Symphony upon them, and at the present time he is engaged on an opera also based upon them. Other orchestral works based on literature are *Dante and Beatrice*, the "Overture to a Greek Tragedy" (*Œdipus at Colonos*) and music to *Elektra*, both from Sophocles, and *The Pierrot of the Minute*, after Ernest Dowson's poem. There is also the uncompleted scheme of twenty-four symphonic poems on Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.

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That the composer of *The Fire Worshippers*, *Omar Khayyam*, *Atalanta in Calydon*, *The Vanity of Vanities*, and the equally large and important orchestral works by which he is known, who obtained his education at one great music school and is now the

head of another, is the product of the Competitive Musical Festival movement is a fact that is not obvious. Yet at least so far as his choral work is concerned it is undeniable. Much of his best choral writing is based on his experiences of choirs whose vital force springs from the desire to compete at these festivals. For great as the longer works already mentioned are, they are in many cases superior only in size to the part-songs, of which he has written about a hundred . The spirit is the same, and the technique is the same.

While it cannot be said that the longer works would not have been written but for the shorter ones, there is no doubt that they are fashioned on schemes of vocal writing of which the part-songs form sketches. Original in feeling and idea though the earlier choral works are, they are based on a technic and style that link them with the past. It was not until he had discovered the possibilities of the combination of human voices, and particularly of English voices as exemplified in these festivals, that Bantock evolved a technic of writing that has a reciprocal effect on its models. Bantock has done much for the festivals, but he could not have done it had the festivals not done much for him.

It is in his choral works more than in anything else that Bantock has shown his development as a national British composer. His earlier works show little or no presage of his predilections and powers as a choral writer. Even *Omar Khayyam* owes as much to its orchestration as to its choral writing. Gradually in his part-songs a new method unfolded itself, blossoming somewhat suddenly in *Atalanta in Calydon, The Vanity of Vanities* and in the smaller *A Pageant of Human Life.*

His part-songs cover a fairly long period and an immense variety of styles and call as well for an almost equal variety of resources. Many of them are arrangements of Scottish folk-songs, a class of melody which seems lately to exercise over him a remarkable fascination. These range from simple harmonisations for three treble voices of such melodies as *Flowers o' the forest, Ye Banks and Braes,* etc., to the elaborate modal setting in six parts of the weird and monotonous Hebridean *Death Croon.* Some of them have the suggestion of the Choral Variation, which is so popular with certain younger composers of the same school. Others are the merest harmonisations of the melody, with only such variety as the words of the song make obviously appropriate.

That they have formed useful studies to himself as well as to the choral bodies for whom they are intended is evident. It

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is impossible to be constantly associating one's efforts with traditional melody without partaking of its influence. Not that the majority of them are studies in the ordinary acceptation of the term. *The Death Croon*, for instance, the melody of which is taken from Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides", is a remarkable example of how much variety may be given to a monotonous tune without loss of its characteristic form and colour. The original melody is given to the contralto part throughout, sometimes as a solo, at other times full, and accompaniments of long sustained chords are hummed by Soprano, Mezzo-soprano, Tenor, Baritone and Bass voices in chorus. The effect is weird, extremely weird, but it is wonderfully beautiful and pathetic. This, of course, is a comparatively recent work.

This influence is constantly evident in the many original part-songs for all combinations of voices which Bantock has written. In these is an infinite variety of sentiment and treatment, though only a few of them rank among his finest conceptions and impressions. The first to make any sensation in choral circles was the brilliant and gorgeous setting in eight parts of Blake's *The Tyger*. Shelley's *On Himalaya*, a comparatively simple four-part setting, aroused a like enthusiasm, and was taken up by many competitive festivals. Later came the delicate *Nocturne* and *Music, when soft voices die*, and the sober but profoundly beautiful and expressive *They that go down to the Sea*, written in commemoration of the loss of the great ocean liner "Titanic".

In the meantime came many others, and particularly to be noted are those for male voices, a class of work that has been neglected by both choirs and composers in England. Bantock has done much to encourage its practice by his *Kubla Khan*, the three Greek choruses, *Zeus, Lord of Heaven! Stranger, thou art standing now*, and *Now for a Brighter Boast*, Blake's *War Song*, Meredith's *Lucifer in Starlight* and many others. The monotony generally regarded as inevitably connected with male voice choruses is usually, (and particularly in those mentioned), but not always avoided.

For female voices alone he has not provided so many works as for male voices, nor do those he has written usually rank so high. Delicacy is the outstanding characteristic of these works, and it would be difficult to imagine anything excelling in this respect *The Happy Isle*, in seven parts, or *To the Muses*, in four parts. From these it is a natural transition to his greater works, of which *Atalanta in Calydon* was the first, and so far remains the most important alike in technical experiment and in inspiration.

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Bantock is more than commonly susceptible to suggestions from others, and the inception of *Atalanta in Calydon* came as the result of a suggestion made by Mr. J. A. Rodgers, an enthusiastic chorus-master and critic.

> I have dreamed sometimes, said Mr. Rodgers in a paper on *The New Choralism*, of a wonderful choir for which an unborn composer will write a miraculous work. The choir will be of some 200 voices, all supreme artists, perfect timists, chosen with an ear to varying qualities of tone—robust and light tenors, high baritones, thick mellow basses, a few male altos carefully chosen, strong-toned contraltos, bright and smooth sopranos, and perhaps a few boys' voices of flute-like tone. Half a score of different timbres would then furnish a palette which would provide a composer with many novel and beautiful combinations. The chorus would be used in many ways—staccato and legato, closed and open tone, all degrees of intensity, combined and contrasted; vowel-chords and words, humming and nasal tone, head and chest voices—the choir would indeed be an orchestra in mezzotints. Such a choir singing a work specially written for them by some Elgar or Bantock, would provide a novelty in the musical world.

As soon as the suggestion was made it was accepted, suitable words occurring readily to the composer, and the inspiration being immediate. As an experiment in new methods, conceived and carried out at white heat, it has been wonderfully successful. In its most daring innovations its inspiration rarely or never flags.

Four odes from Swinburne's great work are set in the manner of the four movements of a Symphony, but for entirely unaccompanied voices. In the first, sung by male voices alone, the part-writing is in fourteen parts, and in the third, for female voices alone, in twelve parts. In the bigger movements, however, where the voices are combined, the writing is in only twenty parts, not in twenty-six. The method adopted is that of dividing the complete chorus into three main sections, each representing, approximately, a corresponding section (wood, brass and strings) of the orchestra. Almost every possible means of vocal expression is employed separately or in combination with others. To hear the different parts of the choir describing in word and tone "laughter" and "tears" respectively at the same time is to realise how little the possibilities of choral singing have as yet been grasped by the ordinary conductor and composer. Such combinations are extremely effective when properly achieved, but they are very difficult to achieve.

Besides making demand for a chorus which will allow not less than ten voices for each part, and describing the position in which each choir is to be placed on the platform, the composer

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makes certain proposals as to varied coloured lights for illuminating the hall or the stage during performance of the work. This idea of associating colour and music is not by any means new, nor is it confined to any class or country, but Bantock's method is individual, in that the colouring is of the whole stage and is steadfast. About the time in which he was engaged on *Atalanta in Calydon* Bantock also composed the longest of his male-voice choruses, *Kubla Khan*, to the poem of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. To the published version of this among a number of other notes relative to the poem is one by A. C. Swinburne in which he says that "in reading it we seem wrapt into that Paradise revealed by Swedenborg, where music and colour and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven". Susceptible as Bantock is to the slightest suggestion of this kind, it is not improbable that this note is the origin of the proposed colour scheme of the Symphony.

The colours proposed are Green for the first Ode, suggestive of Spring; a dim misty Grey for the second, relating to the creation of man; White changing to rosy Pink is allotted to the third, which tells of the bridal of Fate and Death; and for the last, describing the powers and limitations of man, Red is suggested.

The work as a whole is obviously and avowedly intended rather for the future than for the period of its composition, and the colour suggestions have not yet been proved except in the crude and embryonic manner of the music-hall stage. As a choral work pure and simple, however, its possibilities have several times been proved, and some very fine performances have been given. Before the composer's ideas can be properly carried out in their entirety, even apart from anything except the music, choral singing and choral organisation will have to proceed far beyond their present standpoint.

After this supreme effort in choralism something of a related but different type naturally appeared. This was *The Vanity of Vanities*, also called a choral Symphony for unaccompanied voices. It is actually a series of seven movements, each written for a single massed choir in twelve parts. Though the words are the very familiar passage on the vanity of life from the Book of Ecclesiastes, the work has neither the mysticism nor the ecstasy of its predecessor. In many respects it is a retrograde step, and the only sections which as technical experiments will compare with *Atalanta in Calydon*, are the first, which is very orchestral in manner; the second, which is a study in humming tones, and the fourth, in which by the use of modal intonation and response

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some remarkably original and effective results are attained. No restrictions as to the size or quality of the choirs to sing it are placed upon its performance, nor are there any suggestions as to lighting or other extraneous matter. Neither does it seem to be the outcome of the same high inspiring force. It is, in fact, a concession to the ordinary large choirs, and appears to have been written more from practical than ideal inspiration.

Of smaller works dating from this period of choral activity the most important is a Choral Suite in eight short movements, *A Pageant of Human Life*. In this parts are provided for Children's voices, but otherwise there is no experimenting with vocal timbre. The work is dedicated to Dr. Walford Davies, and is to words by Thomas More (1478–1535). It is in a more or less archaic manner and, owing something to Dr. Davies' *Everyman*, is another example of Bantock's power of assimilating ideas acquired from others.

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The orchestra has claimed an increasingly large share of Bantock's activities as a composer. Notwithstanding that he was at one time a very successful orchestral conductor, there was a long period during which orchestral composition was practically laid aside. His huge scheme for a cycle of twenty-four Symphonic poems based on Southey's *Curse of Kehama* indicates clearly his preference in his early days for that medium. Only two numbers of this cycle, *Processional* and *Jaga-Naut*, came to fruition, the latter being produced in London in February, 1898. The general preference shown for the Overture to *The Fire Worshippers* over the remaining parts of the work suggests that his elders and patrons at the time felt that the orchestra was his *métier*. Other early orchestral works, some of which he seems to have withdrawn or to have incorporated in larger and later ones, were overtures on the subjects of *Eugene Aram*, *Belshazzar*, *Thalaba*, *The Witch of Atlas*, etc. The chief characteristics of these efforts were a piquancy of orchestration and a picturesqueness of idea, both of which owed something to his predecessors, and particularly to Wagner and Grieg.

He is naturally a writer of Programme Music, though very far from being a mere descriptive writer. According to Prof. Niecks he "conceives that the right kind of Programme Music is inspired by broad, human emotions, and the great thoughts of literature," and that "the object of a programme composer is

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to convert the literary idea into musical expression". In his earlier works these principles were not closely followed, for both *Processional* and *Jaga-Naut* are full of the pomp and glitter of the Eastern pageant to which they have reference. In them the composer shows something of the original character of his thoughts, and an uncommon command of orchestral resources. He had not at the time he wrote them acquired the perfect control of musical form which he now has, and in this matter, as well as in other details, he was still under the direct influence of others. The obvious effects of several kinds of drums, including the Oriental hand drum, triangle, tambourine and other percussion instruments, are freely used. They are never commonplace, however, and some remarkable rhythmic effects result from the manner of their employment.

He was already experimenting in the matter of tonality, though not to any serious degree. An interesting little instance occurs in the opening bars of *Jaga-Naut*, where a figure consisting of four consecutive whole-tones is used. The *Dance of the Yoguees*, which forms part of the same work, is a movement in quintuple time. This is made up not of alternations of two and three-pulse measures, as is usually done, but of two two-pulse measures separated by a single pusle measure.

It was by his *Helena*, a series of twelve variations on an original theme dedicated to his wife, that he first achieved a commanding position as a composer for the orchestra. In the dedication the composer explains the nature of these variations as succinctly as possible. He says "they are intended as an expression of my thoughts and reflections on some of your moods during a wearisome absence from each other." The theme is characterised by the first three notes (adopting the German lettering) *H. F. B.*, the initials of Mrs. Bantock. In some of the variations there is little trace of the original theme, though the shape and rhythm are seldom entirely absent.

The work is most notable for its emotional content and for the masterly handling of the form and of the orchestral tissue. There is little that is extraordinarily original, and still less that is ultra-modern, and the tonality, in spite of the character of the theme, is generally clearly defined. The openings of the sixth (*poco agitato*) and eighth (*con moto affettuoso*) have no definite tonality, but as a rule the first few chords of each variation leave no doubt as to the key intended.

In the matter of tone quality the most striking is the tenth variation, in which an Eastern effect is produced by the arpeggio

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drone on the double basses (divided) and 'cellos and the regular pulse of the tambourine. A short single bar figure in the melody enhances this. The previous variation closes with a short solo for kettle drums which is most effective.

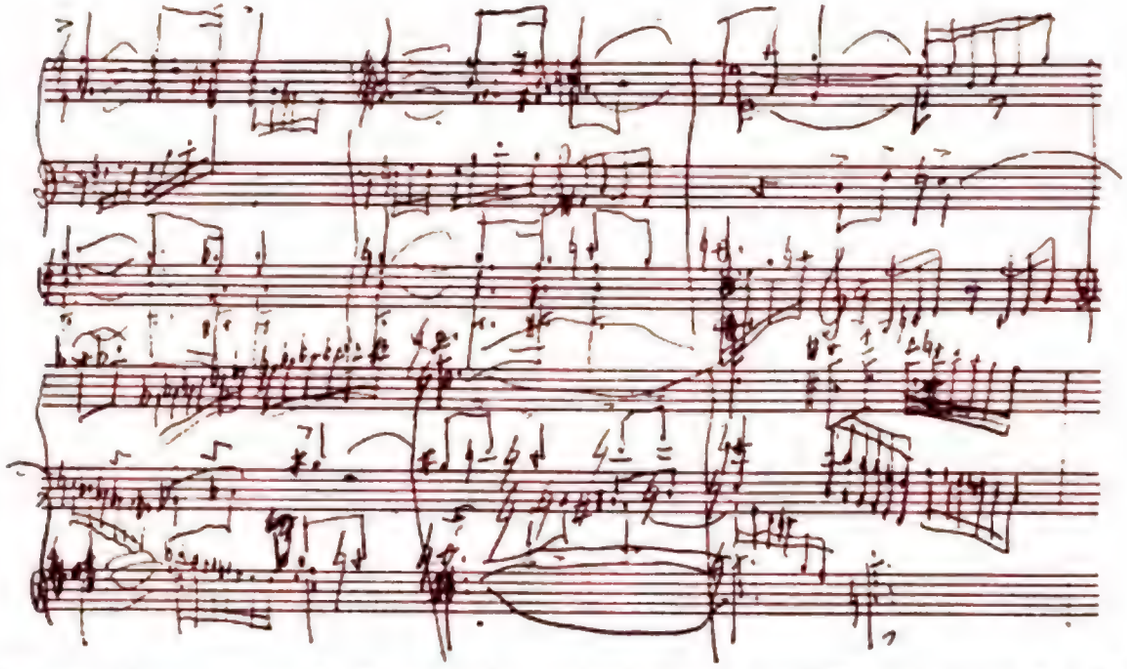
His next orchestral work of first-rate importance was *Dante and Beatrice*, described as a "Poem for Orchestra," and dedicated to Sir Henry J. Wood. In this is to be found a practical application of the principles referred to by Prof. Niecks. The score is headed by a quotation from Dante—"L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle", ("The love that moves the sun and all the stars"). Apart from this and the title, however, the composer has given no clue to the feelings or thoughts which prompted him, nor to the interpretation he desires to be placed upon the music.

In the matter of musical structure the work is closely linked with its great predecessors. There is more imitation and immediate repetition than in the two *Kehama* works, and the thematic development is remarkable for its economy of material and the incisiveness of its phrasing. The two principal themes are well contrasted, but many of the subsidiary themes are made up of fragments of these, or are derived from their melodic or rhythmic forms.

Fifine at the Fair, an Orchestral Drama with a Prologue, was completed little over a year after *Dante and Beatrice*. Its actual writing, according to a note on the score, occupied from August to November, 1911, and it was produced at the Birmingham Festival in October, 1912. Like the other work, however, it had been in course of construction for some years, for both of them are mentioned in Prof. Nieck's study as being more or less accomplished facts. It certainly bears no traces of being rapidly conceived and constructed, and as it is written on a large scale in every respect it seems probable that these dates refer really to the final arrangement of his material.

Its program is much more detailed than those of his other works. Robert Browning's poem of the same name is taken in its entirety as the inspiration of the musical work, while details are actually portrayed. The sea in the Prologue (*Amphibian*) with its deep calm is clearly suggested by the long sustained chords in the lower strings, and the butterfly is as clearly defined in the twittering of the violins.

The drama itself, *A Defense of Inconstancy*, is concerned with the struggle which takes place in the soul of a man attracted away from the pure and spiritual love of Elvire, his true and lawful wife, by the brilliance and glitter of Fifine, the woman trained to win



Extract from Granville Bantock's original sketch for "Fifine at the Fair."
(Reduced fac-simile.)

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attention and admiration. The noise and bustle of the Fair is brought in with many minor incidents, humorous or pathetic, of which the most important is the dancing of Fifine. But it goes much deeper than this, and an attempt is made to show the spiritual side of the dancer as well as that of Elvire the wife. After the man's fall his loneliness is represented in a slow movement (*Lento, con malincolia*), and soon the sudden joy of the wife's return. This culminates in the tranquil happiness of perfect union of the two lives, from which all other thoughts are cast. A number of lines from the poem are quoted by the composer, but with no indication to which musical phrases precisely they refer.

Alike in subject and in treatment the work is entirely different from anything which Bantock had previously composed. One feels in hearing it that he is nearer to his great contemporaries, and is not the least among them. For the psychological study he might possibly have contented himself with smaller resources, but for the pictorial suggestions he could hardly have done with less.

The only previous work which bears any relation to *Fifine at the Fair*, and that merely in its programmatic classification, is the Comedy Overture, *The Pierrot of the Minute*. It was first produced at the Three Choirs Festival of 1908 and was thus the beginning of the long series of works produced with striking rapidity during the following five years. Originally it was given the title, "Fantastic Poem for Orchestra in the form of a Prelude", but this was discarded as being too cumbersome, in favour of the convenient title "Comedy Overture". This work is based upon Ernest Dowson's poem of the same name, and again the composer leaves it to his hearers to decide for themselves how the details of the story and music are related. The whimsical tread of Pierrot, his capricious dance, his weariness, the kiss of the mysterious and tender Moon-maiden and her warning and the abandonment to the pleasures of love are clearly indicated, however, as well as the delicious feeling of mystery which prevails when Pierrot awakes with the dawn.

Bantock returned to his earlier style for the suite of Four Dramatic Dances, *Snake Dance, Sapphic Dance, Veil Dance* and *Dagger Dance*. The second of these, for harp alone, has been withdrawn from the suite and is now treated as a separate work. The languorous manner of these, and the very delicate scoring, make them less suitable for concert performance than most of Bantock's works. For a full appreciation they require all the surrounding which their contents suggest.

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The Overture to *Œdipus at Colonos*, produced in 1911, on the other hand is full of vitality and thoroughly virile in nature. In sentiment it is as near to the classical schools as anything he has written, and is not unrelated to them in formal structure.

He has written two suites for the string orchestra, both of which are based on impressions of life away from his usual surroundings, and upon melodies belonging to the country whence he obtained them. The first, entitled *In the Far West*, is described as a "Serenade", though what is the exact application of the term is not clear. It "is the outcome of impressions of America received during a tour of the world made by the composer in 1894 and 1895 as conductor of an operatic company". It would appear that the work was not actually written so early as this, for it was not produced till September, 1912. The internal evidence is in favour of a date half way between the two.

The work is in four movements, and is full of both humour and pathos. One movement is striking for its contrast of these two emotions, another for the piquancy of its rhythm and instrumentation, while the last is marked by boisterous good humour except for a brief and plaintive intermezzo. The three American melodies which he has employed are *Yankee Doodle*, *Johnny get your gun*, and *Swanee River*.

Scenes from the Scottish Highlands, produced in 1913, is one of his most successful lighter works, in the strength of the melodies, which are entirely indigenous, as well as in its structure and general feeling. Five melodies are employed, the composer's aim being to reproduce the effect of the performance by native players without the crudities which arise from their deficiency in their art. The melodies are *The Braes o' Tullymont*, *An Cronan Maillach*, *Inverness Gathering*, *Baloo Baloo*, and *The De'il among the Tailors*. They are arranged in this order to create contrast and relief. There is a fair amount of elaborate technical writing and in places the strings are divided into many parts.

The work abounds in descriptive or suggestive touches with, of course, the inevitable snap and drone. It is holiday music in the best sense of the term, and conveys a sense of enjoyment as its primary effect. But it is also much more. The opening strathspey is almost crude in its feeling, redolent of the wildest vastnesses of the Scottish highlands. The modal character of the themes of this and the two following movements add to the atmosphere. The most important movement of the suite is a Dirge, which represents the composer's impressions of the Isle of Mull. It is rich alike in theme and treatment, the harmonic texture

being curiously close and involved without creating any feeling of undue elaboration. The solo passages for violin, viola and violoncello are strikingly melodious, and of a strong rhythmic construction that is most impressive. A Quickstep which follows is very humorous in its suggestion of the gathering of tattlers and busybodies. "Baloo, Baloo," which is an old Gaelic melody in the diatonic scale, is accompanied in quite an up-to-date manner.

Of a very different character is the *Hebridean Symphony*, one of his most recent works, which owes its inception not so much to his personal impressions of the islands as to his appreciation of the collections of Hebridean folk-songs by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser. This work is not a symphony in the commonly accepted use of the term, though it consists of four divisions approximating roughly to the four movements, joined into one continuous whole. The literary motto of the work gives some justification for the claim made by some of the composer's friends that it is the result of a growing race-consciousness on his part, for his father was a Highlander. The claim is a very debatable one in spite of the motto, however, which runs as follows:

> From the lone shieling of the misty island
> Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;—
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

For his themes he has drawn chiefly upon Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides," the three principal melodies being "The Sea-Gull of the Land-under-waves", "Kishmul's Galley" and the "Harris Love-lament". He has also employed the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" and curiously original arpeggio phrases, the latter to create the feeling of unrest and agitation. As a whole the work is very rhapsodical and very sombre, even the brighter portions suggesting battle and other fearful things, except towards the close of the last section, where the Love-lament broadens out into a glorious song of victory. The actual close dies away to the last degree of tenuosity, leaving the impression of the dreams mentioned in the verse.

Bantock has made several attempts at opera, but all except two, which are not yet completed, were early works, and he had so little satisfaction in them that for a while he turned against the form and regarded it as a hybrid and fruitless one. The work on which he is now engaged in completing is a "Celtic Folk-opera" in which he is collaborating with Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser. He has also another opera nearly complete, a Pagan Symphony

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and a Ballet. In the last of these forms must be classed the largest and most striking work he has yet sent out. Originally intended as a long two-part work on the subject of *The Great God Pan*, he has completed only the first part, *Pan in Arcady*, and would seem to have laid aside, if not abandoned altogether, the second part, *The Festival of Pan*. In what he has done he has attempted to combine the ordinary mythical ballet with a big choral or even operatic work. The choral prelude, an Invocation to Pan, is written for double choir in twelve voices, and is very closely related both in technique and feeling to *Atalanta in Calydon*. In the work proper he has introduced little that is new, but has made full use of all his previous experiments. There is much dumb show, with music that expresses the feeling almost without the aid of the pantomime; there is choral music used both for verbal expression and for merely tonal effect; there are opportunities for the use of lighting effects similiar to but more elaborate than those in the earlier work; there is an orchestral polyphony equal in its daring and effectiveness to any that has been written, though an orchestra of not more than eighty players is requisite; there are expressive solos and duets for Pan (bass), Echo (soprano), a Shepherd (tenor) and The Moon (contralto); and last there are Bantock's naïve directions (or they may be those of Mrs. Bantock, who wrote the verse, though Bantock himself designed the ballet) of which only one need be quoted. This is where Pan calls the powers of nature to his assistance, and "A prolonged wail is heard, as though the very earth were in travail". The work is too long and too elaborate for detailed description here; but in general it may be said that it is a day in the life of Pan, with all its revelry and finally its supreme and not undignified bliss of association with the Moon as Soul of the World. The final duet, with both choral and orchestral accompaniment, is one of the finest things Bantock has ever done. The scene in which a young faun who has been wounded gradually loses consciousness amid visions of the happy past is not unrelated to Debussy's *L'apres-midi d'un faun* in idea and spirit, though in execution it is essentially Bantockian and even British. The work is dedicated to Sir Thomas Beecham, who is one of the very few men who will ever be able to produce the work in its completeness.

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A FORGOTTEN THACKERAYAN EPISODE

By W. J. LAWRENCE

ALTHOUGH Ireland has more than her quota of nonagenarians, there is probably nobody now living who recalls the remarkable ebullitions of enthusiasm witnessed in Dublin at the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street early in November, 1849, when the gifted dramatic soprano vocalist, Catherine Hayes, made her first appearance in Italian opera in her native country. Irish music-lovers were naturally proud of the fact that at long last the Green Isle had given to the lyric stage a prima donna of sterling ability. Sprung from the masses and born at Limerick in 1825, Catherine Hayes had early in life evinced the possession of high vocal powers, and, thanks to the generosity of certain noble patrons, had been enabled to study under Manuel Garcia, the mentor of Jenny Lind, that peerless singer to whose technique her own in some degree approximated. There had been no stumbling blocks in her path. From her début at Marseilles as Elvira in "I Puritani" in May, 1845, her progress on the continent had been a series of intoxicating triumphs. Prepossessed in her favor by ties of consanguinity and by the flattering reports that had reached the city, the Dublin audience flung wide the flood-gates of its enthusiasm once it found that the fair singer's Norma, although differing in conception, was little inferior to the superb characterisation of Grisi. There were abundant scenes of excitement, mingled with jubilant shouts of "Garryowen," (the old Limerick war-cry) during her short engagement, and exultation reached its height on her benefit night when the students of old Trinity paraded the streets carolling songs in her honour.

So whole-souled and flattering was the diva's reception that she paid a return visit to Dublin in February, 1850, when the charm and graces of her Amina in "La Sonnambula" urged comparisons with Jenny Lind, the result being by no means unflattering to the native songstress. She had stood the test of cooler judgment, of that familiarity which is prone to breed indifference, and had emerged pure metal from the assay. One can conceive the amazed indignation of the Dublin public a few weeks later on being informed that a distinguished English novelist had

written in opprobrious terms of the adored Limerick Nightingale. Sublimely unversed in the gruesome chronicles of *The Newgate Calendar*, the pleasure-loving citizens of the old capital were wholly ignorant of the fact that the admired Catherine Hayes had had an eighteenth-century namesake, a miscreant enjoying high rank in the ignoble army of the base. Small wonder that they bubbled over, and that the outcome was an amusing comedy of errors.

Scarcely had Miss Hayes terminated her Dublin engagement when Thackeray, in one of the serial numbers of "Pendennis," then being issued, made chance reference to the old-time murderess who had borne her name. Immediately there were wigs upon the green. The ball was set a-rolling by a fussy correspondent signing himself "Vindex," who was stupid enough to send a letter of remonstrance to the editor of "The Freeman's Journal," who duly published it in his issue of April 8, 1850. After quoting the apparently offensive passage, this wight asked indignantly,

> Is it not enough that we are stricken down by famine, poverty and misrule—that we are about to lose the wretched pageant of loyalty, which has so long helped to screen our real degradation from us? Must we also submit to hear an accomplished woman, an ornament to her profession, depreciated because she is Irish?

Vindex's allusion to "the wretched pageant of loyalty" refers to an attempt then being made in Parliament to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant, a salutary method of reform which Dublin sternly and effectually resented. Into the trap thus accidentally set the *Freeman* editor (as if by the way of exposing the fallacy of the popular belief in editorial omniscience), fell headlong. Stirred to the very depths by *Vindex's* impassioned outburst, he determined on giving the temerarious novelist a Roland for his Oliver and let loose his sentiments in the same issue in a trenchant editorial headed "The Age of Chivalry.—Mr. Thackeray." This is what he said:

> A correspondent draws our attention to an extract from Mr. Thackeray's *Pendennis*, in which the name of our countrywoman, Miss Hayes, is introduced, to point one of those exquisite satirical hits for which the Big Blubberman is very remarkable.
>
> The following is the passage which appears in the number for the current month: 'Let us admire the diversity of the tastes of mankind, and the oldest, the ugliest, the stupidest, and most vapid, the greatest criminal, tyrant, booby, Bluebeard, Catherine Hayes, George Barnwell among us, we need never despair.'
>
> One is at a loss which to admire most—the delicate taste or manly magnanimity of the author in thus classing a virtuous and irreproachable Irish lady with the traditional poisoness and murderess of the Newgate

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Calendar. It may be polished satire or piercing wit—very profound or very philosophical, but we confess our utter inability to discover anything beyond a coarse and scarcely veiled calumny—one of those rank exhalations which rise up betimes from the fetid lamp of Mr. Thackeray, and which with many passes for the light of genius.

A huger humbug than this same Mr. T., who has escaped from his swaddling clothes in *Fraser's Magazine*, to be clothed in purple and fine linen in the *Edinburgh Review*, has never been thrust upon public credulity and never has credulity devoured with so little, either of taste or discrimination. We have heard it said this gentleman is an Irishman. It is not so. We should be sorry to add another to the reproaches with which some of our countrymen in London are chargeable, or to believe the lowest of them capable of such an unmerited attack on a defenceless woman, who never gave an offence except to the morbid and the jealous—the class which would carefully exclude Irish genius from the field of any of its triumphs, and regard any success of our country, in any department of science, art or literature, as a derogation from the claims of England in the same path of cultivation.

It is some consolation to know that Mr. Thackeray is not an Irishman—not even one of those high-minded Englishmen who can appreciate and reward genius wherever it is found, and will not place Miss Catherine Hayes under ban because she happens not to be an Italian or a French, but an Irishwoman. It may be consonant to Mr. Thackeray's ideas of good breeding or good taste to make such attacks; but one fact is surprising, that he forgets that paragon, Mother Brownrigg, and instead of fairly mating Miss Hayes with that celebrated murderess, placed her so unequivocally between Blue Beard and George Barnwell.

Seriously, what could have been his object in thus singling out an unoffending lady as the mark of his unmanly grossness? The Irish character has its defects, and we do not conceal or disguise them; but none, at least, has ever charged an Irishman with a cowardly assault which should cause a blush on the cheek of a common carter. What adds to the virulence of this attack and proves that it had been written for a purpose lower than the philosophic moralising of Mr. Smoky Thackeray is this—that the number of *Pendennis* appeared a few days before Miss Hayes carried by storm the musical taste and intelligence of London. He wrote to ruin her, but did not succeed.

This, at least, we can promise Mr. Thackeray, that no Irish author, publicist, or critic shall ever follow his example or revenge his vulgar malice on any of his countrywomen who may appeal to Irish taste in confirmation of British genius.

The nature of this attack is so incredibly gross, that it has been suggested to us that possibly Mr. Thackeray's acquaintance with the list of 'the stupid, the silly, the vapid and the criminal' may have made him familiar with some one less known to fame or infamy than he supposes, and who may happen to have borne a name coincident with that of our accomplished countrywoman. We have sought in vain for any confirmation of this conjecture. If Mr. Thackeray has this very simple and very complete defence to make he will, of course, be in haste to offer it. But we have no expectation that any such defence exists.

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It was unfortunate that the uneasy suspicion given expression to in the concluding paragraph did not cross the writer's mind before he began to indite this tasteless diatribe. Nobody in Dublin detected the blunder; on the contrary, the whole city seethed at once with indignation over "the insult" to the distinguished prima donna. The very day the editorial appeared a largely attended meeting was held at the Rotunda to protest against the proposed abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy. One of the speakers, Henry Grattan, son of the famous orator and member of Parliament for County Meath, after referring to the attitude of the Government, "with their insolent writers in *The Times* and other organs, who endeavour to vilify and turn into ridicule the conduct and fair fame of the natives of this country, male and female," illustrated his comment by drawing attention to "the language of this Mr. Thackeray in reference to Miss Hayes." This allusion evoked from his hearers an emphatic "Hear, Hear!"

Thackeray's attention having been drawn to the gross attack made on him in *The Freeman's Journal*, he lost no time in addressing a dignified letter of rebuke to its editor, who took his gruelling like a man and at once issued a graceful apology. Uncertain as to how his temperately-phrased protest would be received, he also took the precaution to send the following racy epistle to the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, a London journal, in whose columns it duly appeared under the mystic heading of "Capers and Anchovies":

Sir,

I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer, who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell, writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked 'Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers.' 'Begad, it's capers I mane!' the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked; and instantly apologized in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers and an Irish member of Parliament, in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers, sent to me by friends, and one of them, who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent on cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself.

It is these, when it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal tomorrow morning, you may possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the Press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Frazer's Magazine* called *Catherine*, and founded on the history of the murderess, Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste, then prevalent, for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horridly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, *Catherine* was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the current number of the story of *Pendennis*, (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers—Blue Beard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends, meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Miss Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre, and I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it is, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honour, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in *Pendennis* my tribulations begin; and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. 'Vindex' writes to *The Freeman's Journal*, saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats —whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. *The Freeman's Journal*, in language intelligible always if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am 'the Big Blubberman,' 'the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public,' that I am guilty of unmannerly grossness and cowardly assault, and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but I did not succeed. The *Freeman* adds in a concluding paragraph that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman; and that if I have 'this very simple and complete defence to make I shall hasten to offer it.' I don't take in *The Freeman's Journal*. I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The Mail, assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminating sentence thus, 'its brutality is so far neutralised by its absurdity, as to render it utterly harmless'—No. 2.

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No. 3.—*The Packet*, speaking on the judgment of both its contemporaries, says admirably:—

'This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish Press, and will, no doubt, be a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes. But . . . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderess and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically,' and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus—

1.—I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured Miss Hayes.

2.—The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and, no doubt, have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady! She is to be gratified by seeing a man belaboured, who never thought of her or meant her wrong.

3.—But if I had injured Miss Hayes, many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and, if capers had been anchovies, I should have richly merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge, except in Ireland, believing that it must be painful to the young lady whose name has been innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honour to Miss Hayes, that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman could question me?—that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am Sir, your very faithful servant,

Wm. M. Thackeray.

Garrick Club, April 11th, 1850.

Here the matter ended. So far from any rankling sores being left by this amusing passage-at-arms, the whole affair was soon forgotten: so soon that no biographer of Thackeray has ever referred to it.

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BONNET—BOSSI—KARG-ELERT

THREE APERÇUS

By HARVEY B. GAUL

THE schools of organ music that influence the world to-day are the French, the Italian and the German. Of the three, the French is the most important; the German follows; while the Italian, borrowing a little from the French and having a decided German leaning, stands midway between them. A generation or two ago the English school was dominant. To-day, due to the lack of forceful men, it hardly ranks with the continental schools.

As every school is created or moulded by leaders, these schools may be epitomized in the three generic names, Bonnet, Bossi and Karg-Elert.

These men and their respective schools represent freer writing, for one thing, freer form, thematic material, harmony, treatment and development, as against the excessive binary form of the mid-Victorian period. They have brought organ composition nearer to contemporary symphonic writing.

They are not only writers, but they are teachers, and above all, players. Under them organ technique has advanced. It is no longer a matter of lifeless legato, but approaches an orchestra performance, with light and shade, delicacy and force. The old legato is there, but there is something just as important, a decisive staccato.

To them the organ is greater than for mere cinema accompaniment. They are trying to put it on an honest concert level where an organ recital may not be ashamed to claim kinship with a piano recital.

Thanks to them and the generation they overlap, a near future will see the democratized organ elevated to the kingship of the early English and Post-Reformation periods.

* *
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BONNET

When Alexandre Guilmant was gathered to Abraham's bosom, he left the art of organ playing in France on a higher level than it had ever known before. He also left a score of scholars

to carry forward the concepts of organ playing as wrought by Lemmens and César Franck, and developed by Guilmant. Chief among his pupils is Joseph Bonnet. The Elijahesque mantle has fallen on his shoulders, and to say he adorns it is saying little.

Joseph Bonnet was born in the romantic city of Bordeaux in 1884. His father was organist of St. Eulaie, Bordeaux. At an early age Bonnet was musically inclined. His father, quick to take advantage of the boy's aptitude, taught him more than the rudiments of his profession. Under his father's tutelage he became quite a finished performer, and all this before the age of adolescence. At fourteen, the post of St. Nicholas came open. Bonnet was given the position. Later, when the Church of St. Michael's became vacant, the appointment fell to Bonnet. It was at St. Michael's that he gave his first recitals. As a child recitalist he gained an enviable reputation. The clergy and laity of Bordeaux considered him little short of a prodigy.

After a brief tenure at St. Michael's, he felt the lure of Paris. Sooner or later every organist hears the call of the City of Light. He may go to study or he may go to play, but he returns happier and wiser. Bonnet went to study. He chose Guilmant, then in the zenith of his career, and the Paris Conservatoire, the greatest Alma Mater of music that the world has known.

After a few years study he achieved the Premier Award. The work chosen for that concours was the discouragingly difficult Fantasia on the Chorale in "Le Prophète," by Liszt. In passing let it be said that this virtuoso work is hardly known in this country —a regrettable fact, as it is a work after Liszt's heart, bristling with technical obstacles and replete with big moments.

The organistship of St. Eustache became vacant and Bonnet, after getting the Guilmant prize, decided to enter the competition—it was open to all the organists of Paris. At the close of the competition, Bonnet was chosen as the most skilful performer. All the competitors were Premier Awards of the Paris Conservatoire; and when one says that, one says they were the most efficient of the younger men of France.

One may be able to play organ at St. Nicholas, Bordeaux; but when one competes with Conservatoire Awards, *c'est quelque chose. Alors!* St. Eustache always enjoyed a reputation for fine organ music. Bonnet advanced it. Every American student in Paris spent his time between Widor at St. Sulpice and Bonnet at St. Eustache.

It is as organist of St. Eustache that Bonnet is known wherever there is a "kist o' whistles." He has other distinctions

besides his church position. Guilmant's death made him organist of the "Société des Concerts" at the Paris Conservatoire. He has given recitals at the Concerts Colonne and Concerts Lamoureux. An organ was specially installed for his appearance at the Concerts Colonne. He has travelled from one end of the continent to the other, giving recitals in Belgium, Austria, Hungary, England and Germany. He, like Widor, found Germany very cordial before the war.

He has just completed his second tour of the United States, where he gave recitals on different organs. (He says we have many *indifferent* ones and no two alike.) In 1910 a record was established in Paris. Bonnet gave a series of forty recitals, with a new program at each recital and no repetition. These were all played from memory, as Stokowski directs his orchestra—a truly phenomenal feat!

The ability to memorize enables him to concentrate on his instrument and his execution. Considering our varied organs, with their different consoles and un-uniform action, an organist is almost forced to memorize. There are some organists who spend their leisure time arguing as to the advisability of memorizing programs. Futile conversation! It is not a matter of advisability but of sheer ability. Bonnet carries in his mind's eye compositions that range from Clérambault to César Franck, from Martini to Mendelssohn. In his flawless execution, that extends even to highly colored trifles, he overcomes enough difficulties to end all argument.

Bonnet extemporizes felicitously, but he has not the fecundity that characterized Guilmant. His improvisation has more of the Widor style, brilliant, daring and essentially French.

His interpretation of Bach has the clean cut style that we have come to know as the French method. The French do not play Bach with the exaggerated tempo that Americans employ. They catch the mood of the fugue or toccata; all we catch is a metronome mark.

As a composer Bonnet has achieved wide recognition. For a man who has not written in the larger forms, he has been acclaimed one of the foremost writers. His opus-number is small as compared with Karg-Elert or Bossi. Some organists claim it does not exceed ten. However, the opus-number does not signify. (There was a certain organist who wrote 100 hymn-tunes and numbered them from one up to one hundred.)

Bonnet has three volumes containing twelve pieces each, and the Poèmes d'Automne and the Variations de Concert. The

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Variations de Concert are a set of bravura theme treatments, not at all like the Elgar enigma variations, but succinct and tangible variants.

The Poèmes d'Automne, opus 3 (in this country we know nothing about opus 1 and 2), is a set of three pieces: I—Lied des Chrysanthèmes, II—Matin Provençal, III—Poème du Soir. The Lied des Chrysanthèmes is an ingratiating work,—a lovely flowing theme with pleasant contrapuntal harmonies. The Matin Provençal is really a fantasia, with what might be a "Noël" for its central idea. The Poème du Soir is an appealing composition of its genre. It is a plaintive melody, freely arranged, and one might fancy it a folk-song, by reason of its directness.

The three volumes of twelve pieces each are important contributions to organ literature. They are titled on the cover "Musique Religeuse." This is something of a misnomer, as the contents are essentially recitalistic. The first volume contains much of importance and a few pieces that are negligible in interest. There is a dazzling Toccata, inscribed to Bossi; an Ave Maris Stella in three verses, virtually variations; a vivacious Intermezzo; a Fantasie sur deux Noëls (one of the Noëls is Adeste Fideles); a Légende Symphonique, very daring; a Rhapsodie Catalane, a courageous work, with a very difficult pedal cadenza in 6ths and 3ds and chords. It is by no means a work for the neophyte.

The second volume contains the Étude de Concert, a show piece of the *n*th degree; a fragile Songe d'Enfant; a captivating Chant de Printemps; the favorite Elves, which deserves its popularity; and that tour de force, the Caprice Héroïque. This Caprice, conceived along broad lines, is fast becoming a programmatic war-horse.

The third and latest volume opens with In Memoriam (in memory of the Titanic heroes). It is a sombre, sonorous number, full of grave portent. It has been used by many American organists.

Ariel is of the scherzo type, vivacious and sprightly. It also enjoys quite a vogue.

There is an uneventful Magnificat, in six variant verses. It is set to a Gregorian tone and gives the impression of something uninspired. (It is to be desired French organists should stop writing down their inprovisations to the Magnificat—most of them are unfortunate.)

There is a Chaconne that begins modestly, then works its way frenziedly up to big climaxes and subsides to a drawn out pedal note.

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The last work in the volume is a Poème Tchèque. It is by far the most important of the twelve pieces. Strange to say, it is hardly ever heard here in America. It requires a positive technician to play it. There is no economy of treatment anywhere. Double pedals thunder the theme, passing chords enter where most writers would use passing notes; and in the end is a triumphant cacaphonic outburst. This Poème Tchèque, on what seems to be a real Czech theme, is one of the great contributions of recent years. It is designed for the recitalist and for the concert organ of the greatest dimensions.

Bonnet, like Karg-Elert, has his idiosyncrasies, and they are most pronounced. He is inordinately fond of triplets. They seem to be more in evidence than duples. He uses double pedals, and sometimes they are uneffective. Counterpoint motivates him, as it did Reger, but it is an unacademic counterpoint. It is literally melody against melody. While he has a penchant for chromatics, he does observe key and tonality. His thematic material *per se* is superior to either Bossi's or Karg-Elert's. In melody he is blithe and optimistic, whereas the other two men are very often unhappy in spirit and broken in melody. He also has a sense of humor that is lacking decidedly in the German school (see Max Reger) and is only superficial in the Italian (see Capocci).

Bonnet knows the concert organ and registers for it. Every shade of tonal effect is on his palette and when he calls for sustained fortissimos, with an occasional sforzando, he means specifically that. Furthermore, he approves of the crescendo pedal, which some of his English confrères with antedediluvian instincts spend so much time decrying.

As a teacher and player—performance over precept—he has been of great aid to his contemporaries of France and America. His style is that of the Lemmens-Guilmant school—cleanliness and vigor, mastered legato and staccato, and above all *exact note-values*. If there is one thing that the French organist, like the French philosopher, believes in, it is clarity. His thought and his work are absolutely pellucid. His mind does not work in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

BOSSI

All professional roads lead to Italy. Architects, artists, and vocalists all make Rome a Mecca. The only man in the Arts who neglects Italy is the organist. Tradition tells him France

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and Germany, or, to sum it up in two names, Bach and Guilmant, offer the greatest opportunity for his peculiar study. To Bossi and a small coterie of men belongs the credit for establishing a school of playing and writing that bids fair to rank with the Franco-German schools.

Like Sinding and Sibelius, Bossi stands almost alone in his native land in the line of his endeavor. Other men are supporting him; but he, if not the pioneer, is at least the leader.

Marco Enrico Bossi was born at Salò near Brescia in 1861. His people were not rich, but professionally comfortable. His father was organist at Morbegno, and held rank as an accomplished musician.

Bossi at an early age evinced a desire for music, and especially the organ. His father, wiser than some, saw his latent genius and gave him his first lessons. When he was only ten, he started at the Liceo Musicale in Bologna. There he stayed three years, showing great promise. At the age of fourteen, he went to the Milan Conservatory, where he remained till he was twenty.

At the Milan Conservatory, he had composition under Ponchielli, the famous composer of "Gioconda"; and under Fumagalli, the virtuoso pianist-organist, he studied organ. At the Milan Conservatory Bossi is said to have had a most enviable reputation.

At the end of his conservatory life, he accepted the post at the Cathedral of Como. His duty was not only to play the organ, but to train the choir. Como really begins his career. Thence he rose step by step to national fame. While at Como, he wrote and played, until all Italy heard his name. His tenure at Como was ten years.

In 1891 he was appointed professor of organ and theory at the Naples Conservatory. In 1896 a more remunerative position was offered him as Director of the Liceo Musicale Marcello in Venice. With that position he assumed the chair of composition and was made conductor of the orchestral concerts in Venice, called the "Benedetto Marcello." Venice gave him inspiration and opportunity. Some of his greatest orchestral works were written there.

At the conclusion of his sixth year in Venice, the Directorship of the Liceo Musicale, Bologna, fell open. It was his first school and he remembered it affectionately, and the school remembered him. The result was that he was unanimously chosen as its head.

Bossi is a man who has the highest ideals about the art of organ writing. While he is a modernist in the structural and

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colourful sense, he believes in the solid traditions of a glorious past that reaches back to Palestrina. It must be said for the Italian school that it has not yielded to meretricious writing. (This is more than can be said of the French school.) Whether this is due to Papal influence is a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain: the nation that has brought forth the most tuneful operas, has also produced the most austere of modern organ music.

Bossi, like Lemmens, is the founder of a school of organ playing, his *Metodo di studio per l'organo moderno* being one of the acknowledged text-books. It is surprising that it is not used in this country as the companion volume to Lemmens, for in many ways it is its complement. Bossi, unlike Karg-Elert, is a prodigious teacher. He has taught most of the young Italian organists, which in a way accounts for the Bossi cult.

As Italy was the birthplace of art, it was also the birthplace of opera. Bossi, under the tutelage and influence of Ponchielli, felt the call of the proscenium arch and at an early age began to write operas. Everyone in Italy writes operas, just as everyone in America writes moving-picture scenarios—and the success is the same in both countries. Like Handel, he discovered that opera was unprofitable, and after a few attempts gave it up. His stage works are "Paquita," a one-act piece, produced in Milan; "Il Veggente"—also in one act—first performed at Milan, and "L'Angelo della Notte," in four acts, produced at Como. They fared moderately well, with more of a *succès d'estime* than of intrinsic value. One reason was that their melodic content, as contrasted with Leoncavallo and Mascagni, was not of a kind to endear them to the public taste.

Besides his operas, Bossi has written in every known form from song to symphony. It is his organ work, however, as it is said to be Gounod's church writings, that will make his fame enduring. While at Como, he produced a number of Masses, Motets, and Cantatas. The symphonic poem "Il Cieco," written for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, is a splendid work on a large scale. The "Inno di gloria," for full choir and organ, had several presentations in Leipzig. Strange to say, Leipzig likes Bossi as she does Widor—both have had cordial receptions there.

His large orchestra numbers are conceived along modern symphonic lines. The Overture and Impromptu are representative examples.

His violin sonata is accepted as of the César Franck standard. His most pretentious work is the oratorio "Paradise Lost," on Milton's poem. It has been given in this country.

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Bossi's organ style, in a way similar to Karg-Elert's, lies chiefly in his harmonic structure. It is characterized by aggressive masculine chords. Rose-water and talcum powder compositions are not found in his catalogue. His themes are rarely ingratiating, unless we except his Aspiration and Elevation. He is what is called "tuneless." Certainly it would be difficult, even for an office-boy, to whistle his compositions. He weaves a fine contrapuntal fabric, working toward full organ climaxes. Fugal development interests him more than mere lateral melody. His sense of nuance and the facilities of the concert organ are ever in the fore part of his mind. He has the austerity of the early German school and none of the melodic fecundity of his compatriots—and that is his greatest fault. Staccato playing finds little sympathy in the Bossi school; his tendency is toward the old-fashioned legato.

His organ pieces are in all forms. The Pièce Héroïque is as interesting as César Franck's work, even if the second section does bear a faint resemblance to Dvořák. The Étude Symphonique is a heavier composition, that requires most expert pedal technique. It is built on a plain-song theme and is a stupendous number. The Konzertstück in C Minor is another of his major works. Outside of its placid, somewhat tuneful middle movement, it is a work that will intimidate the doubtful technician. The Hora Gaudiosa and Hora Mystica are numbers that should be in every organist's library. The Hora Gaudiosa is of noble conception; the Hora Mystica is almost pure French in its impressionism. For exquisite harmonization, Maurice Ravel might envy it.

Then there is the curious Pastoral Scene, with an unusual Rondo and a vivacious Scherzo, *quasi* Widor, and a Trauerzug that strikes a new note in solemnity—highly wrought and of great difficulty. His *magnum opus* is the Concerto in A Minor, for organ and orchestra or organ alone. It is massive and is all that the title Concerto implies. There are many and diverse small numbers—pieces for the ordinary church service. While there are not as many as Guilmant wrote, they have the same salient qualities.

Bossi is not as prolific as some composers. His opus-number runs near 140. The average of excellence is high. He may be accused of being dull, but he is never banal. For the organist who worships at the shrine of Bach and Brahms, Bossi will seem a kindred spirit. For the person who is tired of the American-English-staccato-toccata style, the legato playing Bossi demands will seem almost like a religious experience.

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KARG-ELERT

Ever since Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," began to make organ history there have been certain organists who have stood out preëminently among their fellow-men. From Buxtehude to Bossi, there have been one or two men whose mastery or idioms gave them that distinction which enabled them to survive their period. Yesterday we had Guilmant and Widor. To-day we have Bonnet and Karg-Elert. To-morrow? Well, if the war will soon end, there are several men "somewhere in France" who will see to it that organ music flourishes, even to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Karg-Elert is in German organ music what Rachmaninoff is in Russian orchestral music. Both are moderns and neither is perverted with that undecipherable Futurism that enthralled the world before the year 1914.

Siegfried Karg-Elert was born in Oberndorf, in the year 1878. His paternal name was Siegfried Karg. In his early twenties some one with a predilection for theatrical press matter persuaded him that a monosylabic name would not resound to the posterities as fast or as great as a hyphenated one, so he added the Elert to his patronymic Karg.

Karg-Elert represents freedom of form and thought, with here and there a slight thread that holds him to that vast hierarchy of early organ writers.

Karg-Elert was one of a family of twelve. He was the youngest. His father, J. V. Karg, was an ardent Romanist; his mother, a Lutheran. The children were brought up in their mother's faith. The Kargs were poor and were able to give their children but few advantages. Karg-Elert as a child showed no aptitude for study. He was not a brilliant success, and the scholastic curriculum chafed him unutterably. As a music student, however, he gave symptomatic evidence of being almost a prodigy. When a boy of twelve, he had a remarkable treble voice. (It seems to have been a habit with the German contrapuntalists, beginning with the forerunners of Bach.) The attention of the Cantor of St. John's Church, Leipzig, was called to young Karg-Elert's voice and he was given a place in the choir. He is said to have distinguished himself valorously. From the early days at St. John's, composition was his passion, and he scribbled tunes and pieces with varying success. Finally, a patron was found who brought him financial aid, so that he was enabled to enter the

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Conservatory and the University of Leipzig. His teachers at the Conservatory were Jadassohn, the Abou Ben Adhem of Harmony, and Reinecke, the Apostle of Refinement. He studied piano, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration, but spent his time chiefly in composition.

In his early musical life he was a brilliant pianist with virtuoso proclivities, which may account for some of the inordinately difficult passages in his works. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed Professor of Piano at the Magdeburg Conservatory, which post he held with credit—and probably ennui.

During this period he wrote sporadic piano pieces and many songs. The songs show a fine sense of melody and the piano pieces invention. He wrote in all forms, big and little. He has to his credit operas, a symphony, and chamber-music in many combinations. His opus-numbers are well over one hundred.

While he started life as a pianist or rather soprano soloist, he, like Percy Grainger with his saxophone, has mastered a variety of instruments from clarinet to oboe. The organ, however, is his professed instrument, and it is the organ that brought his fame over-seas and made his name a household word wherever two or more organists gather together.

Carl Simon, the well known publisher of Berlin, was a friend and factor in Karg-Elert's life. It was he who saw the artistic possibilities of the harmonium, a hitherto little considered instrument in Berlin. Simon urged Karg-Elert to write for the Kunst-Harmonium. He wanted Karg-Elert to write for it as for a concert instrument and not as though it were a fireside and farmhouse instrument.

The Kunst-Harmonium is an art instrument. It is exceedingly expressive and has from one to three manuals and a great variety of stops. In character it is quite orchestral. Like the French harmonium, as written for by the great French organists, it is capable of artistic achievements. Needless to say, it is unlike its rural cousin, the American reed-organ. Has anyone ever written a meritorious composition for the American reed-organ? Did anyone ever hear of a meritorious composition being played upon it? If you did, keep it to yourself; no one will believe you. Yet it is possible—the age of miracles has not entirely passed. The operation, however, would have to start with the reed-organ, or "melojen," as it is called along the Monongahela River.

Karg-Elert wrote some of his finest works for the Kunst-Harmonium; they are not in the customary Berceuse style, i.e., melody in right hand, left hand, tonic, dominant, um-pa, um-pa,

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ad nauseam. He gave his harmonium compositions breadth, invention and variegated harmonic treatment. As, for instance, the Double Fugue on Bach, the Sonata, the Symphonic Variations. This is no pabulum for milkmaids and countryside boys. They are virile, masterly works that will put tax and practice on concert performers.

Karg-Elert went on several concert tours, playing his own compositions on the Kunst-Harmonium. He gave recitals in the chief German cities; and while he did not play the harmonium before the crowned heads of Europe, he did play for the uncrowned proletariat, and much to their edification. His harmonium recitals, we are told, were notable events.

In the field of organ transcription, he— like Guilmant, and many other qualified composers—found the soil fertile and the publishers suppliant. He has compiled and arranged a Wagnerian album; and, in passing let it be said, it is the best of the voluminous Wagner transcriptions. He has arranged the two Elgar symphonies, so that they sound almost as well on the organ as they do with the orchestra; and he has other transcriptions of lesser compositions. Few men have had his felicitous touch in the making of adaptations.

While his harmonium work was a signal success and his transcriptions of great worth, his forte lies in original composition. As organist at St. John's, he wrote many of his biggest and best works. The Sonatina (which is not a sonatina after the Clementi of our youth, but a big idea in short form) is a composition that requires considerable technique to perform. It has a Fugue, the subject of which is almost Handelian, and a number of cadences that suggest Liszt. There are also a number of little ascending scales that are reminiscent of Puccini. The Sonatina is altogether a fresh conception.

The many chorales (new wine in very old bottles) on the old hymns, are splendid examples of chorale treatment. Then there is the famous Passacaglia, originally conceived for the Harmonium; the titanic Chaconne; the Funerale, which is a magnificent concert number.

The evanescent Three Pastels are finely tinted pictures. The first two Pastels are chromatically embellished fragments, with shifting rhythms and heavily embroidered phrases. The last one, the Pastorale Recitativo Corale, is a fascinating, though somewhat curious, composition; just why the middle movement is called Recitativo is something of a mystery. It really is a highly ornamental cadenza that might have been written by some

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journeyman violinist. The Corale is all that its name implies—imposing and pompous.

The Trois Impressions are three genre compositions that should be on every organist's five-foot shelf. Harmonies du Soir has a charming, undulating melody. Clair de Lune is an exquisite little poem, almost Mallarmé set in tones. La Nuit is an exotic cameo. They are rightly named Impressions—in treatment they are French, not German. Atmospherically they are Monet, Monet and Degas set for organ, an effect that only Bonnet and Karg-Elert have accomplished.

The twenty choral studies—Preludes, Postludes and Trios—are faintly reminiscent of Max Reger, with a touch of Guilmant. For diversified, dignified choral settings they are probably the best we have. The Choral Improvisation on In Dulce Jubilo is a composition in the grand manner.

Karg-Elert has his idiom just as surely as Strauss or Schoenberg. He is a melodist after the moderns, instead of the every-four-bars-a-cadence school. He has imbibed Wagner and is imbued with Debussy—witness the Pastels and Impressions. He has memorized Bach, and Reger is his own familiar friend—*vide* the Chorales-Chacone and Fugues. He is a chromaticist, but it is not the four-square chromaticism of Spohr.

His originality lies chiefly in his harmonic treatment—a kind of dissolving, kaleidoscopic, but continuous *melos*. He has his obsessions and they are apparent; for instance, the strange time-signatures. He is interested in the equation of five time; it is employed in every conceivable way up to 5-16ths. He uses 11-8 and all manner of 16ths from the elementary 4-16th to the highly congested 15-16ths. It is an extravagance where possibly simpler means might be found. He sprinkles a page with runs—sometimes over-obvious. As this is called the superlative age, possibly Karg-Elert feels he is justified; but to the innocent and sometimes ignorant performer, his mystifications are a trifle tiresome.

Karg-Elert knows the modern organ; he realizes its nuances, color and breadth, and he demands them in performance. While he sometimes snubs the small organ, he knows the ramifications of the concert organ. If Karg-Elert has done nothing else, he has helped administer a soporific and narcotic to the Merkel-Rheinberger school of organ music.

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MUSIC AS MEDICINE

By JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS

"My dear———:

Permit me to express to you my appreciation of the musical feast your recent hospitality furnished me. . . . If you had known the state of my mind when I came to your house and when I left, you would feel amply repaid. . . . Suffice it to say that from despair your music has brought new aspiration and new life to me."

THE above extract from a note written by a robust man of quite normal, if musically sensitive, nature, is striking evidence in words of the influence of music upon the mind. Whatsoever influences mental states, affects without fail the correlative bodily machinery; despair carries with it bodily depression, while feelings of aspiration are unfailingly accompanied by (according to the Lange-James theory preceded by) a quickening of bodily functions. Such being the case, is it any wonder that the words music and medicine have been coupled from time immemorial?

Medicine is "the science and art of dealing with the prevention, cure, or alleviation of disease." The means employed in this art always have been of two kinds: first, those appealing to the senses, and, through these doorways of the nervous system, by accompanying changes of consciousness, affecting the various organs of the body; and second, those which act mechanically or chemically directly upon the body or any of its individual organs. The first method usually goes by the name of mental treatment, but mental treatment includes more than mere suggestion by words, for a spoonful of a bitter drug, though itself reaching no deeper than the sense of taste, may be as positive in its mental effect as the verbal appeal of the mental healer. In fact the great bulk of medicinal cures of the past have effected their results by the hopeful stimulus exerted through consciousness,—the natural tendency of the body to restore itself doing the rest.

So far as direct physical effect is concerned, medicines may destroy or check the growth of harmful parasites or they act to stimulate or depress, to aid or hinder, the activities of some organ. Quinine cures by destroying the malarial organism and will cure without aid of mental attitude. Opium dulls the nervous

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center which controls the movements of breathing, renders it less sensitive to irritation set up in the lungs during the process of having a cold, and will check a tickling cough which no amount of "suggestion" can influence. Camphor acts, whether we will or no, upon the heart to increase the force and frequency of its beat, and hence it becomes a useful means of whipping that organ to better work in time of danger of its failure to do its duty. With a passive consciousness, such drugs produce their physiological effects. On the other hand, the word of encouragement or discouragement, the glance which betokens hopefulness or despair on the part of the attendant, the pill or potion which has but a mental effect, works powerfully by stimulation or depression of the body by way of the seat of consciousness,—by way of the emotions. And by emotion we mean, as the word signifies, motion outward—or those considerable changes of consciousness which are accompanied by (or, according to the Lange-James theory, evoked by) the discharge of nervous energy into glands or muscles throughout the body. Sadness is accompanied by relaxed muscles and an over-active tear gland; joy quickens the heart and contracts the muscles of the face into a smile.

Music produces its effects upon the human body, first, by means of vibrations of the air, which vary in number, force and complexity; by rhythmic repetition of sounds; by successive utterance of sounds of different pitch which somehow make a peculiar appeal to consciousness, hold the attention, and evoke emotional change; and lastly, by a simultaneous utterance of many sounds, which heightens the effect of the "ideas" expressed by the composer. Music produces its effect, then, by the use of sounds, which may be varied as to pitch, intensity and quality, and which may be strung together continuously and rhythmically in melody, or interwoven and combined in all shades of harmony.

That mere sounds produce physiological effects in animals and in man and that the effects vary with the pitch, intensity and timbre, has been proven and tested many times. According to the experiments of Feré, the simultaneous occurrence of sound increases the force exerted in muscular contraction, and the more intense the sound the more strength is exhibited. According to Scripture, much of music's physiological effect depends on pitch. In his book, "The New Psychology," Scripture says:

> Plato emphasizes the influence of the proper music on the formation of character and proceeds further to specify the general scales in which music should be written. The high Lydian is plaintive, the Ionian and Lydian are soft and convivial, the Dorian is the music of courage, and

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the Phrygian of temperance. Aristotle agrees in general, but considers the Phrygian music as exciting and *orgiastic*. It has long been supposed that the difference among the scales was one of arrangement of the intervals within the octave, corresponding to the major and the minor, but a more recent opinion is that the difference is one of pitch. The Lydian is a tone to a tone and a half higher than the Phrygian, and the Dorian is a tone below the Phrygian. The Dorian is neither too high nor too low and expresses a manly character.

It might be suggested that the special melodies associated with each scale may have had much to do with the case. Nevertheless it has been proven that the pitch itself has an effect upon the greatest strength of grip; tones of a moderate pitch increase the power of grip, whereas very high or very low tones weaken it.

Scripture goes on to say:

With the thumb-and-finger grip, the greatest pressure I can exert during silence is 4 kilos. When one plays the giants' motive from the Rheingold my grip shows 4½ kilos. The slumber motive from the Walküre reduces the power to 3¼ kilos.

The most significant meaning in all this is to be read between the lines. To explain the effects of even the raw material of music the scientist with all his laboratory machinery is fain to invoke the aid of the empiricism (somewhat sentimental, we fear) of the ancients. Since the effect of twentieth century music made in these ancient modes is to lift one listener in ecstacy but to drive another to distraction, we can easily account for the marked difference of opinion of the Greek philosophers in regard to the effects of one of those modes. Also if the effect of modes is one of pitch, why should there be any difference in effect of the modern major and minor scales beginning on the same note? The influence of pitch, of key, on the effect of a composition has long been recognized, but we do not know that the Greeks had any definite pitch and indeed our modern pitch has fluctuated much, climbing from as low as A 377 in 1511 to A 457 in 1897, and falling back somewhere in the neighborhood of 440 vibrations. Theoretically Beethoven's music for full Beethovenic effect should be pitched at A 422 or thereabouts. Still, there is a well recognized influence of pitch, or key, upon the character of a composition.

The quality of tone depends upon the number and prominence of the overtones,—is a matter of tones within tones. That sounds of different quality produce different emotional effects goes without saying, and their different physiologic influence has likewise been proved in the laboratory. These effects are, of course, the very basis of orchestral composition.

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The physiological effects of rhythm are shown in the laboratory of human experience every day. A slow rhythm soothes, a rapid one quickens the bodily activities. The beat of a drum allays and suspends the fatigue of an army. One can dance or march to music when otherwise he would consider such exertion out of the question. As to more complex physiological effects, the physiologist Dogiel conducted a series of elaborate experiments and came to the conclusion that (1) music exhibits an influence upon the circulation of the blood, both in animals and man; (2) the blood pressure (pressure to which blood in the arteries is subjected by the action of the heart) sometimes rises, sometimes falls; (3) musical tones usually increase the beat of the heart and the frequency of respiration; (4) variations in blood pressure depend on the pitch and loudness of sound, and on the tone color; (5) in the variations of blood pressure the idiosyncracies of the individual, whether man or animal, are plainly apparent, and even the nationality, in the case of man, has some effect.

The effects of music upon digestion have apparently not been studied, but the paramount importance of happy mental conditions or at least of mental absorption in other subjects than self, during the processes of feeding, make the use of music at a feast something more significant than appears, and if it influences merely to conversation the physiological results must be much the same and for good. Then, with interesting music as an accompaniment, one is likely to eat deliberately, which again is a help to the digestion of the usually hurrying diner.

Comparatively simple sounds produce in animals more than simple physiologic, and hence more than elementary psychologic, effects. The howling of a dog at the tolling of a bell indicates a most complicated response, which betokens mental and emotional disturbance of considerable complexity as well as intensity.

If rhythmic sounds, through their quality, pitch and intensity, can produce marked effects, the combination of sounds in sequence (melody) and simultaneously (harmony), and still more the construction of musical pieces of various forms, may be expected to have a tremendous physiological, as it has psychological, influence; for the two go on together. Musical phrases take on the property of symbols more significant, if less definite, than words, and constitute a universal language appreciated according to one's acquaintance with that language as it is spoken in a given age, by different races and by its more highly endowed prophets.

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The use of music in medicine antedates history. The medicine man of the primitive tribe chants his incantations and an important part of his outfit is his tom-tom or his rattle, a sound producer of most simple sort, but helping effectively by its infernal racket to din into the soul of the sick the comforting and stimulating notion that all possible help is being given to rid him of the cause of his sufferings. That cause is presumably an evil spirit which has taken up its spiteful abode in the body of the sick man. True, the music is little more than noise, but with the very important addition of rhythm, which, no matter what its physiological influence, has the psychological effect of reiteration. Every successive drum beat and every repetition of a vocal utterance intended to oust the demon is a reassurance to the sick that the medicine man is doing, without rest, his utmost.

Like effects are produced without sound by drop doses of a homeopathic drug given at definite and short intervals. Each drop represents symbolically to the imagination of the patient and his friends the repeated effort of the student of the body—his physician—and with the imbibition of each dose there results a wave of emotional impulse stimulating the organism in its warfare against present disease or its self-repair of past injuries.

We physicians still lean to some extent upon tradition and many of our practices are of necessity still awaiting a doomful test, but before the advent of modern scientific methods we were bound most helplessly to the past. For two thousand years medical theory and practice was based upon the teaching of the Greeks, and Paracelsus, in the sixteenth century, was bold indeed to declare that his shoe buckles knew more than Galen.

If medievalians leaned on ancient medical lore, the Greeks were not independent of prehistoric medicine, and doubtless the therapeutic virtue ascribed to music in the writings of Homer, Pindar, Pythagoras, Theophrastus, Plutarch and even Galen, is, in part, a survival of the notions derived from an earlier time, for music, according to these writers, was virtuous for the cure of plague, rheumatism, bites of venomous reptiles and of mad dogs, and like ailments. The malady was no longer considered a demoniac one, but the remedy, though much refined, was the same as had been employed in an age of simpler science, for the reason that many people, similarly affected, had recovered with like treatment.

In more modern times music has been used and recommended by many enthusiasts for the cure or alleviation of such diseases as gout and consumption, but the significant tendency has been

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to confine its use to the treatment of nervous disorders, to conditions brought about and maintained or especially aggravated by mental states, and including such serious brain disturbances as are accompanied by deranged mentality. The influence of music in such conditions had been noted by the ancients, and one will at once recall the unsuccessful attempt of David to allay the melancholy of Saul. Elisha, also, "when he was much troubled by importunate kings, called for a minstrel 'and when he played, the hand of the Lord came upon him.' "

Robert Burton in his classic "The Anatomy of Melancholy," published in 1621, devotes a chapter to music as a remedy.

"Many and sundry", he begins, "are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but in my judgement none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music and merry company." He quotes a long list of authors in support of music's power. " 'A most forcible medicine' Jacchinus calls it; Jason Pratensis, 'a most admirable thing, and worthy of consideration, that can so mollify the mind, and stay those tempestuous affections of it.' *Musica est mentis medicina mœstæ*, a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; 'affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the mind, and makes it nimble.' Lemnius, *instit. cap.* 44. This it will effect in the most dull, severe, and sorrowful souls 'expel grief with mirth, and if there be any clouds, dust, or dregs of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them all away.' Salisbur. *polit. lib.* I, *cap.* 6, and that which is more, it will perform all this in an instant . . . Athenæus (*Dipnosophia. lib.* 14, *cap.* 10,) calleth it an infinite treasure to such as are endowed with it; *Dulcisonum reficit tristia corda melos*, Eobanus Hessus. Many other properties Cassiodorus, *epist.* 4, reckons up of this our divine music, not only to expel the greatest griefs, but 'it doth extenuate fears and furies, appeaseth cruelty, abateth heaviness, and to such as are watchful it causeth quiet rest; it takes away spleen and hatred,' be it instrumental, vocal, with strings, wind. . . . 'it cures all irksomeness and heaviness of soul.' 'Labouring men, that sing to their work, can tell as much, and so can soldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright as the sound of trumpet, drum and such like music animates.' Philostratus, when Appollonious was inquisitive to know what he could do with his pipe, told him 'that he would make a melancholy man merry, and him that was merry much merrier than before, a lover more enamoured, a religious man more devout.' " But Burton is not without caution. Music is helpful to the melancholic " 'Provided always, his disease proceed not originally from it, that he be not some light *inamorato*, some idle fantastic, who capers in conceit all the day long, and thinks of nothing else but how to make jigs, sonnets, madrigals in commendation of his mistress. In such cases music is most pernicious, as a spur to a free horse will make him run himself blind, or break his

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wind. . . . As Menander holds, it will make such melancholy persons mad, and the sound of their jigs and hornpipes will not be removed out of their ears a week after. . . . Many men,'" he continues, "are melancholy by hearing music, but it is a pleasing melancholy that it causeth; and therefore to those who are discontent, in woe, sorrow, or dejected, it is a most present remedy; it expels cares, alters their grieved minds, and easeth in an instant. . . . Theophrastus right well prophesied, that diseases were either procured by music or mitigated."

If David playing before Saul is the classic example of the supposed influence of music on a mind diseased, the more successful efforts of Farinelli, the celebrated male soprano, upon King Philip of Spain is the modern instance. The king, so the story goes, had fallen into a state of deep despond from ill health, secluded himself, would not consent to be shaved and showed suicidal inclinations. The Queen, enthusiastic over music's powers, ordered Farinelli with other musicians to perform in a room next her husband's bed chamber. The king was at once charmed into a happier mood and ordered Farinelli to sing in his presence. The musician continued his ministrations until the king consented to see his barber, to resume affairs of state and to appear in public. To assure a cure the wise queen had the treatment continued for some time, and no return of the mental state was ever noted. Farinelli was most handsomely rewarded for his services, was given a high place at court, and served also to allay the morbid tendencies of Philip's successor, Ferdinand.

The rôle of music in the cure of that obscure affection known as tarantism is of interest in connection with the title "tarantelle" applied to so many compositions. Whatever this mania was, it was not caused by the bite of the tarantula unless, as is not unlikely, through the mental effect of an injury which at the time was supposedly fatal. Such being the case, a condition of profound lethargy and depression would undoubtedly follow the bite. Music, according to tradition, aroused the victim from this state (and it would always do so if a cure by its help was anticipated) while the violent dancing that was evoked by the rapid rhythm could do no harm and might be said to complete the cure. The size and the frequency of the spiders and a keen imagination would account for the infectiousness which seems to have been common in this complaint.

So far as the employment of music by the medical profession is concerned, it has, in modern times, simmered down to its use in connection with nervous and more purely mental derangements, the sweet sound serving to change the current of thought

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for at least the time being. It is interesting to note that the greatest emphasis upon the use of music in this connection was made by very notable French alienists, especially by Pinel, around the beginning of the nineteenth century—the period when music production reached its zenith. Was it a time of especial sensitiveness to the influence of music? Fournier de Pescay (1771–1833—how closely the dates come to the birth and death years of Beethoven!) in an imposing article for the Dictionaire des Sciences Medicales, "related a number of cases which had been helped, some in a remarkable way, by music." His own child, he says, was relieved of "constant pain" and insomnia by the sound of the flute, and by singing in a minor key.

Esquirol, a contemporary alienist, wrote temperately and sensibly: "Music acts upon the physique by determining nervous vibrations, by exciting the circulation. . . . It acts upon the *morale* by fixing the attention, and by calling up agreeable recollections. . . . In the treatment of mental disease I have constantly used music. It calms and soothes the mind, although it does not cure; it is, however, a precious agent, and ought not to be neglected."

How much hysteria figured in some of the instances of cure mentioned by the French physicians we are left to guess, but hysteria is a very real condition, deserving of any possible aid.

In recent years an attempt, perhaps more than one, has been made by laymen to set up a systematic music cure, various compositions being selected by the musicopath to suit various types of nervous disorder—music of a martial and hopeful character to stir the depressed and that of a calm and even temper to soothe the excited and insomniac. Also at least one "dispensary" for the free exhibition of musical medicine to any who might be interested has been conducted. A monthly magazine devoted to musical therapeutics was launched within the last decade, the copy which came into our hands containing many letters from directors of sanitaria for the insane in praise of music as a means of calming excitement among their inmates and in rendering their existence happier.

By the definition given, medicine deals with the prevention, alleviation or cure of disease,—and disease may be of physical or of mental origin or partly of both. Evidently sound vibrations, be they never so wonderfully dished up, cannot, according to modern knowledge and past experience, directly influence the bodily processes more than temporarily—cannot restore a defective heart valve or cleanse the body from typhoid

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bacilli. Nor can sweet sound prevent such conditions, though undoubtedly it will, in many cases, by influencing mental states, serve to alleviate suffering and hasten recovery. The introduction of music into hospitals for the wounded in our war has, of course, served a place which no other means could quite usurp.

When it comes to maladies of mental origin or those aggravated by mental attitude toward life, the influence of suitable music must be considerable, and greater according as the victim is more susceptible to this vehicle of emotional expression. It is needless to say that for such a purpose the music should be suitable to the subject. The depressed and melancholy are too apt to choose music which corresponds with their state of mind, a condition they too often take a morbid interest in preserving. Not a few persons would be the better if they could be persuaded to spend less time in playing funeral marches or singing doleful love songs. Such a composition as Ernst's Élegie is enough to drive one into a mad house if he were already on the way to such an institution.

Most music is, however, of a healthy and inspiring character. It is unexpectedly significant that the compositions of Weber, though of a man dying by inches of consumption, are full of joy and brilliancy. If Chopin's music is more consistent for a consumptive, it contains little that is really depressing. Beethoven, with all his bodily and mental suffering, allowed nothing morbid to creep into his music. There can be little doubt of the authenticity of Beethoven's remark, when, in his last illness, he was being tapped for the removal of dropsical fluid: "Better water from my belly" he exclaimed, "than water from my pen." Music, aside from its effect as a mere agent of pleasure-producing sensation, is the expression, the physiological exponent, of the desire for life and for the surmounting of its difficulties, and appeals by contrast with an inciting background of mental and bodily suffering or failure of attainment. As a means of maintaining mental and, hence, bodily sanity, as a means of amusement, a source of recreation and as a soothing balm to the irritations incident to the experiences of daily life, who can estimate its value?

If the hearing of music is, on the whole, conducive to health, the production of music may be even more so, since there is added to pleasurable æsthetic and emotional exercise the absorbing and mind-satisfying task of overcoming the technical difficulties which line the way to perfect production. That the exercise of the lungs in singing or playing upon wind instruments may be of

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possible harm, has been abundantly disproven, while, as the author's studies show, those who exert most force in such exercise, players upon the trumpet and horn, seem to be the longer lived. About the performer upon the oboe there hangs a tradition of tendency to insanity. This rests on slender evidence, but its possibility furnishes food for interesting speculation as to whether the long sustained pressure in the lungs required for playing upon this beautiful instrument, or the fragile tone and often melancholy nature of its music, are the sources of mental aberration. On the other hand the oboe was for a long time an instrument of martial music, although war was not such a sad business in those days.

The musician deals with niceties of tone and of intonation. He is, unless of the very intellectual school, engaged in playing upon the emotions of his auditors and in doing so must feel his own music—must undergo physiological changes incident to those he would evoke in his sympathetic audience. "Ne'er from the heart you'll speak inspiring, unless your own heart be stirred," may be taken literally. Does the professional musician, by reason of his business, become hyperæsthetic and emotionally unstable? If so, he does not seem to be morbid or unhealthy in body. There is no record of sickness in John Sebastian Bach. Beethoven, despite his ailments, was remarkably robust. Wagner, always complaining, was seldom sick. Brahms was abundantly healthy, as was Verdi to a good old age. Spohr was "of sound health and Herculean frame." Liszt and Rubinstein were no invalids. Unhealthy and short-lived musicians have been the exception and not the rule.

In primitive times the *cure* of disease seemed of prime importance, and music (of a harsh and vigorous nature) was a universal remedy. In our age, science, by revealing the nature of disease, has discountenanced the tom-tom as a therapeutic agent, but, in pointing out the importance of prevention, it has elevated music to new importance, for, whether one whistles a tune to pass the time, sings a hymn to soothe the soul in time of trouble or enjoys the complicated and unanalyzable exercise of following the symphonic utterance of a healthy and heroic heart in its symbolic struggle with and triumph over the strokes of fate, somehow "the spirits about the heart take in that trembling and dancing air into the body, are moved together, and stirred up with it" for the better. Anything that makes life more livable is a health-giving agent. Can anything, not material, compare with music as such an agency?

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As strikingly shown by the words of the thank-note which begins this article, music as medicine is, in the language of Burton, "a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." While "divine music" will not heal a broken bone, check the invasion of bacteria, nor restore a diseased brain to its normal state, it serves under all circumstances to "calm and soothe the mind" and is "a precious agent that ought not to be neglected."

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MUSIC AND HEALTH

By EVA AUGUSTA VESCELIUS[1]

What is Music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. The very existence of music is wonderful. I might say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time; it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE.

The effects produced by sound, or rather by the sonorous or musical fluid are far from being fleeting or transient. The fluid acts directly upon the nerves and in perfect harmony with the solids and liquids that pertain to the whole animal economy, often impregnating them to an incredible degree.—CHOMET.

WHEN the therapeutic value of music is understood and appreciated, it will be considered as necessary in the treatment of disease as air, water and food.

The employment of music in the treatment of disease is an ancient practice, dating back to the time when David took his harp and played before Saul.

Galen, the father of medical science, recommended the playing of the flute upon the suffering parts of the body, on the principle of a medical bath. Gallius prescribed to the flute players a soft and gentle strain for the cure of epilepsy and sciatic gout, claiming that relief was brought about by causing vibrations in the fibres of the afflicted part.

Asclepiades in 100 B. C. employed music for disorders of the ear, antedating by two thousand years the modern use of musical vibrations in the treatment of deafness.

Plato, Cicero, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Milton and Rousseau have given ample testimony to the power of music to cure many kinds of diseases; yet how meager the resources of the musical pharmacy in their day compared with those of our day.

For ten years Farinelli, the greatest of all singers, was engaged at the Spanish Court to sing to mad King Philip V. After observing the effect of his music on the patient, he selected the three numbers that were most beneficial in their influence, and

[1]Miss Eva Vescelius, founder in 1903 and president of the "National Therapeutic Society in New York City," died on January 17, 1917 shortly after having completed the manuscript of this essay. Hence, it appears here without having been proof-read by the distinguished authoress.—*Ed.*

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these he sang every evening during those ten years. These numbers were: "Pallido il sole", "Per questo dolce amplesso", by Hasse, and a minuet on which he improvised variations.

Coming down to the present day, Professor Terchanoff says: "Music may fairly be regarded as a serious therapeutic agent; it exercises a genuine and considerable influence on the functions of the body." W. J. Colville says: "The influence of personal musical healing results in electric magnetic polarizing—it is transmission of human life through human organism, a baptism of harmony."

Now, *why* does music heal? "The music cure is based on rhythmic, periodic, normal pulsations." It is a matter of vibration. What *is* vibration and what does it produce? Professor Robertson gives one of the simplest, clearest answers to this question. He says:

> Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, then faster and faster till it will revolve any number of times in a second, which is of course perfectly imaginable. Let the whirling go on in a dark room and suppose a man there, knowing nothing of the rod. How will he be affected by it? So long as it turns but a few times a second he will not be affected by it at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear; and as the rate grows swifter the tone will go on becoming less and less grave and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the stillness will pass into silence, silence will again reign as at first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man, but let it come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin, which will again grow more and more intense as now from tens and hundreds of thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much greater. But lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom, and now, while the rate mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and last of all violet, and to the violet, the revolutions being now eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness as in the beginning; this darkness, too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.

Thus we perceive that sound, heat and color are produced by different rates of vibration, as are also matter and form. "Matter

is neither more nor less than modality of motion, a resultant of rhythmic vibrations whose rate of velocity is both invisible and incomputable. Thus vibration determines the condition in which matter becomes perceptible to sight or touch, whether it shall be solid, fluid, aëriform, whether granite or gold, water or wine, gas or gossamer."

When Pythagoras declared that the octave formed a circle and "gave our noble globe its form", the world laughed and passed on, but Chladni, a scientist of the eighteenth century, demonstrated by his sand-figures that each tone formed its geometric figure. "My delight was great", he says, "when I saw a star form of twelve rays." Mrs. Watte Hughes' voice-pictures produced by the Eidophone which she invented are another evidence of the truth that there is no sound without form.

The *power* of vibration is vividly brought home to our imagination by Paganini's saying that he could fiddle a bridge down. He could hit upon the rate of vibration of that bridge and increase it till it tore the bridge to pieces. In the same way a glass tumbler can be shattered by a tone or rate of vibration corresponding to its keynote or rate of vibration. Every animate and inanimate object has its keynote. A violin at rest will respond to one that is being played when the right note is struck.

When one remembers that man's body is "a harp of a thousand strings", nay, ten thousand and more with its brain-cells and nerves, one can readily see how variously it will respond to musical vibrations and how powerfully they may act upon it; and by means of the sympathetic nervous system the stimulation of brain-cells and sensory nerves affects bodily functions.

Dr. S. J. Parke says:

> The absolute and complete control that the sympathetic nervous system exercises over the physical organization is so perfectly clear and well-known that a recital of the phenomena in the vast and countless series of manifestations is unnecessary. Fear not only suspends the digestive function but arrests the formation of the secretions upon which digestion depends; a sudden fright frequently paralyzes the heart beyond recovery, whereas a pleasant and pleasing message soothes and gently excites the whole system, increases the secretions, aids digestion and sends a thrill of joy to the sensorium, which diffuses the glad tidings to every nerve fibril in the complex organization.

We are organized vibrations. The object of all cures is to change discordant vibrations to harmonious ones. Disease is unrhythmical, health is rhythmical, for rhythm is a fundamental law of the universe.

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The music cure is based upon the law of harmonious rhythmical vibration. Its appeal is to the soul.

The London Lancet for November 3, 1888, has this paragraph about the music cure:

> Music cannot be named along with many drugs in point of apparent accuracy of result. Its place is not in any ordinary catalogue or pharmacopœia; it belongs rather to that group of natural recreative forces which are acting in every healthy life and which operate against the morbid weakness of any part by increasing the vigor of the whole.

The late Dr. S. S. Wallian said:

> It is neither illogical nor unscientific to assert and insist that musical therapeutics has a thoroughly scientific basis, that its sphere is practically unlimited and that its mission is of unmixed good to the human race, to suffering humanity in general and more especially to the large and perhaps increasing class known as the mentally unbalanced.

The Musical Pharmacopœia

Nature overflows with the raw material of music, but human art organizes this into musical strains. Here, if ever, man is face to face, ear to ear, heart to heart, with God.—J. W. Stimson.

See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of Nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it.—Carlyle.

Music is the manifestation of the inner essential nature of all that is.
—Beethoven.

Thou cans't not wave thy staff in air
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake
But leaves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhythms the oar forsake.
—Emerson.

In Materia Medica remedies are classified under four heads: Tonic, Stimulant, Sedative, Narcotic. From our magnificent musical pharmacy we can select with ease our tonic, stimulant, sedative, spiritual remedies. To illustrate: Consider the tonic effect upon the nervous and hysterical of the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," or Chopin's Prelude, op. 28, No. 1. What more stimulating than the march from "Tannhäuser" or one of Sousa's military marches? How joyous "Hark, hark, the lark", Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2, or a Strauss waltz! For a sedative try Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh", the Berceuse from "Jocelyn" ('cello solo), "The Swan" by Saint-Saëns and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. For the spiritual, "On Wings of Song" or "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove" by Mendelssohn, Schubert's "Ave

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Maria", some of the lovely hymns, reassuring and comforting—"I Need Thee Every Hour", "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth", "Come unto Me and I Will Give You Rest", "Give to the Winds Thy Fears" and some of the negro "spirituals."

The key in which a selection is written affects its pharmaceutical properties, yet there are conflicting opinions regarding the characteristics of the keys. Helmholtz says no difference in the character of the keys can be observed on the organ, for example, and Hauptmann asserts the same thing for singing voices unaccompanied by the organ. On the other hand, John Cummin says there is a decidedly different character in different keys on the pianoforte and string instruments:

> Composers certainly seem to have had predilections for particular keys and to have cast movements in particular styles in special keys. There is a very common opinion that the tone and effect of different keys is characteristic.

Beethoven gave some affirmation to it when he said, "B minor is a black key, D major is always maestoso"; and, when asked to arrange two national songs written in four flats, he said, "that key seemed to him unnatural." He set the songs in a suitable key. C major and the adjacent D flat major have different effects not caused by difference in absolute pitch, for the D flat on one instrument may be as high as the C on the other and yet the C retains its brighter and stronger character and the D flat its soft and harmonious effect.

The Pythagorians considered that A flat and B flat possessed greater healing potency and that F was the keynote of nature. The great bells of China and Japan sound the F, also "Big Ben" sounds F of one hundred and seventy vibrations per second.

Silliman in his "Principles of Physic" says:

> The aggregate sounds of Nature as heard in the rustling of trees in a great forest; the roar of a distant city or the dashing of the waves of the sea is a tone of appreciable pitch, the F.

Is it merely a coincidence that Wagner's "Forest Music" and the "Pastoral" music of Beethoven are written in the key of F major? Schumann said the major is active and masculine, the minor the passive and feminine in music. He maintained that A major suggested to him green fields and lambs playing; E major was suggestive of green foliage and gurgling rivulets, while F minor was to him one of the saddest of keys. He always associated it with death:

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Play in C the "Berceuse" of Chopin, which is written in D flat; its beautiful poetic sonority would become crude and flat. Beethoven's "Funeral March", Sonata op. 26, written in A flat minor, loses much of its dolefulness when played in A minor.

Edmund Holmes argues against a theory of key color. He says:

'The Dead March in Saul' Händel wrote in the key of C, which is one of the brilliant keys. With the exception of D minor, every chord throughout the composition has a major third. 'The Heavens are Telling', by Haydn, is written in the same key, though entirely opposite in character.

One critic says B flat is remarkable for its dullness, but Beethoven's Symphony in B flat is one of the most hilarious compositions ever written. Bombet says the key of B flat is least interesting of any, having no fire to render it majestic and grand—too dull for song—but "Rejoice Greatly" is in that key and "Adelaide" by Beethoven is written in B flat. The key of E is associated in one's mind with hunting songs; it is a good key for horns, yet "He was Despised" was written in that key, showing that the character of the work rests on the genius of the composer and not on the particular key in which he writes.

These conflicting opinions on the influence of keys only go to show that musicians, like physicians, disagree. We believe that almost every one who is musical has a favorite key in which he is most at home. Many singers have their songs transposed to satisfy this preference. Lavignac gives the following characteristics of keys:

F sharp major—rugged.
B major —energetic.
E major —radiant, warm, joyous.
A major —frank, sonorous.
D major —gay, brilliant, alert.
G major —rural, frank.
C major —simple, naïve, or flat and commonplace.
F major —pastoral, rustic.
B flat major —noble, elegant, graceful.
E flat major —sonorous, vigorous.
A flat major —gentle, caressing.
D flat major —charming, suave.
G flat major —gentle and calm.
G sharp minor—very somber.
C sharp minor—brutal, sinister, somber.
F sharp minor —rough, ærial.
B minor —savage or somber but vigorous.
E minor —sad, agitated.
A minor —simple, sad, rustic.
D minor —melancholy.
C minor —gloomy, dramatic, violent.
F minor —morose or energetic.
B minor —funereal or mysterious.
E flat minor —profoundly sad.
A flat minor —doleful, anxious.

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Compare the above with Grétry's summary of Key characteristics:

C major	—noble and frank.
D major	—brilliant.
E major	—sparkling.
F major	—mixed.
C minor	—pathetic.
D minor	—melancholy.
E flat minor	—grand and pathetic.
E minor	—sad; first minor scale in nature.
G major	—warlike, not as grand as C.
F sharp major	—hard and sharp.
A major	—very brilliant.
B major	—brilliant and gay.
F minor	—most pathetic of all.
G minor	—most pathetic except F minor.
A minor	—simplest; least grand of all.
B flat minor	—grand, less so than C major.
B minor	—adapted to express simplicity and artlessness.

To me Haydn's music, for instance, gives these mental impressions of different keys:

F major—This key is rich, sober, mild, contemplative.

D minor, its relative—Possesses the the same qualities but of heavier and darker cast. More doleful, more solemn and grand.

C major—Bold, vigorous and commanding, suited to the expression of war and enterprise.

A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble.

G major—Gay and sprightly. Being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.

E minor—Persuasive, soft and tender.

D major—Ample, grand and noble, having more fire than C. In choral music it is the highest key, the treble having its cadence note on the fourth line.

B major—Bewailing, but in too high a tone to excite commiseration.

A major—Golden, warm, sunny.

F sharp minor—Mournful, grand.

E major—Bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects. In this key Haydn has written his most elegant thoughts. Haydn mistook its properties when he used it in the chorus "The many rend the skies with loud applause." Though higher than D, it is less loud and it stretches the voice beyond its natural powers.

B flat major—The least interesting of all. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand and it is too dull for song.

G minor—Weak and pensive, replete with melancholy.

E flat major—Full and mellow, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight; though less decided in its character than some others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

C minor—Complaining, having something of the whining cant of B minor.

A flat major—The most lovely of the tribe—unassuming, gentle and soft, delicate and tender; having more of the pertness of A in sharps. Every composer has been sensible of the charm of this key and has reserved it for expression of his most refined sentiments.

F minor—Religious, penitential and gloomy.

D flat—Awfully dark. In this key Haydn and Beethoven have written their sublimest thoughts. They never enter into it but for tragic purposes.

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To account for such effects on different individuals is difficult, but every musician is sensible of their existence.

"If each key has a special character the same may be said of every instrument", says Chomet. For example, the bassoon is mournful and should be employed in expressing sorrow and pathos. The clarinet is suitable for the expression of grief. The oboe suggests reverie by its rural tones. The flute is sweet and tender, and is adapted to express sweet and tender love. The trombone is deep and harrowing. The trumpet excites to frenzy and martial ardor. The violin seems suited to express all the sentiments common to humanity. But the viola ought to be reserved for songs of a tender melancholy.

How to Give Musical Treatments

It is not art which makes thee excel, but a divine power which moves thee.
—Plato

Be the tuned harp whose chords vibrate with the music of the Eternal.
—Tagore *in Sadhana*

The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty; on the contrary, it strikes us more the more we are familiar with it.—Goethe

Sing as the spirit moves you;
If some simple strain,
Remember, the little heart-song
Touches when all else is vain.

Two things are always necessary to success in musical healing, says W. J. Collville—appropriateness of performer and appropriateness of musical selections. The former is sometimes of even more importance than the latter, because when highly sensitive we invariably enjoy all that is done by some one we love and admire, and we shrink instinctively from all that emanates from one whose personality is out of tune with our necessities. Sympathy, personal and musical, is undoubtedly of great importance in musical healing. Intuitively one should know when there is a lack of sympathy, and in such a case it is best that the musician withdraw to another room, leaving the patient freed from all self-consciousness, relaxed and receptive to the impersonal musical sound-waves.

For any marked success there must be perfect harmony between transmitter and receiver, as the wireless sends a message intended for a certain ship, but unless the receiver is tuned to the pitch of the transmitter, some other receiver that *is* so attuned catches its import.

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Discrimination in the choice of music is essential; in ill-health one does not enjoy a musical banquet but a musical specific. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the devoted friend of Richard Wagner, expressed a preference when in a melancholy mood for the "Dream Song" from *Massaniello* and Stradella's "Prayer."

Rhythm, harmony, repetition and pause are the important factors in musical treatment. Select the music for its harmonizing value alone. Close with an appeal that will awaken the soul to a conscious unity with the Divine Source.

Select for your tonic a beautiful rhythmic composition. Do not play it all, if there are several movements demanding change of key and tempo. Quiet fear and apprehension by changing the thought and arresting the attention, and leave a pleasing musical impression to be sung silently in the heart over and over again long after the music has ceased.

For fever, high pulse, hysteria, arrest the attention. Play softly and rhythmically to bring the pulse and respiration to normal. Tests with instruments prove that music will do this. Do not change too abruptly from one key to another; modulate and pause and let the musical impression be absorbed. Select songs that depict green fields and pastures new, the cool running brook, the flight of birds, the blue sky, the sea.

Deafness is helped by long, free, open tones. Syncopation and jerky music should be used sparingly.

Fear is dissipated by music awakening in the listener the consciousness of the all-enveloping Good. A high nervous tension is relieved and nerves are relaxed under the spell of a composition that swings the body into normal rhythmic movement. Sluggish conditions of body and mind are eliminated by the rhythmic waltz, polka or mazurka—music affecting the motor system. Insomnia is cured by the slumber-song, nocturne, or the spiritual song that assures one of Divine protection. A baby listens to a lullaby for the first time with wide open eyes. As the song grows familiar, he yields to the rhythm repeated over and over again.

Adults when ill are like children. An editor of one of the leading newspapers of Chicago was troubled with insomnia; many a night his wife would go to the piano in the wee sma' hours and play and sing "All is still in quiet West", with the invariable result that he would fall asleep to awake refreshed and rested.

One who is not especially fond of music is often benefited by it during sleep. The musical sound-waves are felt subconsciously as a "bath and medicine", affecting the entire organization.

Music has a great advantage over anodynes, as it generally produces a natural sleep from which the patient awakens refreshed. At a hospital where the twilight musicale was tested for three months the result proved very satisfactory. The record showed a great falling off of opiates administered during those months compared with the same period of time before and after, when there was no music. Nocturnes, lullabies and spiritual songs made up the program. The music was rendered outside of the wards.

Two or three personal experiences might be of interest.

One of the first to come to me for treatment had been a sufferer for five months with chills and fever. She called one Sunday afternoon in a high state of fever. After making her comfortable on the couch and remaining with her a few minutes, I went into the music room, where there were several musicians. All became interested in the case and in sympathy with the proposed treatment. The first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was played, followed by the songs "Evening Star" and "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser" and "There Is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen", by M. Crowninshield. After the last number I found the patient in a deep sleep that lasted several hours. When she awoke she was free from fever. At the end of a week I again saw her. She was perfectly well. I was astonished, for I hardly expected a complete cure. After three months I met her and learned she had never had a recurrence of her malady. She was very fond of music and had been completely harmonized by the dual treatment.

About the same time another friend came under my care. Almost a mental wreck from worry over financial losses, he slept but little and his dreams were so distressing that he feared for his sanity. He professed a dislike for music. When we ventured to try it in connection with metaphysical treatment we found that simple, rhythmical melody and harmony produced beneficial results. We played and sang music of such character every evening, continuing half an hour after he had fallen asleep. At the end of a few weeks he was enjoying normal health.

Another, recovering from a severe illness, was, when in normal health, a lover of the best music. During his illness, when delirious, we could generally arrest his attention and quiet him with music. When his health was restored we asked him what had made the deepest musical impression upon him. He mentioned a negro lullaby and not a Schubert serenade, as we had expected he would, showing that the rhythmical, crooning little song

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suggestive of mammy and her baby had appealed to him in his helplessness, when like a tired child he, too, longed for the comforting motherly arms to enfold him and rock him to sleep.

Musical Treatment in Hospitals

I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling:
Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of low desire,
From the main pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self
Come up higher, come up higher!

—James G. Clark

If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word, and take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing.

The late Dr. Egbert Guernsey said, in an editorial in the *Medical Times:*

If every hospital or asylum included in its medical staff a musical director, and if every physician and trained nurse understood the nature of the action of music, there is no telling the good that might be accomplished, the lives brightened and the tangled brains restored to harmony.

We hope to see the time when the equipment of a hospital, asylum or prison will not be complete without a department for music under the direction of a competent musical supervisor, and appropriations for music considered as necessary in the municipal outlay as for any other civic department. We shall then hear no more worn-out, untuned instruments in our institutions. They will be as carefully cared for as are the instruments of the surgical department. Buildings will be erected with the organ placed in the main building, instead of in a chapel where few can hear it, and the soft, soothing, impersonal influence of melody and harmony will ascend like incense, pervading the atmosphere, harmonizing and tranquillizing patients and attendants alike.

When musicians will prepare themselves spiritually and musically for this department of musical science, the days of the haphazard misuse of this divine healing power will have passed

and Musico-Therapy will no longer beg for recognition, but will take its place—an acknowledged and important factor in the healing art.

Why should not the music-study clubs all over the country enlarge their scope and do more practical, local work; take an interest in the music in the public schools; arrange for days when members can visit the hospitals and asylums and use their gifts for the benefit of those who so much need the help, comfort and inspiration which music can give? Says Albert Visetti, in the *London Musical Times:*

> Let us use whatever power is in our hands for the further research in the cause of music as a means of cure, in the hope that our medical profession will see their way to give some thought to the question; and who can say what the future may bring forth? Is it not possible that one day music shall be known as the great healer, in addition to the many uses of a new and progressive art?

Perhaps you are a singer who has built a tender song,
To thrill some fellow mortal with its accents sweet and strong.
The way is long and dreary and the music spells are few,
Some one is waiting even now to hear that song from you.
Go sing that song, raise up some head that sorrow seeks to bow,
And wait not till the lines grow cold, but sing it, sing it now.

To oblige musicians who are invited to visit hospitals only on Sunday to confine themselves to hymns, when music of a different character would prove more beneficial, is a thing to be regretted. All good music based upon the beautiful and true is sacred. In fact, there is no sacred music; what is called so is sacred by association. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" is sung in India as an invocation of Allah, beginning with "God Almighty, hear our prayer", and one of the world's most famous songs, "We won't go home till Morning", was a favorite of the Crusaders.

If the musicians are requested to render hymns exclusively, let them be carefully selected; let the words express hope and cheer and thanksgiving. If music is remedial, why not prescribe the right kind and not deepen a melancholy mood by a dose of doleful music? No ward appeals to my sympathies more than the so-called "incurable" ward—what hopelessness is expressed in the very name!

I have vivid recollections of a visit to such a ward. The curtains were drawn around one of the beds and we were told its occupant was dying. On other beds patients were lying, too ill to do more than smile a welcome. Here they must lie month after

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month, tenderly cared for by the nurses, waiting while one by one their fellow-sufferers drop away. With me were three fine musicians. We began with a violoncello solo very softly played—the Berceuse from "Jocelyn"; Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Consider the Lilies" followed. A look of real interest and real pleasure came over the faces of the patients. The doorway filled with nurses and convalescents as we continued to give of our best. Never did we have a more grateful or appreciative audience. The mental and physical atmosphere of the room was charged with harmony, in which fear and apprehension dissolved away for the time. Such a visit as ours was a rare thing, we were told. Think of it! How easy to have one every day! As we left the room, Du Maurier's beautiful "Ode to Music" came to mind:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
  Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh;
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player
  And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,
  Words that weary and perplex, and pander and conceal;
Make the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling,
  The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
  Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and caring nought nor fearing,
  Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

Music as Poison

Life is a poem! Love, religion and music its sweetest stanzas. In our hands are the strings which hold the harmonies; shall we fill the air with wailing, or make an undersong so sweet that all will listen?

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,
Such harmony is in immortal Souls,
But whil'st this moldy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—Shakespeare

"The power of suggestion is such that a physician who tells his patient that he will never get well is actually giving him a mild dose of poison; in fact, the dose may not be so very mild, either.

It may be sufficiently strong to produce a slow and gradual death, and in many instances it does."

There are no incurable diseases. Who can tell what a day may bring forth, especially in these days of extraordinary discoveries? Where one system fails another succeeds. No physician, then, can truthfully pronounce any case incurable, and as just stated, he becomes instrumental in shortening the life of his patient every time he makes the cruel statement.

The suggestions conveyed to the subconscious mind through music are far more potent than those conveyed through the spoken word. The fear of death is usually present in illness; why strengthen this fear by a song or a musical selection of the kind often heard in our hospital wards which nearly sends the sick one across the border-land? The more beautifully rendered, the deeper the impression. Do not sing "Darby and Joan" or "The Land of the Leal", for example, to one ill and depressed, introspective and fearful, full of thoughts of "The Friends over There." Such a song sung in the presence of a woman about to be operated upon, depressed and doubtful as to the outcome, might have a fatal effect. In other words, do not play his funeral march until your patient is out of hearing for all time, and not then, as by its suggestive influence he may be hindered in his flight to brighter realms. The funeral march has no place in the progressive thought of to-day, which is "from life through life to life."

Before I became interested in the broader uses for music, my sisters and myself when on concert-tour as singers were frequently invited to visit State institutions and sing for the inmates. Our songs were generally in keeping with our sympathies and selected without much consideration as to their appropriateness. They were of the sorrowing, parting kind, such as singers generally think should be sung in a hospital ward. When our audience was reduced to tears we felt that we had made an impression, and we no doubt had, but let us hope not a lasting one.

Contact with inexperienced musicians has impressed it upon my mind that one must specialize in Musico-Therapy, or be guided by one who has made it a study and can supervise the repertoire, if one is to be successful in the musical treatment of disease. The musician without a knowledge of the psycho-physiological action of music might not select his music to fit the needs of his patient. With the best of intentions he might select music full of pathos and beauty that would unduly excite the emotions, awaken sad memories and strengthen the fear of death. "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night" sung in a military hospital had such

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a depressing effect on the sick and wounded soldiers that the work of the nurses was made more difficult instead of being lightened. Such music under such circumstances is pernicious, but continues to be allowed because at present music is not considered a potent factor for good or evil, but merely a means of entertainment.

Not only the choice of selections, but their execution often leaves much to be desired. Some years ago, when I became interested in the study of music in its relation to health, wishing to observe musical conditions in institutions, I joined a group of singers who made weekly visits on Sundays to some of the New York hospitals. We met in the reception room a few minutes before visiting the wards. Hymns were hastily selected that were familiar to the majority present, without any consideration as to their appropriateness; no time was taken for practice.

Never shall I forget my impressions of that first visit. There were twelve in the company as we entered the first ward; we stationed ourselves near a bed (too near) where lay an old gentleman who received us with a welcoming smile. He evidently was anticipating a musical treat.

I stood next to a gentleman who persisted in singing on one tone. The discords increased with the hymns sung until, at the close of "Over the River They are Beckoning to Me" the old gentleman, unable to endure more, threw up his hands and wept, while the patients in adjacent beds covered their heads.

As we left the ward and walked through the corridor to the next one, to perpetrate the same crime against music and health, I asked the gentleman of the monotone voice what he sang. He proudly admitted that his voice was a baritone. He added that he thoroughly enjoyed these Sunday afternoon visits, as he felt he was "doing good."

Alas! Is it surprising that physicians and attendants are not much in favor of such services, yet are helpless to prevent them, owing to a lack of supervision of music in the hospitals?

Poorly chosen music may have a bad effect upon those who are not ill. A concert with a program of miscellaneous selections, appealing to a wide range of emotions, may become a musical debauch from which the sympathetic listener recovers after an unnecessary expenditure of emotion. I have in mind a gentleman who suffered from a weak heart. He lived in New York and for years attended the finest concerts. He would be exhilarated by one number, depressed by another and emotionally submerged by a third, leaving the concert-room more fatigued than refreshed. He needed a musical specific rather than a banquet. A young lady

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of my acquaintance, on the verge of nervous prostration, attended the opera "Tristan and Isolde." The following day she was in a state of collapse and not until after months of rest did she regain her health.

The tired man or woman is a harp out of tune, with some of the strings too relaxed and others too taut. For such an one to "go and hear some music", a concert or the opera, often adds to his discomfort. "Any music" is not always best for those who are ill—better a few chords, a charming song, a Bach fugue or a Beethoven sonata than to sit for three hours exhausting oneself emotionally, sympathising with an unfortunate Marguerite. In such a case the law of *similia similibus curantur* obtains, for our troubles are overshadowed by a greater. "No two impressions of unequal power can be felt at the same time, but the lesser must yield to the action of the greater."

The new school of music will, let us hope, include in its curriculum the study of rhythm, tone and color, and their influence on the human organization. Programs will be selected with more care as to harmonious proportions. Legato and Largo will not be too abruptly followed by Scherzo and Allegro, or syncopated music or "ragtime" be allowed so frequently to disturb the equilibrium with its jerky, unrhythmical movement.

Music can poison the moral constitution as well as the physical. It has power not only to soothe the savage breast but to awaken the savage in the breast. After his defeat in Russia Napoleon declared it was caused by the Russian winter and the Russian army music. He said that the weird and barbaric tunes of those "beastly Cossack regiments" simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites and they wiped out the best regiments of the French army.

When the compositions of a Futurist musician were first heard in Berlin the whole audience was enraged. A well-known critic after attending this concert wrote: "I was miserable all the afternoon, my nerves fretted and on edge; there was no antidote for the poison but sleep. If such music-making is to become accepted, then I long for Death, the Releaser." At Vienna, when the same music was played, the audience broke loose. Blows were exchanged and fighting became general; the police were summoned and the performers packed up their instruments and left the hall. It reminds me of an old Scotch woman who, when told that a certain anthem she disliked was written by King David, said "Noo I ken why it was that Saul threw his spear at the lad who was playin' till him."

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Music as Mental Medicine.

Music the fiercest grief can charm
And fate's severest rage disarm,
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please.

—Pope

When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

—Shakespeare.

It is only in comparatively recent years that music has been employed to any appreciable extent in the treatment of the insane; but the ball and chain, the dark cell, the isolation and restraint are gradually being replaced by the sleeping pavilion, open-air exercises, work in the fields, dancing and amusements.

We find that the management of some asylums are not yet alive to the importance of music as a helpful adjunct, while others are enthusiastic in their acknowledgment of its beneficent and curative power.

Dr. John B. Chapin, one of the most eminent authorities in America on the subject of insanity, said:

I do not think that a claim that any form of music could cure insanity could be substantiated, but I do believe that there are certain forms of musical expression that exert greater influence for good over insane patients than others. The slow, rhythmic, musical measures have a more soothing effect on them than quick, sharp, jerky ones. Music is always beneficial to the insane. It helps to throw off an excess of motor excitement, and we believe in giving the patient all the musical entertainment possible.

Dr. Dejerin, of the Salpétrière Hospital, Paris, in his experiments on his patients found that "the stately minuet was the melodic key to the greatest benefits that music could bestow upon lunatics."

Some years ago the Superintendent of the Middletown, Conn., asylum organized an orchestra in that institution which provided music for the patients during mealtime. He said:

The effect of the orchestral music on the thirteen hundred patients assembled in the congregate dining-room, afflicted with every grade of mental derangement, is satisfactory in the highest degree. Under its influence these patients are quiet, self-controlled and observe as complete decorum as could be found in the dining-room of any large hotel, and I believe the influence to be not only pleasing, but of lasting benefit.

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While the scheme is to a degree experimental, the results thus far are so gratifying that we should be extremely loth to discontinue it.

After ten years the Superintendent thus reaffirmed his opinion as to the therapeutic influence of music on the insane:

We have continued to maintain an orchestra in our congregate dining-room, where fourteen hundred insane patients take their meals, ever since its organization ten years ago, and have never seen the time when we deemed it possible to dispense with it. Of course, it is very difficult to estimate the precise amount of value music has for the insane; nevertheless, we have no doubt whatever that it has a distinct and exalted therapeutical influence. Time and experience have only served to confirm the attitude I assumed in the matter ten years ago. We are able to bring fourteen hundred insane people, of both sexes, together for their meals and keep them quiet, amiable, cheerful and orderly during the meal hour with the aid of high-class orchestral music. I am, therefore, ready to reaffirm the opinion expressed ten years ago as to the salutary influence of music on the insane.

Dr. Henry E, Eyman, Superintendent of the Massillon State Hospital, Ohio, says:

Many otherwise disturbed and noisy patients are quieted by the use of music. Some melancholy patients find great pleasure in playing the piano, and a stride toward recovery is thus inaugurated. As a therapeutic agent I regard it as of great value. We also find that music in the dining-room has a very soothing effect upon the patients, and by its use we can avoid the rush and hustle and hurry, which remind one of a cheap restaurant. The patient eats more leisurely, the waiters unconsciously fall into the time of the music; in fact, I am not sure that music in an institution of this kind does not take precedence over drugs.

If not selected with care, music unduly excites the mentally unbalanced—perhaps the class most susceptible to its influence—while on the other hand there is nothing that exercises a more beneficial influence upon some forms of insanity than music intelligently selected and employed to suit the temperament and taste of the patient.

In most of the hospitals for the insane, music is used for recreation and amusement, but the music-room, equipped with various musical instruments, will some day be set apart for daily specific musical treatment of classified patients.

Henry Phipps' munificent gift of $500,000 for the most advanced scientific treatment of insanity and mental disorders has made possible the equipment of a musical department in the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. "Music is being tested as a cure for insanity in its various phases with encouraging results. It is found that it lessens the fury of the

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most violent and in many ways is proving one of the most valuable methods in use at the clinic."

The following poem appeared in the *Boston Herald*, written by an insane patient during a lucid period after hearing a concert of classical music:

Ye of the strange and visioned world,
  That glimpse the heights or view the deep abyss
On that weird screen to other eyes unfurled,
  Is there some glint of verity in this,
That ye, whom they declare unfortunate—
  Deluded with a shadow of a dream,
May not scan closer on the scroll of Fate,
  And know as truth the things that "only seem"?

Your indecipherable souls, remote
  From earthly cares, soar in the infinite;
Ye are not cramped by human rule and rote,
  Witless, indeed! 'Tis they who want of wit!
Your eyes see none of earth's inharmony,
  Melodious strains rejoice your raptured ears;
So are ye wrapped about by Deity,
  And catch the heavenly music of the spheres.

Music as a Tonic for the Intellect, Will and Moral Nature.

Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the Soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the Soul graceful of him who is rightly educated.—Plato.

I think sometimes, could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—Emerson.

"In some of the most unpromising districts of rural England it has been found that class-training in sight-reading of music has done much for the general quickening of brain activity among children apparently inaccessible to all other forms of intellectual stimulus. It is distinctly a form of brain training, and, in the case of the slowest boys, it is found to be the one influence to which a response is never withheld.

"What constitutes backwardness in children is not lack of knowledge at a certain age so much as incapacity to attack the slightest problem. This state of mind is far from uncommon among boys of fourteen, and is exactly what a course of musical training is likely to prevent, uniting, as it does, training of sense

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perception and of reasoning powers with an appeal to the natural emotions."

This is the children's world—it is to them that we must look to carry on and make practical our ideals. Let us who are moving on to other planes give place to these coming men and women who are to shape the destinies of nations. Let us give them every opportunity for development. Call out their latent powers. Study their temperaments and tendencies without wasting too much time filling their minds with useless knowledge to be cast aside and forgotten with the years.

Do we not like to see children trained at an early age to speak gently and walk rhythmically and gracefully? A high-pitched, loud voice is a torture and a nerve destroyer to those who have sensitive ears and are obliged to hear it continually. Arnold Bennett does not seem to have exaggerated the importance of noise when he says that ninety per cent. of the friction of the world is caused by tone (of voice?). There never can be an awkward age for the child who has been taught to dance. Rhythm and again rhythm is what a child's nature basks in—the great corrector of nervous diseases and irregulated emotions.

Mathematics is popularly and universally believed to be the fundamental factor in the training of the mind. "Mathematics is a spiritual science; music is its rhythmic expression." Teach a child music and mathematics will cease to have any terrors, for the science of music is based upon numbers. The study of music teaches a child that two and two make four just as accurately and far more enjoyably than if it were having the fact impressed upon its mind in a less attractive way. By learning the folk-songs and folk-dances, children are storing in memory for later years a never-failing solace and pleasure.

Enoch Parsons, Director of Music on the Board of Education in Philadelphia, says:

> To-day the aim and end of education is the development of mind-power, the ability to think rightly, clearly and quickly. . . . . The fact that music is universally included in the curricula of the public schools is conclusive evidence that the State regards it not as a superficial accomplishment, but as fundamental in the evolution of superlative citizenship.

After stating what is done in the line of musical training in the schools of Philadelphia, and adding that what is true of that city is equally true of the other large cities of the country and relatively true of almost every town or village with a high school of at least one hundred pupils, he says:

Through their assembly singing, their chorus work, their sight-reading, the talking machine, the pupils of the public schools to-day are actually living in an atmoshpere of music unparalleled and unprecedented in all the world and at a cost so small as to be almost unappreciable.

Again, music is a tonic for the will. The music rhythm and action rhythm have gone together since the beginning of labor. First come forms like the "zo-ho" of the Siamese, the "hu-hu" of the Chinese, the "ona ao" of the Japanese, the "hai na e" of the Maori. They grow more definite in the "heave ho" of the British boatmen. Gradually there come versified songs adapted to all phases of industry. There is no collective activity anywhere that has not been deemed worthy of melodic accompaniment, and all forms of toil have been set to music. The Maoris have a song for every form of labor.

Burton, in his description of the East Africas, tells us that the fisherman over his paddles, the porter carrying his load, the housewife grinding—all accompany their work with song. Even to-day the Arabs draw water for their cattle to the tune of a song which is heard at all the wells in the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia.

Some one said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!

One of the regulations of the United States Navy relating to bands is, "The band shall play while coaling ships." The commanding officer has no discretion in the matter—there are the orders—and so on the occasion of the most monotonous and cordially hated job in a sailor's life the band plays lively music and plenty of it until the bunkers are filled, because it has been found by careful experiment that about thirty per cent. more coal is put in with music than without.

Jacques Vernes, a prominent French financier, has started a movement to increase the efficiency of workers by inducing them to sing while at work:

What is chiefly needed in the industrial pursuits is a knowledge of rhythmical movement. As rhythm is the basis of music, I have decided to introduce music in all the industrial enterprises with which I am connected. I have tried it in the Pyrenees, where we have built

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roads and bridges. The result is simply amazing. I do not mean ragtime music or tango dancing. I want to revive the times when every workman sang at his bench.

General Linevitch, at one time commander-in-chief of the Russian army, said:

Music is one of the most vital ammunitions of the Russian army; without music the Russian soldier would be dull, cowardly, brutal and inefficient. From music he absorbs a magic power of endurance and forgets the suffering of mortality. It is a divine dynamite.

Music enters deeply into the training and life of the Russian, German and Scotch soldier. Facing the enemy with a song full of love for the fatherland on his lips, he loses all sense of fatigue and fear.

Music is a great force in the moral and religious life of men. Was it not Plato who said:

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the Universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.

Coming down to our own day, Henry Ward Beecher has left this testimony regarding the inspiring influence of music:

How many times have I come into church on Sunday morning jaded and somewhat desponding—saddened, at any rate — and before the organ voluntary was completed, undergone a change as great as though I had been taken out of January and plumped down in the middle of May, with Spring blossoms on every hand.

The history of the Reformation is the history of the power of music to change the religious life of a country. "Luther's psalms and hymns give wings to his teaching." So popular were his songs that a Romanist declared "the whole people is singing itself into the Lutheran doctrine." Luther said:

The words of hymns should have a swing and a good strong metre so that the congregation might catch up to the tune to join in it. Let us take the common songs of our people, as they sing them at harvests, at village festivals, at weddings and at funerals, for use in our churches. Man can as well praise God in one tune as another, and it is a pity that such fine songs as these should be kept any longer from the service of their Maker.

Religious reformers since his time have followed his advice. Dwight L. Moody made a greater appeal to the souls of men by

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having as his assistant Mr. Sankey to clinch his arguments with song. And to quote Napoleon:

Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence on the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. The city, making a generous appropriation for its department of music and appreciating the importance of music in its public parks and recreation centers, is lessening the expense of maintaining its jails, for music can be used as a remedy against vice and much that is inimical to good order.

Within the jails, where repression and suppression are the rule, hearing good music, studying it and taking part in it would relieve nervous tension, stimulate attention, awaken dormant mental activities and arouse the moral nature. In 1912 the Superintendent of the United States Penitnetiary at Atlanta wrote me:

We have been using music during the services and entertainments in this penitentiary for several years. Until a few months ago our orchestra consisted of only a few pieces and it lacked thorough organization and efficient practice. About six months ago the Attorney General authorized the employment of a musical director as an officer of the penitentiary, and since that time our orchestra has grown to a membership of twenty-seven, is thoroughly organized and has been given efficient and effective instruction and practice, until it is now considered a very good musical organization. Our orchestra now not only furnishes the music for all of our services and entertainments, but we have instituted concerts which have become very popular not only with the prisoners but with the people of Atlanta. There can be no question but that its influence is tremendous and always for good. So convinced am I of this that I have had a portion of our orchestra furnish music to the prisoners in the dining-room during the dinner hour, and they seem to appreciate this very much. I believe that I am not saying too much when I say that it is perhaps one of the best methods of obtaining good conduct on the part of the prisoners that have been established in this institution.

Human discord is out of rhythm. Hate, malice, revenge, are diseased conditions of the mind, and who behind the bars is not suffering from a sense of injustice, remorse or silent rage at being caught and caged? In a list of 6,114 cases which belonged to the submerged class in England, the majority of whom had been in prison, only six were recorded as musicians. After this report, which was given before the Reformatory and Refuge Union at Manchester, England, the following comment was added:

It did not seem reasonable to surmise that musicians were more indisposed than other people to dishonesty or crime, but it was possible

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that music did soften the breast and that an absence of theft and serious offense was the consequence.

I would beg for a twilight music hour in prisons. After the activities of the day, when the inmates return to their cells for the night, then come the hours most dreaded, when the soul is left to face past misdeeds and disturbing mental pictures. Then it is that music would prove a cure for these souls in torment, by withdrawing their thoughts from unwholesome introspection and self-analysis and leading them to green pastures and beside the still waters where souls are restored and harmonized by the Master Musician of us all.

Enrico Caruso once sang in the penitentiary at Atlanta, responding to a petition signed by the inmates. In their monthly paper, *Good Words*, the following tribute, written by Linton K. Starr, was paid him:

We sit in our rows of sodden gray
  Up there in the great blank hall;
Through the window-bars the great blue day
  And the golden sunshine call,
Call us, as Christ called Lazarus, dead,
  To rise and come forth from his grave.
But Christ cares not to free us, we said,
  To give back the life God gave.
Better the dead than the living dead,
Whom the world shuts out and the bars shut in,
Man-made scapegoats of all men's sin!

Then, in the hush of the great blank hall,
  God wrought a wondrous miracle,
For a voice, like a glorious trumpet-call,
  Arose as a soul from the deeps of hell,
And our souls rose with it on wondrous wings,
  Rose from their prison of iron and clay,
Forgot the grime and the shame of things!
  We were men once again in a sunlit day,
Sin and grief and punishment—all
Were lost in that human trumpet-call.

Not bars or banishment can abate
  The strong swift wings of the deathless soul
Soaring aloft over grief and fate
  As the tones of the master of music roll
Through the gloom and doom of the prison-pen,
  Distilling the fragrance of flowering song
Into hearts that remember youth again
  And innocent loves that know no wrong.
How then, if such be music's spell,
Shall we doubt that Christ still conquers hell?

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Music, Balm for Sore Hearts and Weary Souls.

The songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a state.—Cicero.

In teaching others songs of gladness, we open fountains of melody in our own hearts. In guiding others to the light, our twilight is dispelled.

That music is the universal language of mankind is proven by the fact that persons of all nationalities understand it and are affected by it equally and in the like manner.—Dr. J. Wilkes Bernhart.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

When wilt Thou save the people?
  O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
  Not crowns and thorns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a useless day!
  God! Save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
  O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
  Not crowns and thorns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children as the angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
  God! Save the people!

—Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849).

Can there be any higher mission for music than to minister to a mind diseased—to brighten the lives of those who toil early and late for a mere existence, while their souls and bodies famish for the divine, the beautiful and harmonious?

After the present Great War is ended, a flood of humanity will doubtless pour in upon our shores—men and women fresh from scenes of horror, broken in fortune, broken in body, heartsick and homesick for the fatherland left behind. They cannot understand our language or our American ideals at first, but music is a universal language, a harmonizer, comforter, educator. Cannot we musicians devise some way of helping these, our brothers and sisters? Can we not see that places are provided where nightly they may hear good music, listen to their own folk-songs, join in singing them and be taught our community songs, which will teach them a love for the country of their adoption more quickly than can anything else?

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A good illustration of the need for the coöperation of musicians for the development of a nation-wide love and appreciation of music in America is given in the following allegory by Rev. Herbert Bigelow:

In a curious kingdom, far away, the king had no palace—an earthquake had destroyed what had been a most beautiful palace. But, legend said, this palace had been built by the power of music, and by the power of music could it be restored. And so it became the great ambition of the musicians of the kingdom to learn how to play well enough to conjure the palace back.

But the trouble was that each musician wanted for himself the credit of restoring the palace to the kingdom. They would steal out early in the morning, each one thinking to get out ahead of the others to the place where the palace had been, to play on his lyre or fife and try to bring the palace back.

Many tried, but every one failed, until at last two boys, not thinking themselves great musicians, made a remarkable discovery. They found that, while they were indifferent players themselves, it was possible for each of them to play the same tune and not strike the same notes, but by so doing make more beautiful music than either could by playing alone.

They went to the master musician of the kingdom and told him about it. He paid no attention to them. Nevertheless, they were not to be discouraged. A holiday came and they were determined to go out early in the morning before any other musician arrived and try what they could do.

On the road out that morning they met an old man with a sad face. He had come from a distance. What was the trouble? He had been out there trying to play the palace back, but had failed. The boys told him of their discovery and besought him to turn around and go back. The three went back and found that all the musicians in the kingdom had likewise thought that they would steal out ahead of the rest.

They were all there. Every one of them was standing around waiting for the others to go home so that he could play the palace back and get the credit from the king.

The boys waited for a time. Finally, since the musicians in their jealousy were unwilling to play, the boys said to themselves and to the old man, 'Let us try to play together,' and they began to play, and the three of them together made music more wonderful than any of the musicians in that country had heard, and the musicians forgot their suspicions of one another and began to join in, until they were all taking part in the most wonderful music that had ever been heard.

Then the people came rushing from all quarters with the cry, 'Look! look! The palace! The palace!' The palace was rising out of the ground.

We are only glimpsing what a beautiful world this will be when there is a universal appreciation of the uplifting, vitalizing, harmonizing power of music—The World Healer.

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BRETON MUSIC

By CHARLES QUEF

LIKE all Frenchmen under the age of 48, I was called upon to take my place in the army when war was declared, and in that manner both to obey the law and to fulfil my duty. Alas! after a little while, and following the German invasion, my regiment was ordered into the heart of Brittany, one of our provinces which has preserved its ancient fashions, costumes, language and customs.

On arriving in this part of France, what first strikes one is the aspect of the country. Its wild, sad and desolate physiognomy, and its hills and ravines covered with bracken, heather and furze, form a whole which leaves a melancholy impression.

Upon entering a town, one notes the costumes of the inhabitants; the men wear hats with streamers, the women bonnets of very various and often curious, though at the same time pretty shapes. In some districts the colours of both male and female attire are many and vivid.

But hearken to their speech! It is impossible to understand them! for the Bretons speak a language of their own, which has nothing in common with French. Their tongue resembles very much that spoken in Wales, and the natives of these two countries are well able to understand one another.

An essentially conservative and traditional country, Brittany has not forgotten its ancient and fantastic legends, which are recounted of an evening by the old folk when sitting near the enormous fireplaces which still ornament their homes, or close to the carved "lits clos" (cabinet bedsteads) which even yet form one of the curiosities of the country.

Each year, in every parish, on the day of the patron saint, "pardons" are granted and rejoicings—as much profane as religious—take place, and among the principal manifestations are the religious processions. There is nothing so curious as, nor more beautiful and impressive than, these long columns of people. At their head are the clergy (clothed in their most splendid robes) preceded by banners which are often of inestimable value; following them come the crowd of the faithful. The glittering white of the numerous bonnets of the women, mingling with the varied and brilliant colours of the picturesque costumes of the men, form a curious spectacle.

The procession sets out from the ancient Breton churches, which are at once so curious and so contemplative, for, be it noted, even in the very smallest villages are beautiful large churches out

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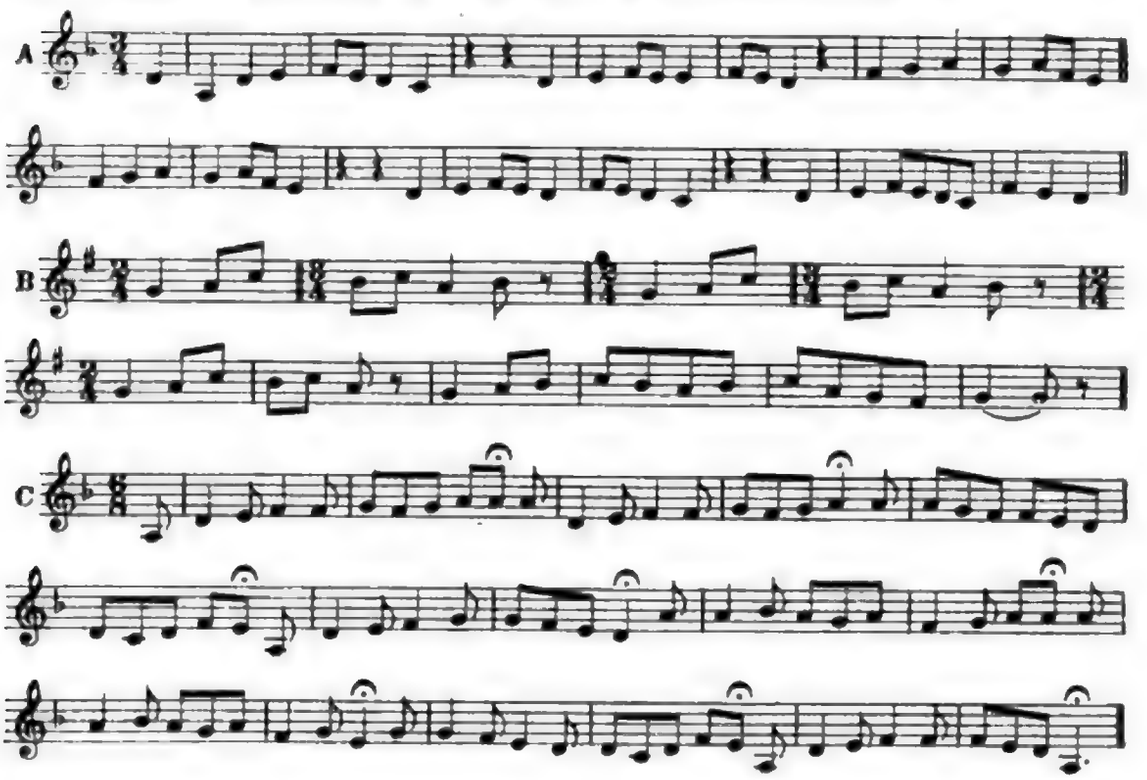
of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. The numerous Calvaries may also be noticed, some of which are very remarkable and others less so. Those at Plougastel, Guimiliau and St.-Thegonnec are marvellous in their sculpture, and being of primitive design, they call to mind the Middle Ages and the charm of days past, and at the same time form reminders of the pilgrimages of that period of ardent faith.

It is therefore only logical and natural that, in this region, musical art should also have retained its peculiar and original characteristics. Like their grey skies, and the people themselves (for they are not a very mirthful race), their music is in general sad and melancholy and sometines even barbarous and harsh.

From what period do these Breton songs date, and who were their authors? Here we are reduced to mere suppositions, or more often complete ignorance. Without a doubt, it is permissible to make the following hypotheses. Certain individuals musically gifted made themselves masters of the popular poesy and adorned it with simple and almost improvised music which conformed itself to the poems, to their form and expression, not concerning itself much with what we call the "broad rhythm," but, on the contrary, seeking only an elastic rhythm and melodic charm. Unconsciously, these people have thus created some extremely picturesque and very original songs, which seem to us to be full of relish. We give the following melodies as examples of peculiar rhythm:



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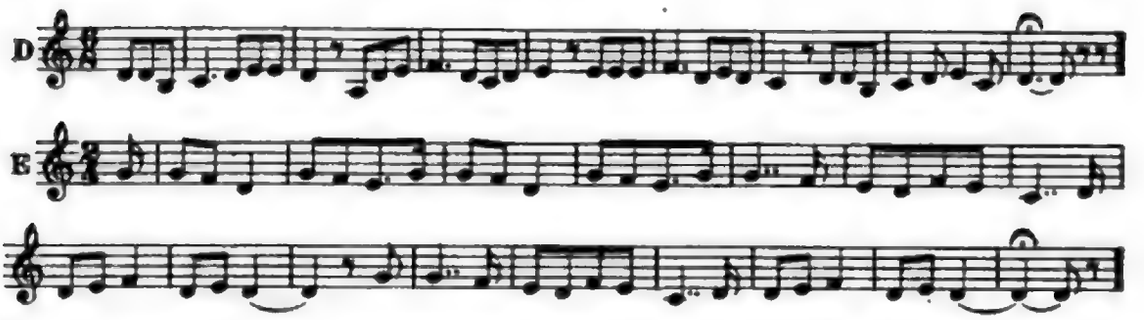
Not only is the last song remarkable by reason of the originality of its rhythm, but also on account of the suspensive character of its ending, which gives one the impression that it is unfinished. So much so, indeed, that one feels as if one would like to complete it. This peculiarity is encountered rather frequently and we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

When listening to Breton songs, a fact which at first strikes a musician is, that they are largely in the minor mode; but that is only a very superficial observation, and a closer and more attentive examination leads to a discovery of much greater interest.

Upon studying the songs and making a minute analysis of them, not only do we find them related to Catholic plain-song, but we also discover in them a very close affinity to Greek music and its modes. From amongst very numerous Breton songs, we have chosen some in which the above-mentioned relationship appears to be very striking.

In order to refresh the memory of some of our readers, we give the scale of each Greek mode before the songs based upon it. The Phrygian mode, based upon this scale, is represented by a few songs, from which we choose the following:



The harmonisation of the above songs ought to be based upon our tonality of C major and should end upon the chord of G, the note D not being a final tonic but a dominant, giving to the songs the suspensive character which has already been mentioned.

The songs based upon the Hypophrygian mode are very few in number, but here are two examples:

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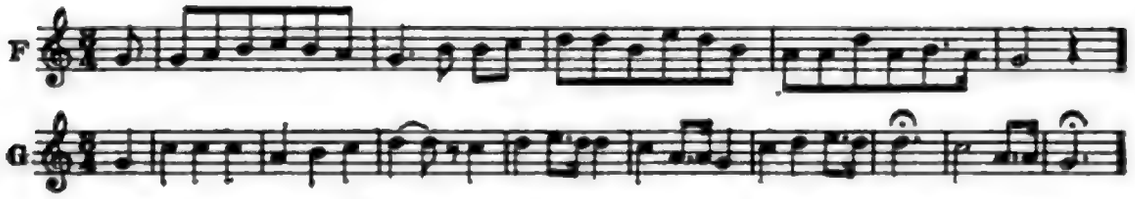
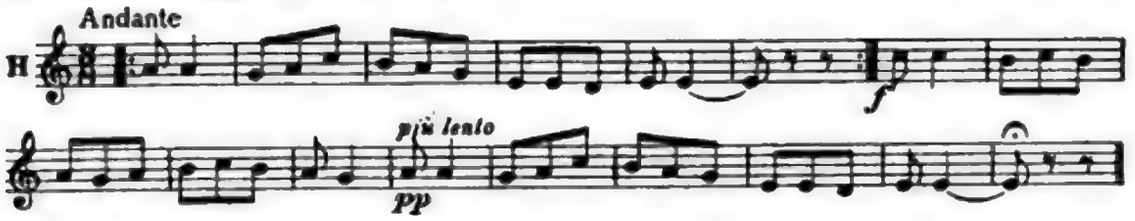


They seemingly belong to our key of C major and appear to terminate upon the dominant, but we think that they may well be assigned to the Hypophrygian mode and so ought to have a harmonisation in the key of G major with all the F's natural. It is easy to convince oneself of this fact by harmonising them in our modern tonality (with the F's sharp); for, thus treated, the two songs which are of so melancholy a tint lose their very pathetic character.

The Dorian mode, which is very peculiar, corresponds to our E minor, but with its D's and F's natural. In reality, E ought to play the rôle of dominant, and the harmony should be in A minor with the G's natural.

Very few Breton songs are based upon this mode; but we quote the following, which we heard sung on the reëntry of a procession into the Cathedral of St.-Pol de Léon, and which, with the accompanying ceremony, left upon us that sense of mysticism so peculiar to the Middle Ages—so much so, that we almost felt as if we were living in those times.



We shall not linger to insist upon the very expressive character of this song, but pass on to the Hypodorian mode, in which A plays the part of tonic.

This mode is frequently encountered in the songs of Brittany; from among numerous examples we give the following:

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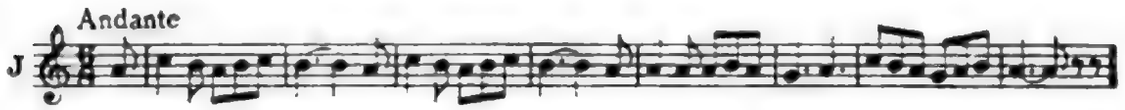
To this specimen of a supple and rather languishing rhythm, we cannot resist the desire to add the very pretty song, well known as "Paradis":



Songs in the Lydian mode are very rare. In this mode the scale is that of C major, but the C is dominant, and so the tunes should naturally be harmonised in F, though with the B's natural. We cite the subjoined example, the tonality of which appears to be in C; but the harmonisation in F seems more rational, and above all more piquant.

The Hypolydian mode (scale of F with the B's natural) also furnishes very few examples; we can quote only the following:

We will here conclude our series of examples chosen from the great quantity of Breton songs, believing that we have sufficiently demonstrated the relationship existing between ancient Greek and Breton music by comparing each mode with a certain number of songs. There exist, however, other songs which are really in our modern major and minor modes, but we think that sometimes those in the minor have only undergone a deformation by the addition of a leading-note introduced by the caprice, error, or ignorance of singers. This hypothesis of a deformation arising out of the oral or traditional method of transmission, is quite probable. From among the songs in minor keys, we think it necessary to give only the following (chosen rather at random), in which, in spite of the absence of D♯, the minor tonality seems to be well marked and established:

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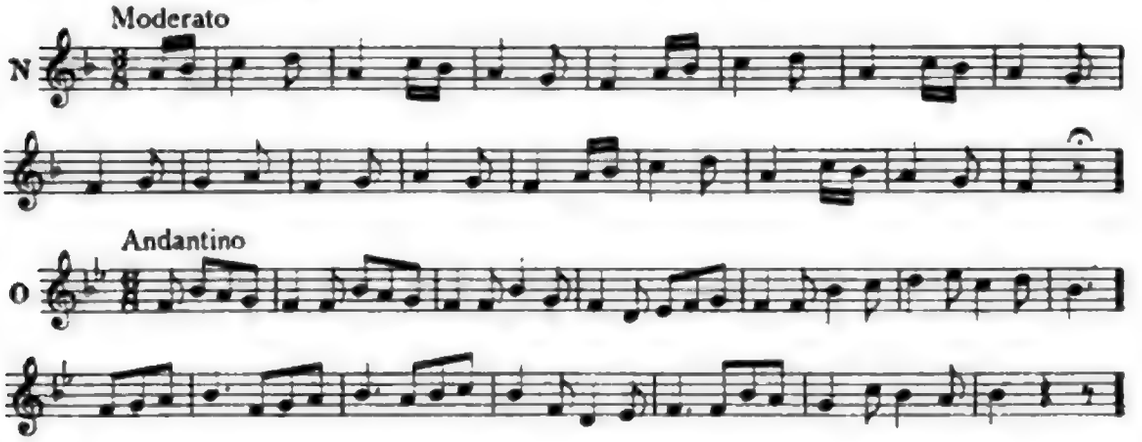
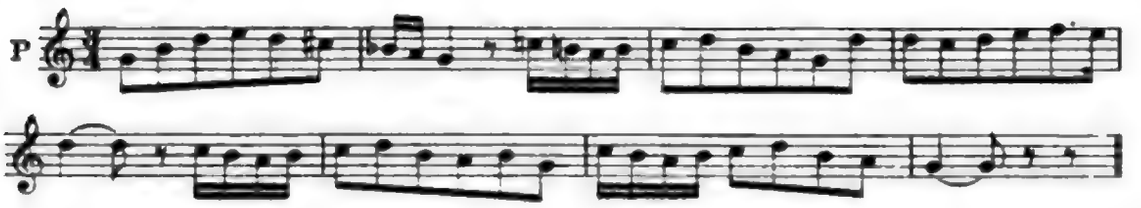
We submit also two examples which are plainly in the major mode and whose grace and charm deserve to hold our attention:



We will conclude by citing a song whose origin it is difficult to determine and which, by reason of its unusual and somewhat bizarre form and tonality, a strange mixture of Oriental and Hypophrygian modalities, merits our notice:



How is it that Greek art has been able to exercise such an influence upon Breton music, or how can the relationship be explained? Learned men have said that Greek musical art is found latent among all peoples, that it used to exist in a natural state, and that people expressed themselves musically in a kind of instinctive manner. If such were the case, then other peoples would also have an art resembling that of the Bretons and Greeks; but, on the contrary, only a few countries possess music related to that of Greece. On the other hand, this Greek music, with its divers modes and their derivatives, is not primitive art spontaneously born and found in a natural state, but it is the indication of a developed civilisation.

Poetry and songs being the most ancient monuments of the Celtic or Breton language, it is therefore necessary to go back to the origin of the language itself. In doing so we find that many Greek and Breton words are nearly alike and it is curious to note in passing that, in the opinion of some learned folks, it was from the language spoken by Gomer (the eldest son of Japhet, who received Europe as an inheritance) that the Celtic tongue was

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derived and that from it came all European languages.—According to this, the Greek language is derived from the Celtic!

All this is evidently obscure and vague, but it proves that once a close connection existed between the Greek and the Breton—a relationship which may have logically and conclusively extended to Art.

There is no doubt, moreover, no matter how strange it may appear, that the Phœnicians, who were hardy navigators, traded with Great Britain, and the coasts of Gaul, for this fact has been definitely proved. Certain Breton villages also claim a Phœnician origin. Have not the costumes of Brittany, with their vivid colours, a resemblance to those of the Orient? These wandering and emigrant Phœnicians would naturally transmit their art, and so its origin and relationship become plain. Even if these are merely gratuitous suppositions, they are nevertheless quite plausible.

It is the Breton tenacity (proverbial in France) which has been able to preserve their precious and ancient artistic heritage almost intact and with many traces of its primitive origin. We must rejoice over this, for we are enabled by that tenacity (we might almost say stubborness) to possess a jewel wherein we can admire one of the finest and most peculiar branches of the popular musical art of France.

(*Translation by E. Adcock.*)

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CHARLES GOUNOD

A CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE

By JULIEN TIERSOT

ONE HUNDRED YEARS have passed since Charles Gounod was born—June 17, 1818—at Paris. It was scarcely fifteen years ago that musical France celebrated the centenary of another of her glorious children, Hector Berlioz; while the coming quarter-century will furnish numerous occasions for analogous commemorations, by which the glories of the French School, hitherto too lightly considered, shall be set forth, and its lofty flight during the nineteenth century shall be made manifest. Despite other claims on our attention at this period, it is proper that we should call to mind a time which, in the annals of French art and genius, shines with an unquenchable lustre. The subject is sufficiently remote for us to examine, in its ensemble, the life-work and career of a master who died twenty-five years ago (October 17, 1893), and who, variously appraised while living, nevertheless occupied a conspicuous position in the musical speculations of the entire world. Let us attempt to make a rapid survey of these topics and, from a distant and commanding point of view, to scan simultaneously the life of the man, the career of the artist, and the productions of the musician.

I.

The first characteristic trait revealed by this examination is that Gounod was, first and foremost, an artist. To certain minds this statement may seem supererogatory. And, none the less, this trait is not always the most prominent one when certain masters are under consideration. The one may rather seem a thinker; a second, an impassioned soul; a third, a man of action or pious belief. Gounod is essentially a musician. It was not unfit that he had himself portrayed as holding in his arms, with loving devotion, the score of *Don Giovanni;* he was in very truth of Mozart's lineage; in him it is the musical instinct which predominates. The circumstances attending his entry into life, like those of his last hours, agree in their attestation of the essential character of his artist-nature.

Art was his by inheritance. Among his ancestors, one—his grandfather, "Armourer to the King" and, in this capacity, lodged in the Louvre—was one of those artisans whose trade well-nigh attains the dignity of an art; and his father was a painter of talent. He himself manifested an aptitude for painting; when he had won the Prix de Rome as a musician, Ingres, the director of the Académie de France at the Villa Medici, having seen some sketches which he had made on his walks among the antiquities of Rome, said to him, "If you wish, I will send you home with the first prize in painting." But he could not have led a divided life, and music claimed him.

Indeed, he had imbibed its primal principle with his mother's milk. "She never nursed me without singing," he narrates; "she assuredly made me swallow as much music as milk—and I can say that I took my first lessons quite unwittingly." His mother, Madame Gounod, who bore the auspicious cognomen of Victoire, was herself a musician; for several years she had been a piano-teacher, and so became the natural initiatrix of her son, the future author of *Faust*.

Furthermore, it is an advantage of Paris, the "grand' ville," that it is a cultural soil favorable to the development of every talent; each flourishes in the atmosphere suitable to it, and finds an environment for which it is adapted from its very inception. In his "Mémoires d'un Artiste," Gounod relates how he, as a mere child, once happened to have his capacities tested by an old musician, Jadin, formerly a *page de musique* under Louis XVI and one of the first professors in the Conservatoire. At the age of eight he was a pupil in a boarding-school, where the professor of solfeggio was a young man destined to become an illustrious singer—Duprez. When he entered the Lycée Saint-Louis, the *maître de chapelle* in that institute was Hippolyte Monpou, a composer of note in the romantic period. The chaplain himself, Abbé Dumarsais, encouraged his promising talent; he it was who, on his appointment as curate, later reserved for Gounod the position as *maître de chapelle* through which he made his entry into the career of a professional musician.

He did not neglect his classical studies, and in due course became a bachelor of arts.

But, while still on his bench at the Lycée Saint-Louis, he was so haunted by a prepossession for art that, not daring to speak about it, he wrote a long letter to his mother declaring his wish to become a musician; carefully modulating his epistolary style to conform to the harangues of the *Conciones*, he asserted that

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"in this career there is found a real and constant happiness, a spiritual consolation"; that one may rightfully "prefer the glory of the arts to a position which money alone renders eminent"; that music is so sweet a companion "that it would deprive him of a great happiness to prevent him from following it." And as those who directed him and loved him opposed his desire with the anticipated objection, "To be a musician is not to have a vocation," he replied vehemently, "What! If one is named Mozart, has one no vocation?"

So, of necessity, he went his way, which led him definitively into the artist world, his chosen sphere. At the same time that he was studying rhetoric, he was taking lessons in harmony of Reicha, the best teacher then living; then he entered the Conservatoire, where he was a pupil of Lesueur. Thus it happened that Gounod and Berlioz, though differing in age by fifteen years, both studied under the same masters.

We hardly need add that for a long time he had heard music in the theatres and concerts. At seven he had been taken to the Odéon, where *Der Freischütz* was being sung; soon thereafter, to the Théatre Italien, where he listened to *Otello* and *Don Giovanni;* finally, the newly established Concerts of the Conservatoire had initiated him into the beauties of the Beethoven symphony. Even in the Lycée, he had arleady begun to devote himself ardently to musical composition. He was a pupil of the Conservatoire for only three years, attending, besides the classes of Lesueur, those of Berton, Halévy, and Paër, and winning the Prix de Rome in 1839.

He had already tried his hand at compositions of a wider scope than those which sufficed to satisfy his earlier ambitions. In 1838 (when he reached the age of twenty) the pupils of Lesueur composed, for the anniversary service of their master's death, a collective mass, of which each wrote a portion. The Agnus Dei fell to his lot, and was so well received that his first public début was saluted by Berlioz in these terms: "The Agnus, for three solo voices with chorus, by M. Gounod, the youngest of Lesueur's pupils, is beautiful—very beautiful. Everything in it is novel and distinguished—melody, modulation, harmony. In this piece M. Gounod has given proof that we may expect the very best ('tout') of him."

Pursuing this same path, he composed an entire mass, which was produced at the church of St.-Eustache on St. Cecila's day (November, 1839), and which he dedicated to the memory of his teacher. The homage thereby rendered to the initiator of his genius was deserved. Gounod, in his Memoirs, pays a fitting

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tribute to Lesueur—"serious-minded, devoted, ardent, of an inspiration at times biblical, strongly inclined toward sacred subjects; tall, with a face pale as wax, the air of an ancient patriarch. Lesueur (he continues) received me with a paternal kindness and tenderness; he was loving, he had a warm heart. His instruction, which, unhappily for me, continued for only nine or ten months, was of great benefit, and from him I received advice whose illuminating and elevating effect assures it a lasting place in my memory and my affectionate gratitude." It was in such terms that the pupils of Lesueur spoke of their master. I know another who, fifty years later, left a like memory in the minds of his pupils—César Franck. Such schooling was a fine and salutary experience for Gounod.

He took his departure for Rome toward the end of 1839, at the age of twenty-one. As far as his productivity at that time was concerned, his sojourn there was not especially fruitful; none the less it exercised a considerable influence on the development of his mind. On the one hand, by removing him from the artificial atmosphere of Parisian society, it impregnated him with that Latin genius of which several of his works (and some of the best) exhibit the evident influence; on the other, it promoted in him a religious evolution whose consequences, for his life and lifework, were momentous. Further on we shall return to this dual tendency, whose full effect was not felt until much later. At Rome, Gounod was wholly engaged in preparations, composing a mass and some sacred pieces, taking notes which he utilized to the full at the proper time; for instance, in the notebooks of his journey, we find the themes of certain songs which are among his best, such as the poem by Théophile Gautier, "Ma belle amie est morte," "Le Vallon," and "Le Soir," which became "Stances de Sapho." Two of his most expressive melodies, settings of poems by Lamartine, were written prior to his arrival in Rome, and this in itself indicates a rare musical aptitude, together with a supreme disdain for the trivial forms then in fashion—"the romance *Loïse Puget*, the musical-album style"—to which Gounod ascribes a "brutalizing influence." The poet-soul which lived in him refused to submit itself to such influences.

He found his greatest enjoyment in the most purely artistic circles. He avoided Italian opera, just then fallen very low (he tells of a representation of *Norma*, at the Apollo Theatre, summing up the impression he received in these words: "One felt as if one were at Guignol's").[1] But, to make up for it, he assiduously

[1]A puppet-show.

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attended the ceremonies at the Sixtine Chapel; the wealth of detail with which he describes them in his Memoirs attests the importance, from the standpoint of his art, that he ascribes to them. He impregnated himself with the atmosphere of the Roman Campagna, with the aspect of the ancient ruins, with the countryside of Capri, Siena, and the lake of Nemi. He made the acquaintance and was a familiar guest of two ladies of fine mind and superior talent—Mme. Viardot (Pauline Garcia), destined to be the admirable interpreter of his dramatic firstling *Sapho*, and Fanny Hensel, Mendelssohn's sister, who revealed to him the beauties of Bach and Beethoven, and inspired him to transports of admiration. For he was essentially a vibrant soul, and music affected him with a rare intensity. Mme. Hensel, whose memoirs are so vividly interesting, scarcely exaggerates when she declares that "German music distresses him and makes him almost mad"; that the playing of this music "produces on him the effect of a bomb falling into a house; possibly it causes great internal revulsions within him." To tell the truth, this influence was in no way disastrous; it simply contributed to keep Gounod in the channels of high art, and absorbed nothing whatever of his individuality, which, on the contrary, it only fructified. It was probably not long after one of these intimate recitals, in whose course Fanny Hensel introduced Gounod to Bach, that the former composed, on the harmonious weft of the first prelude in The Well-tempered Clavichord, the fine melody of the Méditation, which helped to establish his juvenile renown. This Méditation has been made into an Ave Maria, and people have gone into ecstasies over his religious feeling. This is a total misconception; this melody has been successively adapted to very different sets of words, and it was conceived quite independently of any preconception other than musical; it is a "counter-subject" naturally emanating from Bach's prelude, in whose harmonies it was integrally contained. To disengage it, artistic insight was needed; Gounod executed this contrapuntal operation in masterly fashion; but he did it simply as an artist. What purer genius could, by its contact, have promoted the unfolding of his own?

Gounod returned to France after the required three years' term in Italy and Germany. At this juncture a diversion occurred which nearly turned him aside from his chosen path; having become a *maître de chapelle* in Paris, he seemed destined to cultivate sacred music exclusively; he even dreamed of abandoning the career so brilliantly begun, that he might enter the Church. But he thought better of it, and returned into the world. He

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wrote for the theatre; the first poems that he set to music were on Greek subjects—*Sapho, Ulysse.* Success was tardy in coming. At the time when these works appeared, French taste was at its lowest ebb; it demanded nothing better than vulgar Italian operas or silly comedy-operas. Nevertheless, some few isolated and neglected masters fretted under restraint, although powerless in view of such indifference. Berlioz, discouraged, laid his pen aside, and the younger generation of artists had need of proudest self-reliance to enter upon so difficult a career. Gounod was among the first to experience the effects of this general want of appreciation. But, at the same time, those who sought to appreciate were well able to distinguish the lofty qualities manifested in these first works, and his fame gradually spread. It became universal when, in 1859, the Théâtre-Lyrique produced *Faust,* which, after its production at the Opéra ten years later, has become one of the most dependable supports of the repertory in all the musical theatres of the world. *Philémon et Baucis, Mireille, Roméo et Juliette, Polyeucte,* and certain other operas now known only by name, mark the successive steps in the career of the dramatic composer.

Toward the close of his life he returned, with renewed predilection, to religious music, which, indeed, he had never ceased to cultivate. He had written masses, motets, canticles; he now wrote more; the best works of his declining years are two oratorios, *Rédemption* and *Mors et Vita,* imbued with pure and elevated lyricism. And, as a man, he had reached the height of his boldest ambitions. The name of Gounod was mentioned throughout the entire world as that of one of the leading musicians of the century. "To be a musician is not to have a vocation," was the objection raised by the good teacher who, shaken by his pupil's youthful conviction when he retorted by citing the name of Mozart, was unable to refrain from murmuring, "Well, if that is the way you take it . . ." That certainly was the way that he took it, and he convincingly proved that it was "a vocation" to be called Gounod. He had grown to be greater than an artist, he had risen to the rank of master—"cher maître." He who, in his infantile declaration, had pompously written: "Achilles preferred glory to a long life passed without winning a famous name," was ableto enjoy the double delight of a glorious name and length of days. In his old age, surrounded by honors and deferential attentions, he did not fear to play the pontiff (*pontifier*) more or less; this term, generally employed with a certain irony, may be applied to him without malevolence, for it assists in defining the quasi

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ecclesiastical bearing which finally gave the tone to his entire personality. Those who knew him during his last years remember him thus, in the intimacy of his homelife in the handsome house which he had arranged to suit his taste, where an organ lent to the home the air of a sacred place; clad in a flowing robe from which his fine monastic head emerged like that of a Father of the Church, inspired rather than austere, his very gesture seemed to bless the fervent disciples, the fair admirers, who busied themselves about him and came to pay him their respects.

Had he only so willed it, he might have reposed on his laurels; but how find repose when the brain is never at rest, and swarming with new ideas? Music was his obsession, attracting him imperiously and ceaselessly. There were times when the effort of creation was so intense as to cause him great mental fatigue; but when the paroxysm was past, he would again grasp the pen for further labors. From the age of seventy onward he himself felt that the source of inspiration was running dry within him, or, at least, that it had lost its freshness; but that did not matter—he went on writing. The complete list of his works shows a considerable number of miscellaneous pieces for piano, voice, etc., which he produced as though from natural necessity, because it was his function. And he died with his head prone on a score on which he was engaged, and which he was about to finish at the moment when, standing before his work, he was stricken down.

II.

However, Gounod did not play the pontiff all his life. He had his hours of doubt, of hesitation, of weakness. Revealing himself thus as a man, he interests us more than by his most carefully calculated acts. In his youth he underwent a religious crisis which almost ravished him from his art, and left a profound impression on his mind. There is no exaggeration whatever in asserting that this was the most momentous event of his lifetime. It would be a serious mistake to attempt to ignore this fact—to pretend that the works of the musician and his public career are all that we need know, and that the rest does not concern us. What! is there no intimate relation between the conscience of the individual and the production of the artist? As a matter of fact, the one is an emanation from the other. We must needs sound the depths of this conscience; by so doing, we shall learn to distinguish that which is profoundest in the man; and it is only after we have

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penetrated the deeps of his soul that the true meaning of his works shall be revealed to us in the fullest light.

Gounod did not draw his faith from his course of education. Brought up in the Catholic religion, the first impressions derived from it were merely superficial, his case resembling that of other children of the French bourgeoisie at that time, when the influence of Voltaire had by no means lost its hold. In contrast with the majority of families, his mother had no hand in his religious fervor; occupied in rearing her children and in gaining a livelihood through her art, she had no spare time to devote to religious exercises; like Martha, the sister of Mary, she was careful and troubled about many things, and left to others "that good part"; and if there came a day when she longed to acquire, for herself, somewhat of that "good part," she owed it to her son, for it was he who brought about her belated conversion and induced her to resume the long-neglected religious exercises.

That an influence of such a nature was brought to bear on him in his youth, was owing, in turn, to music. At this period, when symphonic art was practised to a very limited extent in France, the sole music worthy of the name existed (properly speaking) in only two species, the opera and ecclesiastical song; and this latter, ranking very high in popular estimation, represented the superior form of the art. Now, we have seen that the youthful Gounod, who had only an occasional opportunity of hearing Mozart, Weber and Rossini at the Théâtre Italien, lived in an almost absolute intimacy with the fellowship of the chapels. The provisor of the Lycée where he began his studies was an Abbé, and in the chapel there was a raised platform occupied by a small choir, which he joined immediately upon his entrance. When he underwent the first examination proposed for testing his musical aptitude, he was given the biblical words of the romance of *Joseph* to set to music. Possibly his first attempts at composition in the Conservatoire were trivial cantatas and pieces constructed according to the scholastic formula; none of these compositions were ever accorded the honor of a public hearing, whereas the first work which he had publicly performed was that Agnus Dei which earned the encomium of Berlioz; and no sooner had he carried off the Prix de Rome with the obligatory competitive cantata *Fernand*, than he set about the composition and public production of an entire Mass. We should also bear in mind those traits in the character of his old teacher Lesueur, which made the deepest impression on him—"serious-minded, devoted, ardent, of an inspiration at times biblical, strongly inclined toward

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sacred subjects; . . . . with the air of an ancient patriarch." Hence, his musical education was a foremost means of leading him into the path of religion.

But it was at Rome, and from the very outset of his sojourn in the papal city, that the definitive evolution was accomplished. And there, again, his previous musical habitudes were not foreign to the influences to which he was exposed.

In the Lycée Saint-Louis one of Gounod's schoolmates was a young man somewhat older than himself, with whom music formed a common bond of sympathy from the beginning—they sang together in the choir. This young man's name was Charles Gay. Let us remember the name; for he was the man who set in motion this entire evolution which we are now to record. Having lost sight of each other on leaving the school, they met again in a decidedly secular resort, the Opéra, at a representation of *La Juive*. They renewed their old acquaintance and learned that they had entered into a new comradeship, for Gay, likewise possessed by the demon of music, had taken up the same course of study as Gounod, and under the same teacher, Reicha. They became intimate; Gounod was received into Gay's family; a sister of the latter was a good pianist; they played Mozart and Beethoven together, and the young masters of the future tried their own compositions in the privacy of home.

One day Charles Gay announced to Gounod that he was going to study for the priesthood. He kept his word, and from now onward we shall call him Monseigneur Gay, for he became a bishop.

Gounod was extremely astonished to learn the resolution of his friend. Was it really possible to sacrifice such an enticing career for one so little enviable? To become a curate when one might be an artist?!

He continued his studies in the Conservatoire and won the prize, which obliged him to dwell two years, or more, in Rome.

During this period Charles Gay had also set out for Italy, having a desire to pursue his theological studies in the capital of Christendom. He was already there in the autumn of 1839, when Gounod, while preparing to depart, was taking farewell of Paris with the production of his first Mass at Saint-Eustache; a letter written at Siena on Oct. 19 reveals the interest which he took in this production. Another, dated at Rome, Dec. 7, says, "I am happy that Charles Gounod is coming." Equal impatience was manifested on Jan. 17, 1840. And ten days later, when the new laureates of the Institute arrived in the Eternal City after

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the interminable and fatiguing journey per vetturino, the sole familiar face that met Gounod's eye was that of Charles Gay.

It is a time-honored custom, usually religiously observed by winners of the Prix de Rome, to state that their sojourn in Italy was the happiest time of their lives. Berlioz was almost the only one to depart from it, and to complain of the boredom he suffered during his "exile." Gounod, who in later years was obliged, as a leading member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, to enforce the observance of this obligation, did not care to protest too strongly against it; nevertheless, he could not refrain from avowing, in his "Mémoires d'un Artiste," that on his arrival in Rome his impression was one of profound sadness: "I felt thoroughly disillusioned (he writes), and it would not have taken much to make me renounce my stipend, repack my trunk, and return post-haste to Paris." As for Charles Gay, four weeks after their reunion, Gounod penned this pregnant phrase: "Poor Charles is sad for what he left behind, and sad at what he found at the Academy."

Gounod's mind, so readily susceptible to impressions, was therefore well prepared just then to receive any consolations which might be offered him. Those of religion were the first brought to bear, and it was Charles Gay who provided them.

And in how short a time, too! As we have seen, Gounod tells us that he was on the point of giving up his stipend and returning to Paris, "there to rejoin what he loved." The former member of this assertion is correct; but the latter is contestable. The truth is, that the future author of *Faust*, at the age of twenty-one and one-half years, was on the brink of renouncing art and embracing the priesthood. No public act of his tells us so, for nothing irreparable was consummated; but we are very well informed by certain letters, although those written by the principal actor in this little drama of the conscience have not come to light. But we do know the answers to them from his mother and his elder brother, and we perceive, from the loving anxiety which they express, what he himself must have confessed.

"Your letters are more like a homily, like a flesh-and-blood sermon, than anything else (so writes Urbain Gounod). You appear to be wholly absorbed and controlled by the influence of your friend Gay. . . . It is not for you to assume the mission of converting others—our mother, for example—to observances to which she is no longer accustomed, and the neglect of which has in no way prevented her from doing those things which, in my opinion, are the very essence of true piety."

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So we see that the new proselyte had already begun to try to convert his mother! She, with infinite delicacy, wrote in turn:

"I feel well assured of the goodness of your heart and the purity of your intentions, of your loftiness of soul, of your desire to speak only of useful matters and to conform your actions to win the approval of the Master of all things; and, nevertheless, in spite of all this, my dear child, while reading your last letter my heart was sorely troubled by a sort of vague anxiety which it inspired. . . . Be constantly on your guard, and assert yourself with all frankness as an artist of religious tendency, but not as a man of religion (with its multifarious observances) who proposes to reserve himself for the career of an artist."—The influence of which his mother was more especially in dread was that of Father Lacordaire, whose eminent talent was known to her; she went so far as to express a fear that Charles intended to become a Dominican, "which I consider wholly out of harmony with your passionate temperament," she wrote.

Mme. Gounod was not mistaken. Father Lacordaire, still young, and a recent acquisition of the Church, was at that time in Rome, where, in the Minerva monastery, he had just assumed the habit of a Dominican. He was gifted with most persuasive eloquence, and young men came in throngs to hear him speak. Gounod, taken thither by his friend Gay, went to hear him, and was won over then and there. In his combative proselytism the priest had in no wise neglected to follow up his words by actions; in the name of St. John the Baptist he grouped together in a brotherhood (*confrérie*) a certain number of young people, French artists, or Romans of noble family. Gounod was one of the first twelve members of this *confrérie;* and it was not in the Villa Medicis, but in the monastery during a period of seclusion, that he penned the score of the only one of his works which was heard in public during his stay in Rome—a Mass produced at Saint-Louis des Français in 1841.

Meanwhile he went on multiplying his religious observances. A letter from Charles Gay tells, in a tone of fervent mysticism, of a ceremony in which they took part on the Day of the Annunciation, when Gounod partook of the communion "for the first time since his childhood." He sought to induce some comrades to join him; at this same ceremony his comrade, Georges Bousquet, winner of the Prix de Rome the year before, accompanied him, and it was he who, "for the first time in his life," approached the sacred table. Was the effect of this belated first communion as lasting as his friend hoped? Judging by the later career of

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Bousquet, who died young, after having been through all the vicissitudes of the musician's trade, such was by no means the case. And Bousquet himself took Mme. Hensel very frankly into his confidence with regard to Gounod: he informed her that Father Lacordaire had sought them out during the winter; that Gounod, "with his weak character, very visionary and open to every influence," had "let himself be caught in the noose of religion," and that at no distant time "he would exchange music for the frock."

Now, all this took place within a period of four months. Gounod arrived in Rome on the 27th of January, 1840, and Gay's letters, from which we have just borrowed some extracts, were dated the 25th of February and 11th of March (he himself left Rome the 27th of April). The festival of the Annunciation, which is spoken of as an anniversary in a letter of the following year, fell ou March the 25th; the letters from Gounod's mother and brother were written on April the 27th; it was on May the 16th, 1840, that Lacordaire convoked his first disciples at the monastery of Saint-Sabine; and Fanny Hensel left Rome about the beginning of June.

After this period Gounod's faith, while suffering no relapse, became at first more calm in its manifestations; he held fast to his belief, but for the time being gave up the idea of entering the priesthood; and although he devoted himself almost exclusively for nearly ten years to the composition of sacred music, he none the less maintained most amicable relations with his comrades in that monastery of artists (Berlioz dubbed it "the academic barracks") known as the Villa Medicis.

At Rome he composed a Mass with orchestra which was executed at Saint-Louis des Français for the king's birthday festival; a Te Deum in Palestrina style (his *envoi de Rome*), harshly criticized by Spontini; two other Masses, a Requiem from one of them being sung at Vienna during his obligatory sojourn in that city in the winter of 1842–1843; finally, a letter written in Rome during the last year of his stay there announced his intention (which was not realized) to write a "symphony with choruses, in four Parts, on Christ, His persecution, His death, a prophecy against Jerusalem, and the Resurrection."

He returned to Paris in May, 1843, and the first friend whom he saw on descending from the diligence from Germany was the same who greeted his arrival at Rome in the *vetturino*—Charles Gay. So close was their intimacy that they dwelt in the same house; his mother had so arranged it; and in the near neighborhood still

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lived the former chaplain of the Lycée Saint-Louis, Abbé Dumarsais, now a curate of the parish "des Missions." The previous year, Mme. Gounod had written her son in her joy: "I do not know precisely where you want to live when you come back; shall it be near the *Missions*, or near the Opéra?" Fate had already decided—it was not to be near the Opéra, at least, not just then. Mme. Gounod, having (thanks to her son) resumed the observances of religion, now, as we see, selected a domicile in the vicinity of her new spiritual advisers. Abbé Dumarsais had long before promised that, if he should become curate, he would appoint him his *maître de chapelle;* he was taken at his word, and the youthful stipendiary became the incumbent of a position of which he, in very truth, proposed to make a sacred office; for he stipulated that he should be known in the parish as the "curate of the music."

He found the task less pleasing than he may possibly have expected. Musical taste, in that nineteenth-century environment, was as bad in the churches as in the theatres, which is saying a good deal. Gounod, fresh from Rome, desired to introduce the traditions of the Sixtine Chapel into the little parish; but he had to do with the faithful from the district of the rue de Sèvres, and they had a preference for Adolphe Adam's *Laudate.* His mother, foreseeing the difficulty, had already warned him. The year before, doubtless to give his congregation a foretaste, the curate had had a Mass by Palestrina brought out, and the artistic world of Paris was invited to assist at the production; the effect was deplorable, and Mme. Gounod thought it well to inform her son of it: "It is cold as ice (she wrote him); it gives me the impression of an interminable aberration"; and in continuation she did not hesitate to launch rather vivacious criticisms at the head of "M. Palestrina." The curate, despite his good intentions, would have liked to conciliate everybody; he advised his new *maître de chapelle* to "modify his style," to "make concessions"; but Gounod rebelled, offered to resign, and only their fast friendship rendered an amicable arrangement possible.

In very truth, it was a highly ambitious scheme, this attempted reformation of sacred music with the limited means at Gounod's disposal in the parish of the Missions. There was a mediocre organ; four singers—two basses, a tenor, and a choirboy; over and above all these, the *maître de chapelle* in his composite function of conductor, organist, singer and composer. Grand resources for producing the responsive choruses of Allegri, Palestrina and Carissimi! Indeed, Gounod did not even try to

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do so. He confined himself to composing motets and masses in that style, with simplifications to suit the means at hand for their execution. All the works which he wrote at this period are conceived in this skeletonized form; of these, we shall take the liberty of mentioning only such as were published: a Short Mass and Salutation, for four men's voices (Op. 1); the Offices of Holy Week (Op. 2); a Salve Regina, canticles, motets, etc.

The above-mentioned works bearing the publication-numbers Op. 1 and Op. 2, also bear the author's name and style as follows: "Musique de l'Abbé Ch. Gounod."

In fact, the artist, returning to the project abandoned in Rome, had again made up his mind to enter the priesthood. In February, 1846, the newspapers announced that Gounod, winner of the Prix de Rome, had taken holy orders. This was going rather fast; not only was he never ordained, but it was not until later that he could assume the simple title of seminarian. But it is quite true that then and theretofore his life and his art were exclusively devoted to religion. "He does not wish to do anything for the theatre, and declares his intention to occupy himself solely with sacred music," writes his brother to Hector Lefuel, Dec. 7, 1844. He had again submitted himself to the guidance of Father Lacordaire. At this time he frequented one of those tables d'hôte in the Latin Quarter whose youthful *habitués* are sometimes destined to become men of renown, and where ingenious and ofttimes fruitful ideas are bandied about—the cabaret of père Fricaud in the rue Guénégaud; here he met Courbet, Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Henri Murger, Gustave Doré; breakfast was served for twelve sous; Gounod continued his proselyting campaign, and even succeeded in attracting to the meetings at Notre-Dame the popular chansonnier, Pierre Dupont. His letters at this time were written on pape bearing the letterhead of the Foreign Missions, and he signed them "Ab. Ch. Gounod," with a cross at the top of the page; an interesting collection of them has been published, addressed to the painter Richomme. Lastly, we have a letter to one of his old comrades in Rome, Besozzi, dated at Carmes, Nov. 7, 1847; in it Gounod excuses himself for not assisting at his wedding, announcing that he was going "without doubt to spend, in that place, the three years of study and seclusion required to prepare him for the priesthood."

And on the 6th of October, 1847, the *maître de chapelle* at the Missions church actually received from the archbishop of Paris a letter authorizing him "to live at les Carmes and to attend,

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as an extern, the course at Saint-Sulpice." He then had to don the religious garb.

But, once again, it was not for long. Not five months had elapsed when he left the seminary and renounced the churchly career.

What had happened? Gounod merely states, in his Memoirs (where he touches very discreetly on this episode in his life), that he "had mistaken his true vocation; that it had become impossible for him to live without his art."

Was this really all? were there no other reasons for making so serious a determination? The secret behind his avowal eludes us, and we must not force its revelation.

So let us be content to know that Gounod reëntered the world at the beginning of March, 1848. Art had gained the upperhand of faith! He even relinquished his position of *maître de chapelle*, although it would have been quite permissible for him, as a layman, to retain it; and it seems to us that this circumstance confirms the impression that his return into secular life was, in a sort, a flight, an escape. For that matter, it was not the only time in Gounod's life that he sought freedom. This time he did so without commotion or unpleasant publicity; neither did he fall from an excess of devotion into unbelief.[1] He even continued to compose masses, this time with full orchestra, and with no hesitation at letting women sing in the temple. But he also wrote *Sapho, Faust, Roméo et Juliette.* He married, allying himself with a family whose head was a well-known professor in the Conservatoire, so that he was again smoothly launched on the stream of secular artistry. Being no longer a *maître de chapelle*, he accepted the post of director of the municipal Orphéon; as such, he still wrote choruses for men's voices, and opportunity was not lacking for controversy on one or the other hand. Then came success, and with it honors and wealth; he became a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and, had he so willed, might have been appointed Director of the Conservatoire. Toward the close of his life (as we have already intimated) he resumed the observances of religion with greater ostentation than ever. Not that his bearing showed aught of austerity; he was not one of those who take delight in flagellations and haircloth shirts. His devotional attitude, in common with the works evolved therefrom, is fairly well characterized by Pascal's somewhat caustic epithet—"easy devotion."

[1]After the birth of one of Gounod's children in September, 1863, Abbé Gay spoke of "the restitution of himself which he had made to God, at the beginning of this year, by becoming altogether a Christian."—It follows from this remark that between 1848 and 1863—fifteen years—the ex-Abbé Gounod might at least have been charged with lukewarmness.

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We may go a step further, and call it "comfortable." But, as he did not care to be accused of cherishing a "faith without works," he did not fail to assert his belief however and whenever circumstances permitted. His letters, even such as were of a wholly private nature, show that he was possessed of a decidedly combative spirit, and one which did not even hold aloof from the polemics of the day. M. Camille Bellaigue has published several characteristic specimens. Besides, we should not forget that, while his last thought was for his art, it was also for his faith. As we mentioned before, he died holding in his hands the last score that he composed; and this score was that of a sacred work, a Requiem.

As for his musical productivity, it could not fail to owe a great part of its value to religious inspiration. The ample list of Gounod's works discovers a majority of religious compositions, and certain critics have placed them in the front rank. It was in this sense that M. Saint-Saëns wrote: "When, in the far-distant future, the operas of Gounod shall have been received into the dusty sanctuary of the libraries, the Mass of St. Cecilia, the *Rédemption*, and *Mors et Vita*, will still endure. . . ." Without affirming or denying this proposition, we may at least confirm the fact that the author of *Faust* directed his chief activities toward the production of sacred music. We have mentioned several works written during his youth, first in Paris, then in Italy, in Austria, and finally after his return to Paris, while acting as *maître de chapelle*. Thereafter, although dividing his time, he multiplied the Masses, of which he published a vast number under various titles—Messes de Sainte-Cécile (1855), des Anges Gardiens (1872), du Sacré-Cœur (1876), de Pâques (1882), de Jeanne d'Arc (1887), de Clovis (1890), de Saint-Jean (?), masses for the Orphéonistes (1853), for the Seminaries (1872), for the religious communities (1882), a Choral Mass (1883), for the Cathedrals (1890), and several Masses for the Dead. Without taking note of the innumerable secular songs, we still have to record the *Sept Paroles du Christ* (1855), "*Près du fleuve étranger*" (1861), a Stabat Mater (1867), *Gallia*, a lamentation according to Jeremiah (1871), and, finally, his two great oratorios *Rédemption* (begun at Rome in 1869 and produced for the first time at London in 1882) and *Mors et Vita* (1885).

In the setting of these works Gounod took the lead in a style quite unfamiliar to the art of sacred music—a style at times not wanting in breadth, but whose expression is founded, beyond all else, on charm. Though an admirer of Palestrina, he did not follow his example with regard either to form or to accent. In

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summing up the impression which the music of the Sixtine Chapel had made upon him, he testifies to "an intensity of contemplation rising at times to ecstasy," an "absence of visible procedures, of pecular artifices"; and he praises, in Palestrina as in Michelangelo, the "disdain for seductiveness." That is finely said, but how little does it apply to himself! Disdain for seductiveness! None ever had less of it than Gounod. He well knew how to limn a sweeping outline, a fluid and transparent harmony, and he used these wholly extrinsic effects without scruple for his religious purposes. In only one case do we see him attempt to reproduce the forms of polyphony *à la* Palestrina; this is in the *Sept Paroles du Christ*, a work written in strict *a cappella* style and dating from the commencement of his mature period (1855), but which we suspect of having been conceived some time before—a composition deserving to be better known to-day. But all the rest is music with full orchestra; in style it is pure and elevated. Gounod inaugurated the employment of a certain "basilican" style whose imposing beauty reaches such heights, in some passages, as to give an impression of grandeur. This is admirably exemplified in *Mors et Vita*, where the solemn and sonorous *Judex* develops a broad phrase, the fine flower of many analogous themes strewn by Gounod throughout his works, but which finds, in this number, its fullest realization. Just here it might almost be called powerful. But, at bottom, it is grace that predominates. Now, this word "grace" is susceptible of two interpretations; the one wholly secular, when applied to external charms, the other sacred, when it designates virtue and talent inspired by the divine will. In our characterization of Gounod's works these two significations are blended; no other term could better set forth and describe the sum total of what his art comprehends and expresses.

III.

No artist is altogether complete until he has learned how to attune every chord of his lyre and cause it to vibrate when and where he will. Gounod would not have played the rôle which, as we have seen, he assumed in his period, had he remained simply and solely the religious musician whose course we have followed till now. But his very nature, blended of sensuousness and mysticism, rendered him at least equally predisposed to a display of profane inspiration; it is to this latter that his works owe the greater share of the popularity which they have enjoyed throughout the world.

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He himself, even in his religious transports, was quite well aware of this spiritual duality. At Rome, when his choice of a vocation was pending, he declared "that it is possible to write beautiful sacred music in a strict style, and, side by side with it, to paint from another palette the uncontrolled tempest of human passion." He dreamed (according to the testimony of M. Camille Bellaigue) of composing a Requiem "characterized by, or expressive of, love rather than terror." Such was his ideal at a time when his mind was entirely occupied with sacred matters. It was far worse when he had resolved to follow a secular career, which took, on the whole, a sufficiently worldly course. In the very first works produced under this second influence, he discovers himself, from an artistic viewpoint, in a wholly different light;—he is a pagan.

At the outset, the subjects he treated lent themselves admirably to this evolution. His first opera was *Sapho*, and in this work, which brings illustrious characters of Greek art on the scene, he set forth a genuinely new and charming aspect of antique poetry, here and there in a lofty vein. How shall we define so individual a style? Such a musical evocation could not be founded on imitation, for which music offers no authentic model in this case; it was realized through equivalents, through suggestions coming from poetry or other arts—a Pompeian fresco, a Tanagra statuette. We have been permitted to see an André Chénier doing Greek verse in French; even in music, Gluck occasionally gave men of the eighteenth century hellenistic thrills; passing over the hymns in the grand style in *Alceste* and *Iphigénie*, let us recall the choral dance in *Alceste:* "Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles," composed originally for another work in which the character presents the eternal type of beauty, Helen. We may admire the same delicate relief, fortified by a more modern treatment, in the song of the Shepherd: "Broutez le thym, broutez mes chèvres," wherein both accent and form carry one back—one could hardly say wherefore—to the idyls of Theocritus.

As for the stanzas of Sapho: "Ô ma lyre immortelle," they possess the amplitude of a beautiful Grecian garment, and leave an impression of the purest classic beauty.

But (one might object) this last song was not written expressly for *Sapho*. True enough, Gounod had written it before as a setting of Théophile Gautier's poem, "Ma belle amie est morte," and merely adapted his melody to the dénouement of the tragedy. But what is more Latin—let us say, more Mediterranean—than these verses of Gautier's?—and what happier

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thought could have crossed the musician's mind, as he set himself to bring his inspiration into harmony with the personality of the antique character? It redounds to Gounod's credit that he was able to revive these pure and lovely forms, whether in large or in little, and the pages that he wrote in this style are perhaps those which will endure as the best witnesses to his originality.

After this début, opportunities were not wanting for him to draw inspiration from the same source. The second work that he gave to the theatre is the score of the choruses of *Ulysse*, abounding in songs graceful in outline and frisky of rhythm, suggestive of the Homeric world. And again in *Philémon et Baucis*, which came a little later, the finest passages are those which he conceived along the same line of thought, for example, the chorus of Bacchantes, "Filles d'Athor," which crosses the stage like an animate and harmonious fresco.

Further on we shall speak of *Polyeucte*, a somewhat more recent work, and one calling for numerous observations. But there is another which, although it has nothing to do with antiquity or Greece, none the less gathers together in an even more complete homogeneity the above-described characteristics of Gounod, namely, *Mireille*. We must pause a moment to examine it.

Mireio, the celebrated Provençal poem by Frédéric Mistral, is a thoroughly modern piece of work, in all its freshness when Gounod conceived the plan of making it the subject of a musico-dramatic composition. But this work, which has remained unique of its kind, is Latin in the full sense of that which antiquity has enshrined for enduring fame. It is, therefore, significant that the author of *Sapho*, of *Philémon et Baucis*, and the choruses of *Ulysse*, who had already produced *Faust*, and thereafter had made a failure with a grand opera lacking both consistency and vitality, *La Reine de Saba*, should have ventured to possess himself of an episode of folk-life emanating from one of the most poetic districts of France, Provence—"province romaine," an ancient colony of the Phocæans, sonorous of speech and animated by radiant sunshine.

A new development of his mind, impressions renewed and deepened, just then predisposed him to plunge into this novel atmosphere of national life and poetry. On his first journey to Rome he had experienced (as he himself said later) only superficial emotions, mere tourist impressions without lasting effect on his artist-nature. But as early as 1862, by way of relaxation from the exertion incidental to the composition of his operas, he again went to Italy, and the journey, this time completed without

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preoccupations or obligations, had not only reawakened old memories, but also aroused new and fruitful ideas.

He was thus in a most receptive mood for the charm of a poem like *Mireio*, and on the first reading he was so vividly impressed by its Latin character that he resolved to compose the music for it in Italy.

Destiny willed otherwise; a series of fortuitous happenings conspired to confirm an idea to which he would have paid no attention whatever at the outset—namely, to seek Provençal inspiration in the land of Provence itself.

Towards the beginning of March, 1863, he had gone to Lyons to conduct a concert of his own works. It was his intention to proceed only as far as the Mediterranean coast, in order to inspect the church of the "Saintes-Maries de la mer," this being the spot where the closing scene of the poem is laid; thence he again started for Rome.

But he had already entered into correspondence with Mistral, who had offered to point out the sources from which he could draw the melodic types suitable for lending the proper color to his music, and who had invited him to come and see, with his own eyes, "Mireille herself coming out after Vespers of a Sunday at Arles, or Avignon, or Saint-Rémy." Being already on the way, Gounod accepted the poet's invitation. He first went to Marseilles, intending to take ship there; he desired to return to the Italian mountains, to install himself on the shore of the lake of Nemi, there to seclude himself for work. But he returned on his steps and passed on to Maillane to pay a visit to Mistral, with whom he expected to stay two or three days.

He stayed there two or three months. The mirage of Italy was soon dissipated when he had seen Provence. On his first walk he was astonished at the beauty of the countryside, "the superb mountains," "the Roman antiquities" whose stones blend with the rock of the adjacent quarries, "these rocks that are as one with the ruins of the middle ages," the vast plain that one surveys from the summit of the mountain "des Baux,"—"a panorama yet vaster than that of the Roman Campagna, and terrible in its austerity." This Parisian had discovered Provence! And he rejoiced in it. Mistral himself appeared to him like "the poet in the shepherd of old, in the man of Nature, in the man of the fields and skies." He would have been glad to abide with him, to dwell in his *mâs* in company with his aged mother, and compose his musical work in such idyllic companionship! Circumstances being unfavorable to the prolongation of this intimacy,

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he took up lodgings in the village of Saint-Rémy, hard by the place where the poet laid the scene of *Mireio*.

He installed himself in the village inn, where he was well taken care of. For sole companion in his solitude he had the local organist, the director of the Orphéon "l'Écho des Alpilles," a worthy Alsatian musician by the name of Iltis, with whom he dwelt in good Provençal intimacy, and who made a point of handing down to us his recollections of his transient relations with a master. Every morning the latter went his way along the paths and through the groves in pursuit of the melodies which the inspiration of nature was to reveal to him; the countryfolk watched him, as he passed, with a curiosity at once sympathetic and respectful; the young girls, sisters of Mireille, smiled at him as they wished him good-day. In the evening, after a day devoted to work, Iltis and he went to stroll "on the promenade," where, while smoking their pipes, they discoursed on the most diverse subjects—occasionally the most serious; and so it came about on Shrove-Thursday that Gounod, having been to communion that morning, touched on the problem of our final end and the incertitudes of the future life, and concluded his remarks with a phrase which, while expressing his spiritual travail, permits us to view his belief from a somewhat different angle from that indicated in his conversations with Abbé Gay or Father Lacordaire:—"It is stupefying!"—Then they would seek a table at the café, where there was always a deal of ceremony as to who should "pay the scot," for Gounod had yielded to Southern custom even in such prosaic dealings. He was delighted to ascertain that one could live "for nothing" in hospitable Provence. In fine weather he sometimes went out with Iltis to spend the day in the country scrambling over the rocks, scaling the Alpilles, hurtling downward to the valley; the master always had his notebook at hand, ready to jot down fugitive thoughts, while the leader of the Orphéons took charge of matters needful for the recuperation of the physical man. When Spring came, Gounod received the news that his wife and son proposed to join him; in order to receive them with every honor, the two musicians traversed the thickets to despoil the white-thorn of its early-flowering branches, which they brought home by armfuls to decorate the house. In the midst of these innocent and tranquil pleasures the score was taking shape; its outline was well-nigh completed when, on May 26, after a stay of more than two months, the inhabitants of Saint-Rémy tendered their transient guest a farewell banquet, at whose termination Mistral brought out a toast (a *brinde*, in the Provençal tongue)

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in which he offered the good wishes of all to the "mestr musicaire, que tan liuen fai dinda li murmur prouvençau."

Yes; but in the very midst of his seclusion Gounod had found it necessary (here we have the reverse of the medal!) to repair to the railway station at Tarascon that he might pay his respects to Madame Carvalho, then on her way to sing at Marseilles, who was the prospective interpreter of *Mireille* at the Théâtre Lyrique, of which her husband was the director; from her he received the injunction, "It must be brilliant, brilliant, brilliant!"—False brilliants, of a truth! Despite his obliging humor, to which he yielded only too often, the author could not refrain from protesting: "I answered, that it would be as brilliant as I am." But by this exchange of views in the railway station the author was rudely awakened from his ideal dream, and brought back into the world of realities—and what a world!—that of the stage! The voice of Provence had called him, and dictated his songs; now another voice intervened, that of the cancatrice, of the directress, who wished to be served as best suited her, and who cared for nothing beyond her personal effect. A marvellous voice—an incomparable cancatrice—for Mme. Carvalho left with those who heard her an abiding memory of supreme perfection in the art of song; why was it that a woman so generously endowed could not consent to remain simply in her rôle as an interpreter? why did she presume to dictate to a master who alone should have been the judge of the realization of his work? Gounod saw himself obliged to insert a waltz in the middle of a first act penned in an eminently poetic, homogeneous and sustained style! A waltz in a scene impregnated through and through with rustic poesy, whose songs have all the purity and perfume of nature! Thus the work so lovingly conceived was given to the public only after manifold patching and mutilation.

And this is why *Mireille* does not yet realize, in all its plenitude, the musical ideal that one might form of it, any more than its perfect accord with the poem. On undertaking its composition, Gounod, in spite of all efforts, had been unable to disengage himself sufficiently from exterior constraints, and to overcome parasitical influences, so as to hark back to the perfect purity of primitive art.

Besides, it must be admitted that in a three-months' sojourn he could hardly have possessed himself of a Provençal soul. The musician is not like the painter, who has only to gaze upon a landscape in order to reproduce its features and colors; he requires a longer intimacy for the assimilation of characteristics differing in nature from those whose product he himself is.

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So Gounod succeeded merely in striking a distinctive note of quite exterior effect, without actually attaining to the sources of Provençal tradition. Yet this effort, however incomplete, sufficed to imbue the score of *Mireille* with a character which noticeably differentiates it from other operas of the period; and certain exquisite "turns," wherein one hears as it were an echo of the idyllic inspiration of antique poesy, render it one of the most significant works that he composed.

There is a work in which Gounod combined, for the sake of contrast, the two inspirations which form the dual foundation of his genius. We have already mentioned it—it is *Polyeucte*.

By producing on the stage of the Opéra the tragedy of Corneille, with its presentation of the sublime sacrifice of a martyr, it is evident that the author of *Faust* wrought the work as an offering of faith. Unfortunately, nothing is less in keeping with Corneille than Gounod's gift. As we remarked before, despite all his piety, martyrdom was in no wise his vocation. Hence, he found himself impotent to infuse his harmonies with the exalted mood of an iconoclast. Néarque's zeal for making converts brought forth under his pen music that is merely an operatic duo. The lines which Corneille puts into Polyeucte's mouth, so admirable in their fervor and sublime love:

> Seigneur, de vos bontés il faut que je l'obtienne;
> Elle a trop de vertus pour n'être pas chrétienne,

inspired nothing more in his imagination than the colorless chant of a chorale constructed according to the formula; and when the fanatic spouse, tearing himself loose from all human attachments, proclaims that he is marching on "to glory," the music expresses his outcry by a mere commonplace vocal effect of the tenor, although Corneille's words were fitted to render this farewell so touching. Even where, thinking to interest the audience, he sets in action certain episodes relegated in the classic tragedy to the rank of simple narrative—for example, the tableau of the baptism of Polyeucte—his effort is vain; the masterpiece of Christian art which had been expected was not achieved, and the expectations of those who had previously admired *Faust* and *Mireille* were not realized.

But in *Polyeucte* the action flows in two parallel currents, the one depicting the Christian world, the other in the pagan sphere. Note the resultant paradox—it was in this latter that the author of *Mors et Vita* found his finest inspirations! Pauline, before her conversion, sings a "Hymn to Vesta" which, in its imposing beauty,

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reminds one of the loveliest songs that Gounod gave his mythological heroines, Alceste or Iphigénie. In the "Pagan Ballet" occurs a dance of the god Pan, in the rhythmical figures and fine sonority of which Gounod has fairly outdone the charms peculiar to the choruses of *Ulysse* and *Philémon et Baucis*, those happy inspirations of his secular youth. At the première of *Polyeucte*, the number which most powerfully attracted the attention of an audience assembled with the expectation of experiencing thrills of a different order, was a barcarolle sung, to the accompaniment of murmurous flutes, by a voluptuous group of richly apparelled Roman youths and courtesans crowned with flowers. M. Saint-Saëns relates that one day, when Gounod gave him a foretaste of his still unfinished work, it was precisely with this number that he commenced. "But (said Saint-Saëns), if you portray paganism so seductively, what sort of figure will Christianity cut beside it?" "For all that (replied Gounod), I can't deprive it of its weapons." It is only too true that the artist did not succeed in adequately arming the cause for which, after all, his sympathies were engaged, and so ensuring its triumph—at least in his musical work.

IV

Moreover, *Polyeucte* dates from a period which we should be glad to omit from Gounod's biography, and whose weaknesses are excusable solely on the plea of extenuating circumstances.

When the war of 1870 broke out, the author of *Faust*, being fifty years old, was no longer of an age to take up arms in his country's service; he went over to England, shedding distant tears for the unhappy plight of France. Had this absence been only for the time being, no reproach would attach to him therefor; but at the moment when, on the conclusion of peace, he was about to return, he made the acquaintance of a woman, no doubt an enchantress of a sort—she was a talented singer, and is said to have been beautiful—who, like Calypso, for a long time held this new Ulysses captive afar from home. But in this case Ulysses was wanting in craftiness; it was unfortunate for Gounod that, diseased both in mind and in body, he allowed this influence so to gain upon him that for nearly four years he could not summon up energy to throw it off. As for Mrs. Georgina Weldon (whose name received such wide publicity that we may be permitted to mention it here), she appears to have defined her own rôle in this adventure sufficiently well by declaring that, in her opinion, "music is merchandise pure and simple." It was purely and simply a stroke of "business" on

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her part to abuse the transient weakness of a master whom she exploited, at first, so long as he remained under her direct influence; and, after he came to himself, she clearly revealed the nature of her claim by having Gounod sentenced, eleven years subsequent to their separation, to pay her 250,000 francs—an unjust lawsuit against which the Queen of England herself protested by her attitude, and which, toward the close of his life, deprived Gounod of the capacity to take part in the grand musical festivals with which his works were bound up. This adventure irrefutably confirms the fact that Gounod's character was weak, and that he was too readily influenced—a fact already revealed to some extent by previous episodes in his career.

However, it was at London, and for one of those grand artistic celebrations which go greatly redound to the honor of the land that once extended its hospitality to Handel, that Gounod, shortly after his arrival, composed and brought out for the first time a work still considered to be one of his loftiest conceptions. In the Spring of 1871, just before the opening of an international exhibition, he was requested to write for it a new work representative of French art, to be brought out at the Albert Hall before an audience of ten thousand. In the midst of the agonies through which he, like all Frenchmen, was passing, his song could seek no inspiration beyond them. He wrote a "Lamentation," for which he could easily find a lyric text, eternally applicable to such woes, in the Book of Jeremiah; and, desiring to make his intention clearly manifest, he bestowed on his setting of these biblical sentences the significant title of *Gallia*. It is not a lengthy work, as it includes only four numbers, slow and severe; but in style it is peculiarly fine, and Gounod rarely attained to such a height. A memory of the funeral choruses in *Alceste* and *Orphée* may have exercised a certain influence on the conception of the first chorus and the despairful prelude preceding it; but are there finer models, or any which he might more legitimately follow, than the sublime harmonies of Gluck? Solemn strains, expressive and sustained throughout, alternate between the solo voice and the anguished chords of the chorus; the orchestra falls in, growing in sonority and power; and suddenly the music becomes softer; suave chords announce a more serene conclusion, and, in a beautiful cantilena whose major modality contrasts vividly with the sombre mood foregoing, and which gradually swells, and rises, and soars upward, carried away by the sweep of an impassioned ardor, the voice, with swift response from the chorus supported by the unfettered orchestra, proclaims in ringing tones the message of hope and faith:

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"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! turn again unto thy God!" This is, of a surety, one of the most sublimely moving pages that the art of that period conceived. Could it be otherwise, when the musician who penned it treated sincerely, with all his art and all his soul, a subject which fired his zeal from that double source of inspiration —his faith and his native land?

V

And, taking everything into consideration, it is just in his most celebrated work that Gounod's real nature comes to fullest fruition; in that point we need not dissent from public opinion, which has given it worldwide sanction.

Faust is an opera full of music. But (some one will object) it is an "opera"; and time was when the mere title would have brought about the condemnation of a work. Is it not time that these disputes were ended, and is not our present viewpoint sufficiently remote for us to see that every author is free to write in the style of his period? So let us not find fault with Gounod for musically illustrating Goethe and Shakespeare, and making operas out of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust." It was better for him to do this than to waste his strength on poems pieced together by ordinary verse-smiths, like *La Reine de Saba*, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, *La Nonne sanglante*, etc.

With regard to the charge that he was not a faithful interpreter of the poets, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that it is justified. It might have been applied to *Roméo et Juliette* as well as to *Faust;* but how does it happen that the charge is always formulated apropos of this latter work? Berlioz, in his day, met with a similar mishap, for the German critics gave his *Damnation de Faust* an unfavorable reception, motivated by the stricture that he had failed to respect Goethe; to which the French master responded by expressing his astonishment at not having heard the same objection apropos of his Romeo and Juliet symphony, wherein he had treated the subject with at least equal freedom. "It is doubtless because (so he opines) Shakespeare was not a German!" There is a certain narrowness, in certain ways of thinking. . . . Without passing on the full validity of such arguments, let us advance the simple proposition that it is permissible to admit that Goethe is no more inviolable than Euripides, Racine, or Shakespeare, from whom the composers of operas have borrowed freely; and that the stricture above cited would necessarily apply to an important group of operas which we have been accustomed to regard as masterpieces; and that would (we think) be a pity.

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Restoring the operas of Gounod to their historical environment, we shall, therefore, accept them for what they are—namely, adaptations of literary works whose original development is reduced to the proportions of a canvas destined for the reception of such embroideries as the musician's fancy shall dictate. And we shall add, that such procedure is in no way forbidden.

Though we have mentioned *Roméo et Juliette*, we shall not enlarge on that topic, although that work has emulated to a certain extent the brilliant career of *Faust;* but it belongs in second place, and while it contains several numbers written in good style, we are quite unable to award it a value rising appreciably above the level at which an opera may be estimated as a genuine work of art. It is better to confine ourselves to works of the first rank, which will endure as typical.

As said before, the score of *Faust* is full of music. At times this music soars to lofty heights of lyricism. It is delicious, full-flowing, diversified. In it all the traits of Gounod's individuality are gathered together.

This episode of the loves of Gretchen and Faust, thus segregated from the vast poem, is without a doubt a most worldly subject; yet the Christian artist again found a possibility of asserting himself in an authoritative fashion. The scene in the church, with its organ-prelude in sustained style and the lines of the funereal chant that form a setting for Gretchen's agonized lament, is assuredly an episode in grander style than any analogous numbers to be found in foregoing works of the operatic repertory. It is said that the composer introduced fragments of a Requiem (unpublished) which he began while in Rome and brought out in Vienna (1842); if true, this would afford yet stronger proof of the sincerity of its religious emotion.

Furthermore, scenes of this description have always lent peculiar value to Gounod's operas; consider the wedding-tableau in *Roméo et Juliette*, to which the song of Père Laurent imparts a loftiness of style not invariably in evidence throughout the work.

Certain traits make it manifest that the indissoluble blending of sacred and profane inspiration in Gounod is a perfectly concrete reality; of this, one of the most justly celebrated songs in *Faust* shall now be cited as a sufficiently piquant example. The theme of the duet, "O nuit d'amour, ciel radieux," seemingly expresses an ecstasy of most worldly sort; now, this song, prior to its incorporation in the opera, was an "O salutaris"—as may be proved by substituting the words of the hymn for those which

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Marguerite sings; and either set of words perfectly fits the graceful lines of the cantilena.

The veritably Latin—that is, pagan—element which we have noted as constituting an important part of Gounod's genius, might appear to be too foreign to a German work for suitable utilization in "Faust." And for all that, even at the beginning of the opera, in the springtide songs of the young maidens awaking with the dawn, we find the same fresh pastoral inspiration that pulsates in works like *Philémon et Baucis* and *Mireille*.

In fact, it never entered Gounod's head to compose a Germanic work when writing *Faust*. The first impressions which he received from Goethe's masterpiece were blended with influences emanating from a wholly different sphere. It was at Rome, after his arrival in 1840, that he read "Faust" for the first time—"nota bene, in French," as he particularizes. Some months thereafter, on a trip to the isle of Capri, he conceived, while surveying the fantastic landscape there outspread, "the first idea for the Walpurgis Night. The book (so he adds, recalling his memories of Italy) never left me; I carried it with me everywhere, and jotted down in scattered notes the various ideas which I thought would be of use whenever I might try to write an opera on the subject." Therefore, it was neither in the forests of the Harz, nor yet in the picturesque labyrinth of the ancient streets of Frankfort, but surrounded by the Roman countryside and with Mediterranean views before him, that Gounod received his first impulsion from "Faust." How could the work of his maturity escape such influences?

This work is, all in all, a work of the period; better, assuredly, than the other works of that time; and what it owes to that period is not that which rendered it better. Even making every allowance, it is difficult to conceal the shock one feels on seeing the soldiers defile in their German costumes of the middle ages, preceded by a band of Sax instruments, and singing a chorus which was soon made popular by the Orphéons. However, this chorus is excellent in its own way; the march, brilliant and not lacking in warmth, would have had a fine effect in that same year when *Faust* was represented for the first time, if used to regulate the victorious steps of the French army returning from Solferino and Magenta. Hence, not its intrinsic worth, but solely its adaptation to such an environment, should be called in question. And no analogous censure will hold against the spirited scene of the Kermesse, where the sextuple chorus meanders on its rejoicing way with the most natural dash and go.

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All this does not touch the depths of the work. But its arrangement is so happy that in the midst of so many brilliant accessories the principal figures stand out with a surpassing intensity of effect. Marguerite dominates this entire ensemble; and while—let us repeat for the last time—she is not the Gretchen of Goethe, she has therefor perhaps even greater poetic charm, a more ideal grace. In the love-songs that she and her partner lavish throughout the work, the musician's nature—seductive, feminine and sensual—finds freer course than ever before. There are love-duets in *Roméo et Juliette*—they are found in almost every act; but these duets are merely opera-numbers. In *Faust* it is souls that sing. The culminating point is reached in the quatuor in the garden, an excellent musical-comedy scene in free form, which mounts on and on to the height of a veritable love-poem, finding full and final development in a strain where the multitudinous voices of the orchestra unite in sonorous evocation of the voices of Nature herself—as is specified in the poem.

VI

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, ever Gounod's disciple and faithful friend, and who became his worthiest successor, summed up in a few well-chosen, pithy words, written on the very day of the Master's death, the chief features of his career:

"At the beginning he was misunderstood, followed only by a faithful few; and, without ever deviating from the line which he had marked out for himself, he gradually attained success, fame, and popularity. Nevertheless, he had to contend against an incessant hostility. In the first place, he came in conflict with the 'light horse' of comedy-opera; next, with the Italian coterie; finally, with the German clique."

Now, resisting all these influences, the artist maintained his individuality. More particularly, he never consented to go over to those forces from abroad which, for a quarter of a century or more, have carried musical art along with an irresistible momentum in unfamiliar directions—forces which, during the last years of his life, had begun to win the upperhand. For French musicians, the victims of this invasion, the choice was left of only two ways—either to join the following of the victor with good grace, thus imitating the ironical resignation of Ernest Reyer, who declared himself ready to "succumb gracefully," like the gladiator, or not to acknowledge themselves conquered, and to resist with their own weapons, even though inferior. We of to-day are not in a

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position to find fault with a master who, in any event, had a good right to stand on his own feet, for having ranged himself with the latter and making head against the invader.

Our memory of the conflict in which he found himself opposed by nearly the entire younger generation, ought not to render us unjust at the present time. No one had a better right than he to bear his standard high.

The combat was undoubtedly unequal. We recall a coincidence which fairly well defines the respective situations. In 1882 Gounod brought out as a novelty, at the Conservatoire and in other symphonic concerts, a canticle which he had written to a poem by Racine, "D'un cœur qui t'aime"—an excerpt from the choruses of *Athalie*. It was a charming piece, breathing the quintessence of the author's tender mysticism of mind, chaste in contour, wholly in Racine's spirit. But, in that same year, *Parsifal* made its appearance at Bayreuth. How could one avoid comparing them?

Still, the superiority of one work is no reason why another should be done to death. In the atmosphere there are different levels, at each of which it is possible to breathe. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare have not deprived Horace, Petrarch and Lamartine of a right to exist.

And so it is wrong to censure Gounod for having been an opponent of what was called, in his time, the music of the future, and for having posed as the champion of a waning art. The truth is, that he opposed, purely and simply, the encroachments of a different race. He himself, save for some few superficial traits, is by no means a man of the past. While he implicitly takes his stand on an earlier tradition, it is one to which it is always an artist's right, if not his duty, to attach himself—the national tradition. Gounod, a French musician, naturally made French music. A reading of *Mireille*, that efflorescence of Provençal poetry, of *Philémon et Baucis*, inspired by La Fontaine, of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, an illustration of Molière, even of *Faust*, which owes nothing to Goethe but its title, brings the conviction that Gounod belongs to the lineage of Grétry, of Boieldieu, of Rameau. He modified their forms without sensibly changing their spirit. Any musical fragment of *Mireille* might find an equivalent in *Lucile* or *Zémire*. The pastorales of the shepherd Andreloun, or of the shepherd in Sapho, sound like those in *Hippolite et Aricie* or *La Guirlande;* the love-songs, in fine, whereby the tender soul of the author of *Faust* most charmfully expresses itself, spring from an emotionality which, however diverse from that of the eighteenth century,

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has its source in the same niche of the French soul as that of Monsigny or Dalayrac.

It was through these qualities that Gounod's music found an instant echo in the souls of his immediate successors, at least, if not in those of his contemporaries. Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, are at hand to declare, in their works, what they owe to him; and there was a time when, before worshipping at Wagner's shrine, our young musicians devoted themselves to Gounod *ad nauseam*. Those of to-day would be ingrates, however divergent the paths they have followed, did they refuse such a worthy predecessor the homage which they owe him; and the world that he delighted will assuredly unite with them in paying honor, at this centennial celebration, to one of those who have contributed to its most lasting, and not seldom its purest and most exquisite, artistic enjoyment.

(*Translated by Theodore Baker*)

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE DANCER TOWARD MUSIC

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

THE fact that a great majority of people still believe that the function of music in the modern art-dance is, after all, principally a rhythmic one, and that the dancer regards music as a mere accompanimental incident to his own art is a tribute to the longevity of a once-accepted conclusion. So it was during the eighteenth century, hence thus must it be to-day. And yet the dancer has travelled far from the formally hedged and bordered walks of academic tradition, and in the course of his journey his attitude toward music has undergone a radical change. How radical, a survey of the position of the eighteenth century art-dancer as regards music, and its contrast with the point of view of the artist of to-day will clearly establish.

The ideals of the exponents of the eighteenth century art-dance were, to all practical intent, purely terpsichorean. Gaetano Vestris, unlettered and ignorant, knew nothing but the one art in which he surpassed all other male dancers of his day. What place could music hold in the estimation of a man who could say and believe, "The century has produced but three really great men—Frederick the Great, Voltaire and *myself!*" Jean Georges Noverre, it is true, a man of intellectual ability and education, allowed music to play an important part in his scheme of the ideal ballet; yet it was a part more or less subordinate and decorative, not a principal one. And Marie-Auguste Vestris, *le dieu de la danse*, son of Gaetano, after Gluck had done all in his power to "fatten" the dancer's rôle during the first rehearsals of *Iphigenia* in Paris, was still unsatisfied, and with his importunities drew from the composer the retort: "Go dance in Heaven, if you are the god of the dance—but not in my opera!" We smile at Gluck's indignation when the same spoiled dancer, without the least regard for the musical and dramatic verities, insisted upon the opera's closing with a *chaconne*. "A *chaccone!*" Gluck cried, "and did the Greeks dance *chaconnes?*" But when Vestris petulantly insisted that it was impossible to dance to Gluck's music, a royal hint informed him that it would be best to apologize to the composer for the remark. Upon their meeting,

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however, Gluck gave him no chance to make amends. Seizing the ballet-master, a small man, in his arms and whistling a ballet-air from *Iphigenia*, he capered about the room, dragging his little antagonist with him by main strength. "You see," he exclaimed maliciously, when he had deposited the breathless dancer in an arm-chair, "one can dance to my melodies after all!" Yet Gluck did not always have it his own way, for some of the dance divertissements in *Alceste* were introduced merely to satisfy the exigencies of *Messieurs de la danse*—"the gentlemen of the dance"—as they were called. On the other hand Gluck informed Vestris that "an artist whose whole science lay in his heels" was not entitled to kick them up in an opera like *Armide*. On occasion, however, Gluck's artistic good taste, overruled by the dancers, was justified by the public. A ballet interpolated against his better judgment between the second and third acts of *Alceste* was hissed and whistled from the stage, in a tumult, according to Grimm, "which all the talent of Vestris and Guimard could not appease."

Nor did Gluck's predecessor Lully find it easy to deal with the dancers. Lully, for his tragic operas, wanted dance movements which would, when necessary, conform to their nature and stress the tragic note, by substituting appropriate pantomime poses and gestures for the empty elaboration of the conventional steps. Did he succeed in making the famous dancers of his day realize what he was after? Not at all. He was obliged to choose novices, unspoiled by the traditions of their art, and laboriously train them to carry out his intentions. The dancers of his time, as those of Gluck's, could see nothing but their own dance *per se*, all else, proportion, character, the relation of the dance to the expressive content of the music, was a matter of indifference to them.

And despite Noverre's visions of a composite dance art in which were to be merged the dance, pantomime, music and poetry, his theories rather than his practice were modern. True, Mozart wrote a ballet for Noverre. But what were the circumstances? Noverre practically ignored the composer's share in the work and despite his theoretic stand considered Mozart's delightful ballet airs as nothing more than a musical complement of the scenic picture, far less important, in reality, than the costumes of his *balleteuses*. And in a review of the *première* of the ballet (it was bracketed with Piccinni's *Finte Gemelle*, at the Paris *Opéra*, June 11, 1778), published by the *Journal de Paris* on the day following, the music is hardly mentioned at all, but the entire

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article devoted to an account of the dancing of Vestris and d'Auberval, the Guimard and Mlles. Asselin and Allard. Nor did the public of that time, in general, take the music of the ballet any more seriously than did the dancers.

Names like those of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini stand out by reason of their prominence among the composers of eighteenth century ballet music. Yet what they contributed was in the main incidental—Mozart's ballets are details of his operas, Beethoven wrote but one actual ballet, *Prometheus*. And in all their ballet music the dance interest was paramount with the public. Besides, a host of lesser composers, now forgotten (save when their music, like that of Gardel, is resurrected to rhythm the dance of some artist like Pavlowa) supplied the ephemerally tuneful *décor* which the dancer at the end of the eighteenth century regarded as an agreeable background rather than a necessity for the proper display of his art.

During the first half of the nineteenth century a change took place. The view-point of the dancer remained practically the same; yet he began to acknowledge in practice that music of a better calibre was a *desideratum*. Something that went beyond mere rhythm, mere tune, was appreciated by audiences. Auber, Hérold, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, mainly in their opera-ballets, opened up to the dancer new vistas of musical coöperation with their own art. Didelot, Deshayes, Doulon, Albert Paul were *danseurs* prominent in early Victorian days, both in Paris and in London, while the *danseuses* included Fanny Ellsler, Taglioni, Noblet, Carlotta Grisi, Therese, Cerito, Lucile Grahn and, in general, their attitude toward music differs from that of Vestris and his companions. Yet much of the music then written for the ballet was musically negligible. A Schneizhoffer composed that of Taglioni's masterpiece *La Sylphide*. Adolph Adam, a decidedly lesser Auber, was the author of *Giselle*. And in Russia, where Petipa had inaugurated the spectacular ballets, the ballets *de grands cadres*, writers like Minkus and Pugni supply their music, just as Carlo Blasis and Marenco did for the Italian ballets of the same type. And though Blasis in his writings encouraged the student of dancing to become a musician as well, many of the models offered him for study at the time in the field of ballet music were of decidedly questionable artistic value.

There is no denying, however, that the dancer of the period was more or less affected by the introduction of the folk-dances of various lands—Spain, Poland, Italy, Russia—into the art repertory. And in the folk-dance, music is the underlying princi-

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ple which supports the whole emotional structure of the dance. Folk-dances, even in an art development, have a certain amount of the natural and spontaneous thrust upon them. The dancer is forced to admit the participation of music as an emotional and esthetic, instead of a mere rhythmical and decorative factor. Even among the Zulus, the great tribal dances are the incidental accompaniments of colloquial war and hunting songs. Hence the folk-dance may be said to have aided in the re-orientation of the dancers' outlook on music. And then, too, in the course of time, composers of real distinction began to devote attention to the ballet as a musical form. Delibes, Bizet, Widor, Saint-Saëns, Reyer, Massenet in France, Tschaikovsky, Arensky and Glazounov in Russia, in their ballets proper and *ballets d'opéra* gave music a new standing in the dance, and accustomed the ears of the dancer to music that had a higher qualitative value than that of mere accompaniment. Yet though their ears may have heard and appreciated the change, music, even at the present time, is no more than an accessory to the dancer wedded to the older classic traditions of his art which, despite the innovations of the *Ballet russe* and those of numberless individual interpretative dancers, still flourish at the Paris *Opéra*, in the Court Operas of Berlin and Vienna, in La Scala at Milan and its South American vassal, the *Teatro Colon* of Buenos Aires. In the engaging and artistic ballets presented at the Paris *Opéra*, for instance, where, to quote M. Serge de Diaghileff, the dancers have *leur tradition à eux*, terpsichorean grace, elegance and lightness within the formal and established limits of the school of Staats and Mariquita still represent the ultimate goal of ambition. The decorative element has not been unaffected by the passing of the Russians, but the dancers' view-point as regards music has not greatly changed. And an ornate and elaborate formalistic development of the dance action makes more than a superficial and rhythmic welding with the music hard to attain. Beneath the veils of the Hindoo dancing-girls in the ballet of Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* and the coverings of the bacchantes in Saint-Saëns's *Déjanire* peep forth the traditions of the *Ecole de Danse de l'Opéra*. The music accompanies their dancing—they do not dance the music.

There may be excellent musicians among the dancers of the *corps de ballet* of the Paris *Opéra:* among the dancers of the Russian Ballet there are. In their case the erstwhile Imperial Ballet School laid especial stress on music. The dancer might be an indifferent executant, or might not play at all, but his "appreci-

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ation," his musical intelligence and apperception were developed and encouraged with painstaking care, of which the best proof is to be found in the interpretation of such works as *Schéhérazade L'Après-midi d'un faun, Le Sacre du Printemps* and other ballets of the modern interpretative repertory. And the dancer and ballet-master who designs and develops works of this type, where the emotional and descriptive details of the musical movement are given plastic visibility in the terpsichorean movement, *must* be a musician. He needs far more than a sense of rhythm to enable him to realize his perfected art effort. A sense of rhythm may suffice to correlate motion in tone and motion in the dance, but it is not enough to shed light on the inner relation of the two, to develop their emotional or esthetic affinity. It is this sensitized feeling for the unity of music and the dance, not the surface unity of measure rhythm, but the intimate unity of emotional rhythm, which marks the attitude of the modern interpretative dancer toward music, as distinct from that of the follower of classic tradition, whose view-point still antedates in a measure the French Revolution.

Some time before the New York *première* of the ballet *Sadko*, given last season, the writer was talking with Adolf Bolm about his new creation. The Russian artist shed a vivid light on the dancer's attitude toward his work. He spoke of his preparatory studies of the finny indwellers of the Prince of Monaco's Oceanographic Museum at Monaco, in order to secure dance movements and figures based on a genuine "nature" note, for his subaqueous ballet; he showed various books of Russian legend and fairy-tale, of whose versions of the *Sadko* legend he had been making a comparative study. He touched on details which proved that he had been living with his subject for some time, and then the question of its music was raised. At once Bolm produced a score of *Sadko*, not the orchestral score which the musicians were rehearsing, but a four-hand score which he always kept at hand, as he explained. It was a copy which evidently had been used, and used often, and as he ran through it (beside the piano Bolm has studied violin), it was entirely plain that he knew every note, and not as a mere rhythmic unit either. He was able to develop the entire programme of the ballet out of Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem; he knew its every dynamic, every emotional effect. And, later, watching him at rehearsal, it was plain that every measure of this music was imprinted on his memory. The *Prince Igor* ballet he had made musically his own with the same thoroughness and insight.

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Or we may take the case of Mme. Maria Kousnezoff. Here we have a Russian dancer doubled by a Russian prima-donna in one and the same person. In *Traviata*, *Manon* and *Tosca* she delighted Paris audiences during the winter of 1916; and during the course of the same season added additional laurels to her fame as a *danseuse de charactère.*

It was the writer's privilege to watch Nijinsky direct a rehearsal of his ballet *Till Eulenspiegel*, to Richard Strauss's music, a score whose intricacies, though programmatically it is clear enough, none will deny. The Austrian conductor who directed the work had little or no French, which Nijinsky spoke; and the latter no German, and the writer served as a medium for the exchange of ideas. It soon developed that this and that was not as it should be: "There is not enough horn-tone!" said M. Nijinsky when a certain passage was reached—and he was right. The passage was scored for four horns, and only two horn-players had appeared to play. In another place the flutes did not produce the prescribed pianissimo and were kept at it until they did. The entire musical score was thus rehearsed before any stage rehearsal was thought of, and rehearsed with an attention to detail and a sense of musical finish and proportion on the part of the famous dancer which showed how well acquainted he was with every page of its orchestration. It was an admirable display of musical, not mere rhythmical intelligence on M. Nijinsky's part, and one that was entirely convincing. And it is evident that a new note in music, if it be sincere, is remarked by the dancer who represents the modern trend. Leo Ornstein has informed the writer that Léonide Massine, after he had heard the "Wild Man's Dance" and the "Three Moods: Anger, Peace, Joy" played in recital, was so taken with the possibilities their music offered for dance-dramatization that he sought out the composer with a view of obtaining his consent to their orchestration for that purpose. In other words, the musical taste and understanding of the dancer enabled him to judge for himself as to the music he had heard, and its availability for his use.

Naturally the modern dancer, with all his knowledge of music and the sympathetic outlook it gives, is not always infallible in his selection of musical material for dramatic and musical amalgamation. *Midas*, a ballet conceived to a symphonic poem by Maximillian Steinberg, reflects little credit on his musical good taste; the same may be said of *Narcisse*. And who would venture to compare the music of Maud Allan's "Vision of Salome" to that of Florent Schmitt's *Tragédie de Salome?* But when we

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think of such errors of musical judgment, we need but recall *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Petrouchka*, *L'Après-midi d'un faun*, *Schéhérazade*. The music of *Thamar* and of *Clépoatre* may lay itself open to criticism as regards content, yet it is raised immeasurably above that of Beyer's *Puppenfee* or Marenco's *Excelsior*. And in the repertory thus far established by the Russian Ballet, aberrations of musical good taste are, all in all, infrequent. The music of *La Légende de Joseph*, handicapped by its absurd symbolic program, which forced the composer to attempt to express in tone pseudo-philosophic abstractions impossible of expression, is at any rate far more vital and compelling than the ear-tickling inanities of such older Italian *ballets de spectacle* as *Messalina* or *Sieba*. And if in the *Coq d'Or* of Rimsky-Korsakov the Russians have brought the music into a new and somewhat more or less awkward situation *vis-à-vis* the dramatic development of its story, it should be remembered that they have lent a plausible scenic light, color and beauty of motion to Schumann's *Carnaval*, and have given visual expression to the ethereal charm of some of Chopin's most delightful melodic thought. Nor is it a little thing to have lent freshness and a new vitality to Weber's hackneyed "Invitation to the Dance"—for the Russian dancers who have wedded it to Théophile Gautier's poem in their lyric interpretation, have given its music a novel poesy and glamor.

In the field of "lyric dancing," the dancing of the individual artist as distinct from that of the ballet, or symphonic dance, we find the change in the dancer's attitude toward music clearly defined. Of course, there is much music in use which is of a distinctly inferior kind; but in general the best classic, romantic and ultra-modern composers are drawn upon for material. Individual compositions by Debussy, Ravel, Dukas (one of the loveliest creations in the whole range of the lyric dance is his *La Péri*, a legend of ancient Iran dramatized in the dance by a *danseur* and *danseuse* to a score which is a favorite in the symphonic repertory); by Tschaikovsky, Grieg, Sinding, Sibelius, Glazounov, Dvořák, Liszt, Rubinstein, Johann Strauss, and a host of others; by writers of the more aristocratic types of salon pieces like Moszkowski, Lechetizsky, Poldini—the modern dancer has a wide choice as regards the kind and character of the music to be interpreted in terms of motion.

As might be expected, this bright picture has its shadows. In the case of one distinguished dancer, for instance, who has unveiled for occidental audiences the true inwardness of the hieratic and temple dances of the Hindoo East, the beauty of

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her art cannot excuse the paucity of its musical complement. There is a wealth of fine musical material, genuine *impressions d'Orient* by modern composers of high standing which would, even did the dancer choose to consider her music the merest corollary to her dances, give them a more subtle musical color and suggestion; and it is a pity that her art should have to miss that final quality of convincing charm which appropriate music conveys.

Again there is an unfortunate tendency on the part of the interpretative dancer to consider any music labeled with an Oriental title, and having a few "outward and audible" signs of conventional Orientalism, as genuine Eastern music. Luigini's pleasant *Ballet orientale*, for instance, is not truly of the East. A master like Verdi may be able to evoke the Orient in his *Aïda* dances, but as a rule the musical bric-à-brac made in Milan is anything but Mohammedan or Hindoo. It comes as a shock to realize that another well-known dancer whose musical taste, as reflected in her dance programs, is ordinarily beyond reproach, should have been satisfied last season to stage an Oriental ballet with music as weak and trifling as that written by a certain Belpazzi.

Perhaps among all the individual lyric dancers none shows such unvarying artistic good judgment in the selection of the music she wishes to express in motion as Isadora Duncan. Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, Gluck, César Franck, Johann Sebastian Bach, Palestrina, Brahms, Grieg and Chopin—catholic good taste is reflected in a choice which avails itself of the art of such masters. Nor will any cavil at Tschaikovsky's *Marche Slave* or the *Marseillaise*, though the selection of Louis Ganne's *Marche Lorraine* and our own "Star-Spangled Banner" for dance development may be justified by patriotic rather than for musical reasons. In many cases there can be no doubt that the programmatic suggestion of a musical composition offers the starting-point of an "interpretative" development. Yet to what degree the dance can and does interpret absolute music is still more or less an open question, and one which we will not attempt to solve.

Every "interpretative" dancer who attempts to express in motion absolute music, can reflect no more than an individual mood, an individual concept. Even where the sincerity of the dancer's art is beyond cavil, the motion scheme is of necessity arbitrarily conditioned by certain outstanding characteristics of the music itself, rhythm, color, tempo, dynamics. Within these

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broad outlines must be developed the subtler shades of expression which endeavor to express the psychic content of the composition. As a working-out in motion-rhythms of those elements in a musical work which lend themselves to the purpose, the interpretative dance may be justified, in the case of absolute music, by the tenets of artistic logic. But it can only "interpret" such music from an individual standpoint and no two dancers would have the same concept. And who is to say which, if any version, transmutes intelligibly into terms of motion the inner meaning of the music presented? Where programme music is concerned—using the term in a wide sense—the dancer is more sure of being understood. A definite idea has already been called forth; there only remains its expression. No matter how that expression may vary, the key to its meaning is always at hand. The music of the *Marseillaise* explains itself, and as Miss Duncan interprets it, is merged with her dance. It does not call for commentary or elucidation. But César Franck and Bach—would they themselves be able to say whether or no their music's innermost meaning is properly revealed in its interpretative dance versions?

New light may be shed before so very long on this interesting question, since Nijinsky has in preparation a series of interpretative dance-versions of the music of classic and modern composers—a mimetic and terpsichorean development of its context in which he believes he has found the ideal rendering of psychic and emotional tone values in rhythmic movement. When so great an artist and innovator in the field essays a solution of the problem we cannot help feeling that he may have realized possibilities unsuspected or discounted as impossible of attainment.

The dancer who, at the present day, wishes to attain the higher ranks of the terpsichorean hierarchy must be in some degree a musician, must have that understanding of music's emotional and intellectual content without which his own art of necessity falls short of its full fruition of beauty and meaning. Where this musical apperception is not developed there must needs be a hiatus between intent and perfect realization. And, in a greater or lesser degree, nearly every dancer, speaking in a higher artistic sense of the word, realizes the fact. Though the old academic order still exists side by side with the newer, more vital dispensation, since it represents a merely ocular, and hence more obvious development of the ballet and the *pas seul*, with music as an agreeable secondary concomitant, it lives only because of the disinclination of the multitude to change, especially to change when there is implied even the slightest mental effort toward a

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fuller and more subtle enjoyment of beauty. Yet, as before remarked, even the attitude of the traditional dancer toward music has been modified during the past two hundred years. And that of the more independent dancer, of the disciple of Fokine and Isadora Duncan, has undergone a complete transformation. Music has come into its own as a part of the dance curriculum well-nigh as important as the dance itself. Vestris danced "to music," it did not much matter what or whose. Nijinsky, Bolm, Duncan and the rest dance music itself, and had they not "music in their souls" would never have reached that height of artistry in their chosen field which is incontestably theirs. No longer does the dancer regard music as a bondsmaid, a handmaiden subject to his every caprice and whimsey; she has been raised to the dignity of a consort, without whose aid and inspiration he is shorn of half his power, and is unable to make out a convincing case for the art whose possibilities it is his duty to exploit.

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BELAIEV—MÆCENAS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

THE history of Art-patronage discloses that it has not always displayed the wisdom associated with the benefactions of Mæcenas, the Roman knight to whom Horace and Virgil dedicated their works. Dr. Johnson's immortal rebuke to the address of Lord Chesterfield is an indictment which perpetually warns us not to accept patrons at their own valuation.

At this moment, therefore, when we have just discovered that the patronage of music in Russia was formerly one of the few things that compensated for an unthinkable condition of political affairs in that country, and when we are told that the Carnegie British Composers' Trust has based the plan of its activities upon that of Belaiev, it seems a duty to interest ourselves in the Russian scheme, and, before accepting either that or the one which avows its respect for it and the intention of imitating it as far as possible, we ought surely to investigate the original with a view to useful criticism, with the object of ascertaining its merits, and, if there exist any, its shortcomings.

Belaiev's plan was certainly ideal as a plan, and it was wonderfully comprehensive. It is doubtful whether the British or the American musical public has any notion as to its scope, for there appears to exist an idea that Belaiev was simply a non-commercial publisher of native music, that his activities ended there, and that he was the first publisher in Russia to conduct a publishing concern on any but wholly commercial lines. The honourable epithet of Mæcenas in the title of the present article owes its appearance there to the fact that Belaiev was a Patron. That he included publication of native music in his scheme is simply evidence that he was more far-seeing (and perhaps that he was wealthier) than any previous or subsequent musical patron in Europe. The comprehensiveness of his scheme is most easily appreciated by glancing around and taking note of the various efforts of a number of individuals who have, in the past few years, done their utmost to promote the furtherance of native British music. In the domain of orchestral music, for instance, there is the Palmer Patrons' Fund, which was instituted for the performance and publication of new British works, and, more recently, the native symphonic

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composer has received much encouragement from Mr. Balfour Gardiner. The revival of an interest in British chamber-music is largely the result of the prize-giving activities of Mr. W. W. Cobbett and the concerts of Mr. Thomas Dunhill, whilst in the operatic as well as in the orchestral sphere Sir Thomas Beecham has laboured unceasingly with the aim of achieving a renascence of British Music. To these now enters the Carnegie scheme for the publication of notable native works.

These schemes are of course complementary one to the other, but there has been no deliberate co-ordination on the part of their promoters; it should be observed, moreover, that, in the bulk, they fall short of the benefactions dispensed by one man alone to Russian music. When Belaiev began his enterprise the Russian revival was already an accomplished fact. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since Glinka had crowned the jejune efforts of his precursors with his opera "A Life for the Tsar", a work of which the style is sufficiently national to have pleased the critics as well as the public not only of Glinka's day but of the twentieth century; recent events in Russia lead one to suppose that this opera is hardly likely to retain, in the future, the place it has occupied for three-quarters of a century as the inevitable "first-night" work of the State Theatre season and as an invariable feature of every festive occasion. Dargomijsky, re-shaping and enlarging the nationalist ideal, had been joined by the famous brotherhood of the "Five", and their somewhat shortsighted initial endeavour to propagate a race of untutored composers had fortunately been accompanied, in the early 'sixties, by the labours of the brothers Rubinstein, who, with the help of the Grand Duchess Elena Pavlovna, had succeeded in founding the Russian Musical Society, together with its two affiliated conservatories in Petrograd and Moscow. Furthermore, Serov had contrived to raise the standard of newspaper criticism and had established it as a scientific, though still a somewhat partisan vocation. There existed in Petrograd, in addition to its Conservatory, a Free School of Music, founded in 1862 by Balakirev, Lomakin and Stassov—an institution which gave annually a series of concerts directed by native conductors, whilst the Russian Musical Society's series were occasionally entrusted to some distinguished visitors.

Native opera was beginning to flourish; Tchaikovsky's "Oniegin" had been produced and Russia was soon to learn from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow-Maiden" how delightful a reflection of itself might be seen in national opera. As for the publishers, Bessel had done good work for the nationalists and had evinced a

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considerable amount of public spirit in issuing their earlier efforts, such as Dargomijsky's "Stone Guest"and Korsakov's "Maid of Pskov", being severely taken to task—according to an article written by Stassov in 1876—by the Moscow critic, Laroche, who branded Bessel as an enemy of society for his pains; Jurgenson, though somewhat more "businesslike," had served his country well in producing music at a lower price than had hitherto been deemed possible—an enterprise into which he was speedily followed by his competitors. Musical competitions were not unknown, but a method which allowed Tchaikovsky (in 1875) to write the motto of identification on his prize opera "Vakoula the Smith" *in his own hand* was obviously susceptible of improvement. Such then was the general condition of music in Russia when Belaiev appeared on the scene.

Mitrophan Petrovich Belaiev was born at Petrograd on February 10th O. S. 1836. His father, who came from Viborg, was a wealthy timber merchant, owning vast forests both in the Olonets government and on the White Sea coast. His mother was of Swedish extraction. The future patron of Russian music was educated at a German establishment—the Petrograd Reform Church School—at which, in addition to his general studies, he took lessons on the violin, the viola and the piano. Leaving school, he went straight into his father's business and at thirty years of age was taking a prominent part in its management. A natural aptitude for music had meanwhile been fostered by the school tuition and he had joined a German choral society. He was in the habit also of taking part, when occasion offered, in performances of chamber-music, but this pursuit appears to have been relinquished when he went into partnership with a cousin in a timber concern having its headquarters in Archangel, a neighbourhood which, according to repute, is the least likely place in Russia to afford facilities for such indulgences.

It is clear that in 1880 Belaiev was again resident in the capital, for in that year he became a member of the Petrograd Circle of Music-Lovers, then conducted by Lyadov. Its President was Borodin. Here, apparently, was a timely corrective to his exclusively German musical upbringing. Hardly aware of it, he was gradually being drawn into the channel cut for him by destiny. Thanks to the Balakirev Circle, native music had already gained a measure of recognition. A concert of Moussorgsky's music given by the Society soon after the composer's death in 1881 is to be regarded as one of the fruits of the Balakirev propaganda.

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Belaiev was now also a member of the Petrograd Chamber-music Society and might, all being considered, have been fairly satisfied with the use to which he was putting his leisure. His figure had become quite a familiar one in Petrograd musical circles. This we learn from the Memoirs of Rimsky-Korsakov, a volume which affords a considerable amount of information as to the circumstances which prompted Belaiev to become what he became. On 17th March, 1882, there was performed, at one of the concerts given by the Free School, a symphony which had just been completed by an unknown composer called Glazounov. The enthusiastic audience, we are told, had its curiosity aroused when, in response to its plaudits, there came forward a youth in student's uniform. Some of the audience, it is said, made no secret of their belief that the symphony had been composed by Rimsky-Korsakov, the young man's teacher, who was conducting on this notable occasion. But Belaiev, who was at the concert, thought otherwise, and sought the composer's acquaintance. This he secured through Lyadov.

During the ensuing summer Rimsky-Korsakov was invited to conduct a concert at the Pan-Russian Exhibition in Moscow and he included the new symphony in his programme. At the first rehearsal he was approached by a person whom he had often seen in Petrograd but whose identity had hitherto remained unknown to him. Introducing himself, Belaiev explained that he greatly admired this symphony and asked permission to attend all the rehearsals. Belaiev and Glazounov were already on a friendly footing, and the former's admiration had recently been increased by an acquaintance with two more works—the two overtures on Greek themes, which were produced early in 1883. Meanwhile Glazounov's reputation had been carried abroad by Borodin, and the composer of "Prince Igor" had spoken so warmly of the symphony to Liszt that a performance in Weimar resulted. The composer attended the concert and with him went Belaiev. Continuing their pilgrimage the two Russian friends visited Spain, Africa and finally Bayreuth, where they heard "Parsifal". Wagner's influence upon Glazounov does not date, however, from this time, but from Neumann's performances of the "Ring" at Petrograd in 1889.

During this time a plan had been maturing in Belaiev's mind, and early in 1884 he put forward a proposal to publish the young Russian composer's works. Bessel, in his brochure on the publishing trade in Russia, states that one or two early works had already been issued by a second-rate firm which had been found

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for Glazounov by Balakirev. Evidently, it was unthinkable to Belaiev that his friend's work should require to be forced on a publisher. At all events, Belaiev, who was a man of strict business habits, caused a formal agreement to be prepared, and in July it was duly executed.

But the timber merchant now realised that if he undertook the stimulation of the growth of Russian music he would have to abandon the business of felling, if not of selling trees. He turned the timber concern into a company, reverting to the minor position of share-holder, and in June, 1885, opened a music-publishing house in Leipzig. The business was to be entirely non-commercial, and to exist solely for the benefit of Russian music.

This step was followed by another—tentative in itself, but foreshadowing a much more extensive undertaking. Belaiev arranged a kind of private audition of Glazounov's works. It was held at the College of Saints Peter and Paul; invitations were sent to all likely to be interested, and to the newspaper critics. A year later came a public concert of Russian works, held at the Nobles' Club—the programme including a new example by Glazounov: it was his now famous symphonic tableau "Stenka Razin". The conductor was Rimsky-Korsakov, and from him Belaiev received the suggestion of inaugurating a regular series of Russian symphony concerts. The first of these took place on the founder's saint's day, 23rd November, 1886, and to judge by a letter from Borodin (whose first symphony figured in the programme) to his wife, the audience resembled those attending the Free School Concerts—meagre in quantity but enthusiastic.

The size of the gathering may have been a subject of regret to Belaiev, but fortunately the financial aspect of the matter was not one of serious concern to him and his concerts soon became recognised as a permanent institution. He was not satisfied even with these splendid efforts. He had provided facilities both for publication and performance of Russian music: but it seems now to have occurred to him that, having created a demand, it was high time that a supply should be assured. When the Rubinsteins founded their Russian Music Society (in the early 'sixties) it was stipulated in the Constitution of the Society that each concert-programme should contain one Russian work, and it subsequently became manifest that to draw up such a condition was much easier than to fulfil it. Belaiev therefore took measures to prevent a recurrence of this dearth. Unknown to those who were congratulating the musical world on its acquisition of so great a benefactor, he began to make efforts to inaugurate a period of

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intensive cultivation. He arranged through an intermediary to award prizes for worthy compositions by native artists, and, seeking to glorify the past whilst providing for the future, he resolved to award his prizes annually on the double anniversary of Glinka's two operas "A Life for the Tsar" and "Russlan and Ludmilla", i. e., on 27th November. Secretly awarded during the Patron's lifetime, these prizes fell in the first year to Borodin, Balakirev, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui and Lyadov.

To the last named, Belaiev had become attracted more than to any other of his acquaintance. A prolonged tour of Russia together in 1887 is, however, the first recorded evidence of close friendship. It may safely be assumed that during these travels many plans were discussed, and the institution of Belaiev's weekly Friday meetings may perhaps have been the outcome. The first of these historic gatherings was held at Belaiev's house on 25th September, 1887, the proceedings including a ceremonial supper during which the host uttered an address of cordial welcome to the assembled company.

The concerts were meanwhile gaining ground and in 1888 six were given. Glazounov, encouraged by Belaiev, had begun to conduct his own works, and a larger hall had been engaged. In the following year Belaiev supplemented the earlier efforts of that Belgian friend of monarchs and musicians, the Countess Mercy-Argenteau, to bring Russian music westward, by arranging for two concerts to be held at the Paris Exhibition. Belaiev was joined in the visit by Glazounov, Lyadov, Rimsky-Korsakov and Lavrov—then a solo pianist of high repute. The lack of success attending these two concerts is attributed by Rimsky-Korsakov to the modest method of announcement pursued by the concert-giver and also to the absence of any great "star" soloist from the programmes. The Exhibition crowd was not greatly interested in Russian music—hardly knowing of its existence—and could not very well be expected to give this little-advertised event much consideration, especially as all the rival attractions were being "boomed" by means of every possible device. But the French musicians made up for the apathy of the cosmopolitan mob. Belaiev and his friends were entertained right and left and Rimsky-Korsakov's account of the various festivities organized in their honour is itself entertaining in its frankness.

In 1891 Belaiev again increased the sphere of his influence, and to that year belongs the institution of a series of Chamber-concerts. Twelve months later he gave five hundred roubles (£50) towards the foundation of a chamber-music competition under the auspices

of the Petrograd Chamber-Society—the grant subsequently becoming annual. Belaiev, who had already befriended a number of musicians, besides the composers to whom reference has been made, now achieved perhaps the most remarkable of his "discoveries". In the spring of 1894 Aleksandr Skryabin, a young Moscow pianist and composer, gave a recital in the new capital and its effect upon Belaiev was such as to recall the fascination exercised over him ten years previously by Glazounov's music.

Belaiev began his benefactions in Skryabin's case by publishing the first Piano Sonata (in 1895) and, very soon after, he organized a foreign concert-tour in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and France—a tour which may be described as personally conducted, since Belaiev actually went with his protégé onto the concert platform—calling forth comparison of his burly figure with that of the slender Skryabin. At the end of the tour the composer remained in Paris, where he had been received very warmly by the Press; but Belaiev, although no longer at his side, was with him in spirit. During the winter of 1897, Skryabin received from V. V. Stassov a letter dated November 27th (the already-mentioned Glinka anniversary) in which he was asked to consider the acceptance of an award from a person who desired to remain unknown—"a clandestine lover of the Russian Musical School". Stassov expressed an earnest hope that the award would be accepted. Only Shcherbachev and Balakirev had ever definitely refused. Tchaikovsky had wavered, being already in receipt of a sufficient income from his operas, but on hearing that a refusal might give pain to the unknown patron, and, moreover, that it might have the effect of instituting an invidious distinction between himself and other composers who had accepted the prizes, he had promptly decided in the affirmative. From Skryabin a consent was also forthcoming, and he duly received the awarded sum of 1,000 roubles. It was the forerunner of a number of such payments.

There is little to chronicle respecting the remaining years of Belaiev's life. In 1897 he was elected President of the Petrograd Chamber-music Society, to which he had for some time been giving liberal financial assistance. The Friday meetings had now become the resort of musicians from all parts and had also been swelled by a number of new local recruits—many of them pupils of Rimsky-Korsakov. But we have an assurance that the great Patron's generosity was not confined—as one or two really biased critics have alleged—to the Petrograd nationalist set. Thus, in addition to the occasional visits of Tchaikovsky, one reads of the appearance there, in 1899, of Taneiev, who for many years had

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Mikhail Gorbachev, Boris Yeltsin, Vladimir Putin

been a harsh opponent of the Petrograd group; and if proof were needed of Belaiev's catholicity of taste and eclectic outlook one need only consider the difference between the aims of the mystical Skryabin, whom Rimsky-Korsakov at first regarded as a rather neurotic individual and something of a *poseur*, and those of Taneiev, who was loved most for his bluntness and whose mathematical methods of composition were looked upon somewhat dubiously by Belaiev's intimates. It was in 1900 that Belaiev entered into an agreement to publish Taneiev's operatic trilogy "Orestes"—a step which can hardly have been profitable, in the financial sense, to the firm.

For the conclusion of our biographical narrative we may turn to the correspondence between Rimsky-Korsakov and Lyadov. From the latter there is an epistle in which he fulfils a request made by the secretary of the Belaiev Committee and conveys to his friend the news that their patron is proceeding to his villa on December 20th (1903) and will undergo an operation early in the new year for an ulcer in the stomach. Rimsky-Korsakov's reply states that he has seen the patient, who is in very bad case, and in his Memoirs he records that Belaiev, after temporarily recovering from the operation, died of heart-failure on 28th December at 6 p. m., aged 67 years. From the same volume we learn that its author's commemorative symphonic work entitled "At the Grave" was produced at the first of the Russian Symphony Concerts given after their founder's death.

Belaiev left in all £160,000 to Russian music with a stipulation that the capital should remain intact. Of this, £3,000 was reserved for the use of the Petrograd Chamber-Music Society. All profits were to revert to the capital fund. In his will, Belaiev appointed Rimsky-Korsakov, Lyadov and Glazounov as trustees of the Bequest, giving them the right—like that once possessed by the Russian Imperial House—to appoint a successor. The Board of Trustees sits once a week, sometimes oftener. The benefactions of the Bequest are as follows: The perpetuation of the publishing firm or "Belaiev Edition", the "Glinka Prizes", the Russian Symphony Concerts, the Chamber-music competitions and the grants to needy musicians.

The Glinka Prizes are arranged in five categories:

I. For symphonies and orchestral suites of not less than four parts—and failing these—for ballets, oratorios and operas of not less than three acts: £100 to £150.

II. For symphonies and suites of not less than four parts, symphonic poems, tableaux, overtures, fantasias, rhapsodies, etc., also

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chamber-music: trios, quartets, etc., of not less than four parts—and failing these—for ballets, oratorios and operas of less dimensions than I: £50 to £75.

III. For sonatas, suites, concert fantasias, variations, etc., for piano, either alone or in concert, or for other instruments, conforming in dimensions to I. and also for chamber and orchestral or choral works of less dimensions than II: £30 to £50.

IV. For works in dimensions of II. for piano alone, or in concert, or for other instruments, and also for chamber, orchestral and choral works of less dimensions than III. Collections of not less than four songs or romances: £20 to £30.

V. For pieces for piano alone, or in concert, or for other instruments, for songs, romances and choruses which do not come under the earlier categories: £10 to £20.

During Belaiev's lifetime the "clandestine lover of Russian Music" disbursed £6,100 in Glinka Prizes. In the first six years following his death the distribution amounted to £1,800.

Any prize which was refused by the composer to whom it was awarded was to be held available either as a contribution to a memorial or for the institution of a pension in his name. But a refusal debars the composer from enjoying any further benefit of the kind. Between 1906 and 1914, inclusive, prizes were awarded to the following composers: F. Blumenfeld, Vassilenko, Wihtol, Glière, Gniessin, Cui, Medtner, Rakhmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, (after retirement from the Board) Skryabin, Sokolov, Spendyarov, Stravinsky, Taneiev, Tcherepnin and Steinberg. The prizes were withheld in 1915—causing a lapse which was severely commented upon at the time.

The Belaiev Edition has issued a vast amount of music, consisting of orchestral, chamber, piano, other solo-instrumental, operatic, vocal and ballet music. All the larger works are also published in four-handed arrangements.

Of the Russian Symphony Concerts ten were to be given annually. There were also to be three concerts of chamber-music. These have been curtailed since the outbreak of war, a matter which has provoked much criticism, as other concerns of the kind have contrived to continue their activities in full.

The Chamber-music Competition is annual. It is primarily for string-quartet, but the Board of Trustees has the right to vary the instrumental definition every fourth year.

The fund for needy musicians is of course administered without divulging the names of those who benefit. No figures were given in the commemorative brochure issued in 1910, but in the report for the year 1914, it was stated that £600 had been divided

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among eighteen persons and that the capital reserved for this purpose amounted on January 1st, 1914, to over £13,000.

The benefits accruing to Russian Music from the existence of the Glinka Prizes are sufficiently obvious. That they were successful in encouraging Russians to compose is clear when, after recalling the early dilemma of the Russian Musical Society, we observe that, between 1885 and 1910, a hundred and sixty-five native orchestral works were given first performances at Belaiev's concerts.

As to the publishing concern, this could hardly fail to be regarded by the commercial houses as a species of unfair competition. But it is by no means clear whether such houses had acted with consistent fairness towards Russian musicians prior to the advent of Belaiev. It is claimed for Bessel, for instance, that he took no small risk in publishing the early Nationalist music, and this publisher himself states that Dargomijsky owed the publication of several works "to the rivalry existing between Bernhard and Stellovsky," two well-known firms of that day. Ivanov, the veteran critic of the "Novoe Vremya," hints that Bessel did far more for the commencing composer than Jurgenson, and when we read—in Tchaikovsky's Letters—of the latter publisher's annoyance on finding that Tchaikovsky had parted with certain manuscripts to Bessel, we are inclined to give the latter the preference.

We have the testimony of two composers that things were not quite as they should have been, for Lyadov refers in one of his letters to a publisher who had just paid him a trifle for a composition "with the air of having purchased all the Russian music in the world", whilst Rimsky-Korsakov not only recalls that Bessel, to whom he was obliged to turn when the Belaiev Edition was too overburdened to undertake publication of his opera "Tsar Saltan", offered him an amount which the composer considered meagre, but states, furthermore, that when Belaiev approached Bessel with a view to acquiring one or two numbers of "Prince Igor", which Borodin had foolishly sold separately for a mere song, the price named was £300, or £100 more than the amount offered to Rimsky-Korsakov for the whole of his "Tsar Saltan". It is interesting to observe in this connection that Bessel's own reference to this transaction states with a certain satisfaction that "feelings of mutual friendliness were once more established between us", and as Rimsky-Korsakov published three more operas with Bessel before his return to Belaiev with "Kitej" (he placed the final work "The Golden Cockerel" with Jurgenson) we have not the best of evidence with which to contradict the assertion. Obviously,

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Belaiev could afford to be generous with his composers, and that he was inclined to deal handsomely with them is established by the record of Skryabin's astonishment at the munificence of his new-found patron's initial offer, which he could at first hardly bring himself to accept.[1]

It has been hinted that there have recently been some expressions of dissatisfaction with the working of Belaiev's scheme. Rimsky-Korsakov himself admitted that there could be no difficulty in picking holes in the Constitution, and this is in part responsible, no doubt, for certain faults which have been found with the administration of the Bequest.

Belaiev described his Bequest as existing for the encouragement of Russian composers. He expressly decreed that the quality of the work was to be the sole consideration when dealing either with the Prize Fund, the publishing concern or the concert scheme. He pointed out that cases of financial necessity were dealt with under another section of the Bequest, and insisted, moreover, that technical capability was not sufficient to constitute worth in a composition, but that evidence of creative inspiration must be present—an utterance which provoked from Balakirev, (who never forgave Belaiev for his success in gathering up the fragments of the older Circle and re-vitalising it) the cynical observation that "clinking one's purse would be more likely to attract spongers than genius". One of the criticisms of which we are bound to take notice, since it aims at the very fundament of the Glinka Prize scheme, is that the meaning of the word "quality" is rather obscured by the imposition of what has been described as a tax in the shape of the condition as to dimensions. It has been argued that a song may well contain as much quality as a four-act opera. But once having grasped the point of contention one is inclined to dimiss it as a remarkable instance of the Russian fondness for indulging in unprofitable argument. Then there is the question of a necessary disparity between the secret awards made during Belaiev's lifetime and those which are allotted by the Committee of Trustees. Must not the standard of quality be of necessity too elastic, it is asked, if it must fluctuate between that of a person having a comparatively small technical knowledge and

[1]Mme. d'Alheim, the pioneer propagandist of Moussorgsky in France, complains that when, armed with an official sanction from the composer's family for the translation and performance of some of his songs, she approached the publishers for permission to issue a French version of one number from each of the well-known cycles, for the purpose of propaganda, she received the assent of the Belaiev firm but an unconditional refusal from Bessel, who felt himself called upon, moreover, to refer to a French enactment which, since 1852, had ruled it an offence to publish, translate or perform, without due authorisation, any foreign work, *even in instances where no convention existed.*

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that of a committee of experts? And arising out of this allegation there is the point which consists in the circumstance that the same prize has been awarded on two given occasions to a work of such transcendent merit as Skryabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and to another of far less worth by one whose name it would be invidious to mention. The result of this elasticity, it is contended, is to draw a very wide circle 'round the word "quality"—so wide as to embrace quite ordinary merit. Such defects are difficult to remedy, as is also that which debars such an active and so esteemed a composer as Glazounov—who is a member of the Committee—from receiving an award. Questions such as these must be regarded as belonging to the domestic variety. Nor, perhaps, has the foreigner the right to interfere in the dispute about the 1914 award list, which contained a few names not considered worthy to have this honour attached to them, and which caused in one writer such a paroxysm of indignation that he was driven to evoke the shade of the worthy Patron whom he summoned (with a choice mixture of metaphor) to appear, armed, in the manner of Peter the Great, with a cudgel, and with that weapon to clean out this Augean stable!

If these matters are hardly our concern, however, we may at least presume to join issue with the critics of the scheme with regard to a more recent cause for complaint. One or two writers have urged that the administration has been carried out in a spirit of partisan or local favouritism. This accusation is manifestly unfair. It is completely refuted, moreover, by the very circumstance that has called forth such volumes of criticism in the past year or so. No reason was assigned for the suspension of the awards in 1915. But it is worthy of remark that the most prominent composers of that year were two former students of the Petrograd Conservatoire whose work could not possibly have been openly neglected by the Board, and it is hinted that it was because their work was regarded in Conservatoire quarters as being dangerously "advanced" that the Board, which was also known to be unable, at least collectively, to sanction it, resorted to this wholesale suspension of activities. This has been described as an evasion of the Committee's responsibilities and a serious indictment of contemporary Russian Music. And in view of the combination of this lapse with the above-referred-to restriction of the Concert scheme, it has been declared that if the Bequest has been provided by its founder against extinction it is not secure against vegetation.

It is easy to believe that Belaiev, who had taken such pains with the contriving of his testamentary document, would have

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been greatly disturbed could he have foreseen how much dissension it would arouse, despite its careful wording. It is plain from his institution of the "Friday" meetings that he desired above all to bring about a general harmony—in the social as well as the musical sense—among Russian musicians. There was, it is true, an austere side to the Patron. Rimsky-Korsakov's reference to Belaiev's aversion to a method of advertising to which the composer would readily have lent his sanction is apparently cited as evidence of a certain stubborness. And the same writer recalls his chief's somewhat harsh attitude towards vocalists. The glitter of the operatic "Star" was powerless to dazzle him and on one occasion Rimsky-Korsakov, as conductor of the Russian Symphony Concerts, was obliged to add a sum to the amount fixed by Belaiev before daring to approach the artiste, who was to be engaged for the interpretation of one of the composer's own works. It is further recorded by Yastrebtsev that the publisher refused to allow the insertion of instrumental "cues" in the piano scores of operas and symphonies, on the ground that certain critics had been known to view their responsibilities so lightly as to sit at home and write estimates of the orchestration of music which they had only heard in their own rendering at the domestic instrument!

But there is no difficulty in establishing the existence of a tenderer side of his personality. His earliest transactions with Skryabin prove that if he tightened the strings of his purse at the approach of a singer there was no lack of open-handedness when dealing with a creative artist. When Belaiev learned of Skryabin's small capacity for business he suggested that he might be introduced to the composer's family and journeyed to Moscow for the purpose. Skryabin's grandmother and aunt, with whom he then lived, were charmed with their charge's benefactor, and the happiest of relations were at once established—the aunt becoming manager to her unpractical nephew. On Skryabin's marriage, which Belaiev, who was no ladies' man, was inclined to oppose, he nevertheless did all he could to make the pair comfortable without disclosing the source of the welcome aid they received.

Again, in his earliest intercourse with Lyadov, Belaiev discovered the composer to be a man of the loftiest ideals and one who had but the vaguest ideas of business matters. Lyadov was a man of singularly retiring disposition and he hated everything connected with money. When he married, Belaiev saw that this state of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and he delivered an admonition. But as the Benedick was a particularly secretive

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person and had determined that the atmosphere of professionalism should never penetrate into his domestic life, it was somewhat difficult to ascertain how he was faring. He had not even introduced Belaiev to his wife, and none of the other musician friends ever met her. But Belaiev was not to be denied the privilege. Ringing the bell one day, he concocted so rambling a message for the absent Lyadov, that the servant was unable to grasp its purport and was obliged to call her mistress. The worthy publisher's reputation for intolerance towards women was not upheld on this occasion, and he left the flat with a general invitation, which Lyadov afterwards cordially endorsed.

Lyadov's letters reveal that he did his utmost to resist every effort to aid him financially, but the final chapter of this unusual story is contained in an affectionate letter from Belaiev—delivered after the latter's death—in which he divulged that he had arranged for a pension to be paid to Lyadov, and that if it should be refused, it would be handed to his wife in order that his children might be suitably provided for.

It is easy to believe that such graceful acts were highly appreciated by those on whose private behalf they were performed. But the influence exerted over Russian musical society by the friendly atmosphere which prevailed at the "Fridays" was of course immeasurably greater. And when Lyadov wrote to Belaiev's daughter, during an enforced interval caused by the host's absence from home, that he was feeling much as Robinson Crusoe might, had he been deprived of his Friday, he must surely have been voicing the sentiment of all who habitually played or listened and supped weekly at Belaiev's.

Rimsky-Korsakov has penned a description of these gatherings in which he has embodied an interesting comparison between the proceedings of the Balakirev coterie and of the Belaiev Circle which superseded the earlier organization in the middle 'eighties. The meetings, which during a period following the partial dispersal of the Five and their adherents—owing in a measure to a differentiation of aim due to the growth of individuality in the several composers—had been held at Rimsky-Korsakov's house, were now transferred to Belaiev's. They became more regular, and apparently much more convivial. Works which were likely to prove worthy of publication and public performance were played over by musicians of standing before the assembled gathering of musical, artistic and literary folk, and to judge by Rimsky-Korsakov's account, the *menu* of the supper that usually followed was in no wise inferior to the musical fare. But the

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difference between the original Balakirev evenings and the nights (they were frequently entire nights) at Belaiev's consists rather in the type of musician attending them than in the manner in which they were conducted.

The Balakirev Circle, says Rimsky-Korsakov, was composed of musicians whose technique was that of amateurs . . . Belaiev's Circle, on the other hand, consisted of musicians and composers by education and training. The Balakirev Circle was revolutionary and was indifferent to all music previous to the era of Beethoven—the Belaiev Circle esteemed not only its musical fathers, but its grandfathers and great-grandfathers, even unto Palestrina. The Balakirev Circle was exclusive and intolerant, the Belaiev Circle was liberal and eclectic.

The musical pabulum at the "Fridays" ranged, as Lyadov informs us, between the earliest of the classics and the "futurism" of the moment, which at the time of the Patron's death, when the meetings came to an end, happens to have been the music of Debussy. The presence of Stassov, who under the old régime had evinced an implacable hatred of the classics, but who had now become so zealous a convert as to go by the nickname of "Bach", generally implied that one of the later Beethoven quartets would be performed. At the other pole of the musical field stand certain episodes such as that which took place on the occasion when the meal was preceded by a surprise performance of the "B-La-F" quartet (on November 23rd, 1886, the saint's day) by which the host was enraptured, and some odd entertainments in which mechanical musical boxes and puppets—a class of toy for which Belaiev appears to have had a *penchant*—took a prominent part. Even this primitive sort of music was productive of something worthy of publication and Lyadov's charming little piano-piece "Tabakerka" (snuff-box) which is to be rendered, we observe, "*automaticamente*", was inspired by one of these *divertissements*. It is natural that, as the host was able to take part in the combination, the string quartet was the most favoured medium. During the last sixteen years of the meetings the *personnel*—consisting of Gelbcke, Hesekhus, Belaiev and Ewald—remained unchanged. And it is equally natural that the method of immortalising the "Fridays" should have been that of enshrining their memory and providing a perpetual reminder of the spirit which informed these gatherings in a collection of string quartets. This is a function which the "Pyatnitsi", "Vendredis" or "Fridays" suitably perform. If on opening the collection at the first page we jump to the conclusion that Glazounov the "contemporary classicist" must have insisted on being represented by a Prelude

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and Fugue, we shall presently see that the atmosphere of the "Fridays" was able to inspire the future *doyen* of Russian music in quite another fashion. The section of the Polka—which bears the generic title of the series and may thus be accepted as the type of "Fridays" music—entrusted to Glazounov, is the jolliest and most boisterous of all, and is thus beautifully contrasted with the more lyrical contributions from Sokolov and Lyadov's characteristically delicate Trio. As for the Scherzo based on themes from Bourgault-Ducoudray's "*Trente melodies populaires de Basse-Bretagne*", this, in recalling the thematic material of Glazounov's Greek overtures (on themes culled from Bourgault-Ducoudray's Collection) drives the memory further back and evokes remembrance of Glinka's "discovery" of the Spanish folk-tune and its subsequent employment by a number of eminent Russians, ending for the moment with Stravinsky. But above all it compels recognition of the fact that when Belaiev's circle celebrated absent friends in this way it repeated the message of Russian music, i. e., that if art-nationalism is desirable for one people it is meet for all.

Belaiev, no less than Glinka, has provided an example of how any race which has innate musical sensibilities may be assisted to establish a national musical individuality.

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WAGNER AND NIETZSCHE

THE BEGINNING AND END OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP

By ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE

Introductory Note

Had Friedrich Nietzsche been permitted to round out his allotted threescore years and ten, the literary world would have united in celebrating the philosopher's seventieth birthday on the fifteenth of October, nineteen hundred and fourteen. This anniversary was not allowed to pass, however, without a tribute from the pen of Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, the only sister and faithful biographer of the great Nietzsche, who has made a valuable contribution to the voluminous Nietzsche literature by publishing the first sustained story of the historic friendship that existed between Richard Wagner and his one-time enthusiastic young disciple.

It is from this book, "Wagner und Nietzsche zur Zeit ihrer Freundschaft" (Georg Müller, Munich, 1915,) that the following story of the beginning and end of this friendship has been compiled, the translator having acquired the rights to the English translation of the work while on a visit to Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche at her home in Weimar during the autumn of 1916.

Hitherto unpublished correspondence between the two friends throws interesting light on the close relations then existing between the young Nietzsche and the Master of Bayreuth, and of no less interest is the material taken from the copious note-books of the philosopher, very little of which appears in the English edition of Nietzsche's works.

Madame Foerster-Nietzsche leaves it to the inquiring reader to investigate the sources of the material used in her book, which is not so easy a matter in view of the fact that Nietzsche, both through the periods of friendship and apostasy, never succeeded in escaping entirely from Wagner's influence and his writings are full of allusions, criticisms, comparisons without number. No attempt will be made here to supply a copious set of foot-notes, but for those readers who take delight in "sifting a business to the bran", it may be of interest to know that the set of aphorisms assembled under the heading of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth" are not to be found, as might be assumed, in the fourth "Thoughts out of Season", but appear in Vol. X of the Complete German Edition of Nietzsche's works (Vol. II of the Posthumous Works) under the subdivisions: "Gedanken ueber Richard Wagner, January, 1874", and "Aus den Vorarbeiten zu Richard Wagner in Bayreuth, 1875–76."

The aphorisms relating to the "Ring of the Nibelungs" may be found in Vol. XI of the Complete Edition (Vol. III of the Posthumous Works) under the heading "Aphorismen aus der Zeit des Menschliches Allzumenschliches," 1875–76–79. A few of these have been translated and appear in Vol. VIII of the Complete English Edition (edited by Oscar Levy) under the heading "Selected Aphorisms from Nietzsche's Retrospect of his Years of Friendship with Wagner, 1878."

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The closing aphorism, "Stellar Friendship," has been invested with new interest and beauty now that we know it to be not an abstract tribute, as it would seem to be in its original setting in Nietzsche's "Joyful Wisdom" (Vol. VIII of the Levy Complete English Edition) but dedicated to the memory of the friendship existing between two great souls. In this interpretation, it forms a fitting climax to this touching human document.

CAROLINE V. KERR.

FIRST MEETING

MY brother writes in "Ecce Homo": "From the moment a piano edition of Tristan and Isolde appeared (my compliments, Herr von Bülow), I became a Wagnerite".

I must modify this statement, however, as my brother's admiration for Richard Wagner began at a somewhat earlier date, in fact as early as the autumn of 1860, at which time he and two other sixteen-year old boys, by the name of Wilhelm Pinder and Gustav Krug, founded a little society christened by the high sounding name of "Germania", despite the fact that it consisted of only three members.

This society was organized, primarily, for the purpose of acquiring a wider knowledge of the arts and sciences and one of the first steps taken was to subscribe for the "Zeitschrift für Musik", the only journal in Germany at that time which had actively espoused the cause of Wagner and his works. By pooling their modest pocket-money and plunging the little society into debt, the three enthusiastic "Wagnerites" were also enabled to purchase the piano edition of "Tristan and Isolde".

This was in the winter of 1862, but no sooner was the coveted treasure in their possession, than the members found themselves embroiled in a discussion provoked by a paper written by Wilhelm Pinder on the subject: "Music, the Daughter of Poetry". Among other things, he said:

> "Any effort to effect a close union of the various arts can not be regarded as a fantastic attempt, for even tho' it be denied the genius of one individual to achieve this result, it is, nevertheless, a possibility, provided that one artist is in close sympathy with the other and displays consideration and sensibility in co-ordinating the two related arts. But a genuinely harmonious union of hitherto widely separated elements, can never be attained, and therefore the art-work of the future will ever remain an unrealized ideal."

This standpoint was vigorously opposed by the two remaining members of the society, but unfortunately my brother's views on the subject have not been preserved. Gustav Krug, however, expressed himself at some length in the chronicles of the society

and it is safe to assume that my brother shared his views. Krug wrote:

> I ask, why should such an ideal be unattainable? Has not Wagner already shown in his "Tristan and Isolde" and "Ring of the Nibelungs", that he was able to put this theory into practice? Now that music and poetry have become so closely united in these works, should it not also be possible for the singer to become a genuine actor? Have we not the Schroeder-Devrient and Johanna Wagner to bring forward as proof of the ability of a genuinely great singer to possess, at the same time, the qualities of a great actress? The same thing is true of the stage machinery and the mise-en-scène. On this point, Brendel observes quite rightly: 'In the earlier operas only the music was taken seriously and all else was, more or less, an artistic lie. Opera, hitherto, has displayed the paradox of claiming to represent a union of all the arts, but in reality of refusing to do justice to the peculiarities of these arts. The art-work of the future is the solution of this paradox. The time has come for all the arts to be taken seriously and for a union in this sense, to be attempted.'

It was at our house that the score of "Tristan and Isolde" was studied, as this music met with lively opposition at the homes of my brother's friends. And I must confess, it did sound frightful as played by Fritz and Gustav; they apparently did not understand how to make the melody stand out from the rich harmonic background, and our good mother, unwilling as she was to interfere with my brother's enjoyment, was obliged to admit that she took no pleasure in this "frightful racket", as she called it. Even I could not get up any enthusiasm about it at first, but finally the boys succeeded so well in bringing out the effects of the hunting horns at the opening of the second act, that I fell under the spell of the music.—"Everyone *must* be enraptured by it", declared my brother, but my mother, who found it necessary to throw an occasional wet blanket upon my brother's enthusiasm, answered:

> Not at all, there is no *must* in the matter, and I hear from all sides that this music is repudiated by the most eminent authorities. For example, there is a musical circle in Leipzig which meets at the home of Frau Frege and the members refuse absolutely to listen to a note of Wagner's music. One evening a strange artist, ignorant of this antagonism, began to play something of Wagner's at one of her soirées, when Frau Frege fainted away and had to be carried from the room and the effect upon the rest of the company was also very distressing.

Very reluctantly my brother was obliged to admit that "it would be extremely difficult for Wagner's music to be thoroughly understood and become generally liked."

I should not like to give the impression that my brother allowed himself to be carried away blindly by his enthusiasm.

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Such was not the case at all, as is indicated by a letter he wrote to Baron von Gersdorff October 11, 1866:

I have played but little, as I had no piano in Kösen. But I brought along the piano edition of Richard Wagner's "Walküre", about which my feelings are so confused that I do not dare to venture an opinion. The greatest beauties and *virtutes* are offset by equally great shortcomings and direct ugliness. But according to Riese and Buchbinder +a+ (−a) gives 0. The newspapers state that the same composer is at work on a Hohenstaufen opera, and receives an occasional visit from the king, whom he calls in the dedication of the work: 'the noble protector of my life'. It will do no harm for the 'king to go with Wagner' ('to go' in the boldest sense of the word) but with a very respectable life annuity.

But my brother could not always restrain his enthusiasm, and in a letter to his friend, Erwin Rohde, wrote:

This evening I attended the opening concert of the Euterpe Society and refreshed my soul by listening to the Vorspiel of Tristan and Isolde and that of the Meistersinger. For the life of me I can not preserve an attitude of cool criticism in listening to this music; every nerve and every fibre is set in motion, and it has been a long time since I have experienced a feeling of such sustained enjoyment as in listening to the last-named overture.

And again some weeks later, in attempting to console Rohde for some disagreeable experience through which he had been called upon to pass, my brother pointed out the case of Richard Wagner, and emphasized the quality which Wagner and Schopenhauer had in common: "Think of Schopenhauer and Wagner and of the undaunted energy with which they preserved their faith in themselves, amid the 'halloh' of the entire 'cultured' world."

* *
*

At last the moment came when my brother made the personal acquaintance of the long-revered genius, and this meeting he describes in a letter written to Rohde, November 9, 1868:

.....When I got home I found a note stuck in my door, saying: 'If you wish to meet Richard Wagner, come to the Café Théâtre at a quarter to four. Windisch.' Naturally, I rushed off to the appointed place, where I found our good friend and learned further details. It seems that Wagner was in Leipzig under the strictest incognito and was stopping with his relatives; the press had not been allowed to get wind of the matter, and the Brockhaus servants were silent as graves in livery.

Wagner's sister, Frau Brockhaus, had naturally taken great pride in introducing her genius to her most intimate friend, Frau Ritchelin (the lucky creature!). Wagner played the Meisterlied for the Ritchelin,

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who told him she was already familiar with the music—*mea opera*. Astonishment and delight on the part of Wagner: makes known his royal wish to make my acquaintance, also incognito. I was to have been invited for Friday evening; Windisch, however, explained that it would be impossible for me to get away; thereupon, Saturday was suggested. At the appointed time, Windisch and I hurried off to the Brockhaus home, found the Professor and his family assembled, but no Richard, he having unceremoniously gone out with an enormous hat on his big cranium. But I, at least, made the acquaintance of this interesting family and received an invitation to come again on Sunday evening. During the time that intervened, I seemed to be living in a dream, and you must admit that the events leading up to this meeting, together with the well-known inaccessibility of this unique personality, savored strongly of the romantic. Under the impression that the soirée was to be a large affair, I resolved to don gala attire, and was overjoyed at the thought that my tailor had already promised to have my new suit of evening clothes ready by Sunday. The weather was abominable, alternately rain and snow, and I had no inclination to venture out; Röscher came to see me in the afternoon.....it began to grow dark, the tailor did not put in an appearance. When Röscher left, I went along, looked in at my tailor's and found his slaves sewing busily on my suit; it was to be ready in three-quarters of an hour.

With my mind quite relieved, I went on my way, met up with Kintschy, read the Kladderadatsch, and beamed with delight when I came across a notice stating that Richard Wagner was in Switzerland, but that a beautiful house was being built for him in Munich; while all the time I knew that I was to meet him that very evening, and that yesterday he had received a letter from the little king, bearing the address: '*To the great German tone-poet, Richard Wagner.*'

No tailor in evidence when I got back to my room, so I seated myself with the greatest composure to read the Eudocia dissertation; from time to time, I was disturbed by the shrill ringing of a bell which seemed to come from a great distance. Finally it was borne in upon me that someone was ringing at the primitive old iron gate; this was locked as well as the front door, and I was obliged to scream across the garden to the man to come in through the side entrance; impossible to make myself heard for the splashing of the rain. The excitement communicated itself to the entire house; finally the doors were opened and a queer little man, carrying a parcel, entered the room.

It was then half-past six; the highest time that I should be about my toilet, as I had some distance to go. Right enough, the man had brought my suit; I tried it on, and it was an admirable fit. Suspicious turn in affairs. He presents his bill; I accept it politely; he demands that it be paid immediately. I express great surprise and explain that I can have no dealings with one of the workmen, but only with the tailor to whom I gave the order. The man becomes more insistent, the time grows shorter and shorter; I lay hold of the suit and begin to put it on; the man seizes the suit and tries to prevent me from carrying out my intention; display of force on my part, display of force on his part. Tableau! I continue the struggle, as I am determined, at all hazards, to wear the new trousers.

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Finally a show of injured dignity on my part, solemn threats, curses upon the head of the tailor and his accomplices, oath of vengeance; during this scene, disappearance of the man, taking my suit. End of the 2d Act: shirt-clad, I sit upon the sofa, scrutinizing an old black coat and trying to decide whether or not it is good enough for Richard.

.....Outside, the rain descending in torrents.....

A quarter to eight; at half-past I had arranged to meet Windisch at the Café Théâtre. I rush forth into the dark and stormy night, in an exhilarated mood, despite the absence of evening clothes. Everything for the best; even the scene with the tailor's apprentice had something uncanny and extraordinary about it.

We arrive at the hospitable Brockhaus home: no one there but the immediate family, Richard, and we two. Introduced to Richard and say a few deferential words. He inquires very minutely how I came to be so familiar with his works, inveighs roundly against the production of his operas, with the exception of the famous Munich performers, ridicules the conductors, who good humoredly call out to their men: 'Now, gentlemen, it is becoming more passionate'!—'Meine Gutsten, noch ein bisschen leidenschafterlicher!'—W. is fond of imitating the Saxon dialect!

Now I must tell you briefly what happened on this eventful evening —genuine enjoyment of so unique a character that I have not yet been able to get back into the everyday grooves, but am fit for nothing else but to talk to you, my dear friend, and tell you 'wundersam Mär'. Before and after dinner, Wagner played all the important passages from the Meistersinger, imitating all the different voices. He is an astoundingly vivacious and high-spirited man, speaks very rapidly, is extremely witty, and very much exhilarated when in a company of intimate friends.

During the evening we had a long conversation about Schopenhauer, and you can imagine what a joy it was to me to hear him say, with indescribable enthusiasm, how much he owed to Schopenhauer, and to hear him called the only philosopher who had recognized the real character of music. Then he inquired what attitude the professors now took towards Schopenhauer; laughed heartily over the Philosophers' Congress in Prague, referring to them as 'philosophic porters.' Later in the evening he read aloud to us from his autobiography,—a delicious scene from his student days in Leipzig, of which I can not yet think without bursting into laughter. By the way, he is very clever and witty with his pen.— As we were leaving, he pressed my hand and cordially invited me to come and see him so that we might continue our discussion on music and philosophy. He also commissioned me to familiarize his sister and his relatives with his music, and this I solemnly pledged myself to do..... You shall hear more when I am able to look back upon this evening more objectively and from a greater perspective.....

* *
*

In 1869, some months after this meeting, my brother was called to the University of Basel as professor of classical philology,

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his appointment being due to a number of excellent scientific treatises and to the strong recommendation of his teacher, Privy Councillor Ritschl. It was not until the Saturday before Whitsuntide, May 15, 1869, that he paid his first visit to Lake Lucerne, intending to spend his holidays in the vicinity of Tell's Plateau. Upon arriving in Lucerne, he debated with himself as to the propriety of presuming upon Wagner's invitation and paying a call at the Villa Tribschen.

Still undecided, he set out on the road along the shore of the lake leading to the romantic little villa, almost hidden from view in an enchanting landscape which lay stretched out at the foot of Mount Pilatus. For a long time he hesitated outside the garden hedge, listening to an agonized discord repeated again and again. Later he learned that this passage was from the third act of Siegfried, where the hero cries: "Verwundet hat mich, der mich erweckt."

Finally he was observed by a servant, who came out to say that Herr Wagner was in the habit of working until two o'clock and could not be disturbed. Upon hearing this, my brother decided to leave his card, whereupon Wagner sent back to inquire whether the "Herr Professor" was the same "Herr Nietzsche" whom he had met in Leipzig. No sooner was this fact established than my brother was invited to remain for dinner, but this, unfortunately, he was unable to do, having promised to meet his friends at Tell's Chapel. The invitation was accordingly postponed until Monday, when he went over to Lucerne early in the morning and spent the first of those enchanting days with Richard Wagner and Frau Cosima, which were to be veritable oases in the desert of his solitary life.....I must explain here that my brother did not feel at home in Basel, and was doubly appreciative, therefore, of the cordial welcome always awaiting him in Tribschen.

Here follows the first of a long series of letters which my brother exchanged with his new-found friend:

Friedrich Nietzsche to Richard Wagner.

BASEL, May 22, 1869.

Most honored sir:

It has long been my intention to express, unreservedly, the debt of gratitude I owe to you; in truth, the highest and most exalted moments of my life are closely associated with your name, and I know only one other man, and that man your twin brother of intellect, Arthur Schopenhauer, whom I regard with the same veneration, yea more, as *religione quadam*. I take especial pleasure in making this confession to you on this auspicious day, and even do so with a certain feeling of pride. For if it be the fate of genius to be *paucorum hominum*, for the

Lake at Ashley Wildlife

time being—these *pauci*, nevertheless, have every reason to feel highly honored, by virtue of the fact that it has been vouchsafed them to see the light and to bask in its warmth, while the larger public still stands shivering in the cold. Moreover, this ability to take delight in genius is not a thing that falls lightly into the laps of these few, but rather is the result of a valiant fight against the most powerful prejudice and antagonism; having fought this fight successfully, they come to feel that right of conquest has given them a special claim upon this particular genius.

I have made bold to count myself among these *pauci* since realizing how incapable the world is of comprehending your personality or of feeling the deeply ethical current by which your life, your writings, and your music is permeated—in short, of sensing the presence of an atmosphere of a more serious and more spiritual attitude towards life, of which we poor Germans have been robbed overnight, as it were, by every conceivable sort of political misery, by philosophical nonsense, and aggressive Judaism.

It is to you and Schopenhauer that I owe my ability to hold fast to the vital seriousness of the Germanic race and to the deepened contemplation of our enigmatical and perplexing existence.

How many purely scientific problems have been elucidated for me by dwelling on your own singularly lonely and unique personality! This I should have preferred to have said to you face to face, just as I should like to say all that I have been obliged to write in this letter. How gladly would I have been with you to-day in your lake and mountain refuge, had not the wretched chains of my professional duties bound me to my Basel dog-kennel.

In closing I beg of you to remember me to Baroness von Bülow, and remain

Your most faithful,
most respectful disciple and admirer,
DR. NIETZSCHE,
Prof. in Basel.

At the beginning of June my brother wrote as follows to Erwin Rohde:

I am very happy in my friendship with Richard Wagner and spent Whitmonday at his charming country home with him and the intelligent Frau von Bülow (Liszt's daughter). The latter also invited me to come over and surprise Wagner on his birthday, but I was obliged to make a virtue of necessity and say 'No.'

Wagner is really everything one could expect: an extravagantly rich and noble nature, an energetic character, a fascinating personality, of the strongest will-power, &c. But I must call a halt; otherwise I shall find myself singing a pæan.

Richard Wagner to Friedrich Nietzsche.

LUCERNE, June 3, 1869.

Valued friend.

Accept my warmest thanks—if somewhat belated—for your beautiful and significant letter.

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Had I wished to have you pay me a visit before receiving this letter I now urgently repeat the sincere and spontaneous invitation which I extended to you when we parted in front of the Roessli.

Do come—you only need send me a line in advance—for example, come Saturday afternoon, remain over Sunday and return early Monday morning; every day-laborer can dispose of his time to this extent, and all the more should it be possible for a professor.....Now let us see what you are. My experiences with my German countrymen have not been very pleasurable. Rescue my wavering belief in that which I—together with Goethe and a few others—call German liberty.

Cordial greetings from your faithful

RICHARD WAGNER.

My brother hastened to accept this invitation, but as he was obliged to leave the house very early on Monday morning, he did not learn until later that a son, named Siegfried, had been born during the night..... Both Wagner and Nietzsche regarded this as an auspicious omen for their newly-formed friendship. In writing to Rohde of this visit to Tribschen, Nietzsche said:

I was again the guest of Wagner for two days, and felt myself astonishingly refreshed by the visit. He embodies everything that one could wish; the world has not the slightest conception of his greatness as a man, and the singularity of his nature. I learn much from my intercourse with him; it is like taking a practical course in Schopenhauer's philosophy—this sense of nearness to Wagner is my only consolation.

Not Wagner alone, but Frau Cosima also took every opportunity of showing her friendly feeling for my brother, and again writing to Rohde, who was at that time pursuing his philological studies in Italy, he said:

I, too, have my Italy, to which I can only flee on Saturdays and Sundays. The name of my Italy is Tribschen and I already feel quite at home there. I have been there four times of late, and in addition, a letter flies over the same route almost every week. Dearest friend, what I learn and see, hear and comprehend there is indescribable. Schopenhauer and Goethe, Æschylus and Pindar still live; I give you my word for it.

But my brother was not solely receptive; he took *his own* world with him to Tribschen. Among other things, he sent Wagner his inaugural address on the "Personality of Homer", which was thus acknowledged by Frau Cosima:

This evening, between Goethe, Schiller and Beethoven, we also read your treatise with great interest, and now you may seek not only your Æschylus, but also your Homerin Tribschen. You will find him working vigorously and steadfastly. Are you not going to publish this little book? You could surely sow it upon other soil with great profit....

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The Parting of the Ways

Upon my brother's return to Basel at the beginning of the year 1874, he was met by the disturbing news that the Bayreuth undertaking was on the point of failure. The news came from Gersdorff, who was most unhappy and pessimistic about the whole affair. How my brother passed this miserable period of suspense, we learn from a letter written much later to his friend Rohde:

> I have been in a desperate frame of mind since the beginning of the new year, but was finally able to rescue myself in a truly remarkable manner. I set to work to investigate the reasons for the failure of the undertaking, in the most cold-blooded manner, and in so doing learned much and arrived at a better understanding of Wagner than I have ever had before.

I confess that I was frightened when I read this statement, and said to my brother: "Were you really able to look at the matter so coolly at that time?"—"Not always," was his reply, "it was only now and then that I forced myself to look the truth squarely in the face."

In his note-book of this period appears the sentence: "In my student days, I said Wagner is a romanticist, not of the art in its zenith, but in its last quarter: soon it will be night. Despite this insight, I was a Wagnerite; I *could* not do otherwise, but I *knew* better."

There was nothing my brother desired more passionately than to find some one whom he could revere, and he, therefore, allowed himself to be carried away by Wagner's splendid energy and superb works (Meistersinger and Tristan and Isolde) to a point where he was willing to ignore everything in Wagner's art with which he was not in sympathy. Despite the fact that my brother invariably treated Wagner with the utmost courtesy and respect, there must have been times when he unconsciously betrayed his inner doubts and antagonism, and on such occasions Wagner was given to making suspicious remarks, which had the effect of increasing my brother's inner conflict.

These scruples, however, he confided to no one, and it was not until the year 1874 that he seemed to have fully sensed this lack of harmony in their tastes and to have formulated the reasons for this. It is quite characteristic of my brother, that altho' he suffered inexpressibly by the threatened failure of Wagner's plan, he did not give way to endless lamentations and reproaches, but went courageously to work to investigate the reasons for this lack of success.

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He forced himself to examine the facts coolly and soberly, and thus endeavor to find a solution for the failure of the undertaking in the very things he himself had thought and felt, but had hitherto loyally suppressed out of love and admiration for Wagner. No stronger proof has ever been given of my brother's sincerity and uncompromising love of the truth; he took up the challenge of his conscience, tho' it meant the shattering of one of his most beautiful illusions.

The notes he made at this time seem to have been intended for publication, but I can not think that he seriously entertained the idea, despite the fact that the headings of chapters and a large number of aphorisms would seem to indicate that he had in mind a book the title of which he used later for his fourth "Thoughts out of Season—Richard Wagner in Bayreuth."

I.—Reasons for the Failure. Above all, the antagonistic element. Lack of sympathy for Wagner. Difficult, complicated.
II.—Wagner's Dual Nature.
III.—Passion, Ecstasy. Dangers.
IV.—Music and Drama. Parallelism.
V.—Presumptuousness.
VI.—Late Manhood. Slow Development.
VII.—Wagner as Author.
VIII.—Friends (Arouse fresh suspicions.)
IX.—Enemies. (Awaken no respect, no interest.)
X.—Antagonistic element explained: perhaps eliminated?

"Wagner endeavors to achieve the renaissance of art by proceeding from the only existing basis, namely the theatre. Here a really large public would be reached, which would not have to pretend an interest, as in concerts and museums. This public is very crude and as yet it has been demonstrated an impossible thing to obtain a mastery over theatrocracy. Problem: Shall each of the arts remain isolated and segregated? Herein lies Wagner's significance; he endeavors to tyrannize with the support of the theater-going masses. There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind but that Wagner would have succeeded had he been an Italian. The German has not the slightest conception of opera, and always regards it as something imported and un-German. In fact, the German refuses to take the theatre, as a whole, seriously."

"There is something humorous in the whole situation: Wagner can not persuade the Germans to take the theatre seriously. They remain cold and unresponsive—he flies into a rage, as if the salvation of the Germans depended upon this one thing. Now, all at once, the Germans believe themselves to be more seriously occupied and they regard it as an amusing fanaticism to see anyone devoting himself so religiously to art.

Wagner is not a reformer, for everything remains just as it always was. Everyone in Germany has always been accustomed to taking his

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own affairs seriously, and therefore only laughs at any one claiming the distinction of being the only seriously-minded person.

Influence of the money crisis.

General uncertainty of the political situation.

Doubts as to the wise leadership of Germany's destiny.

Period of art agitation now over (Liszt, &c.)"

"A serious nation will not allow all levity to languish, hence the attitude of the Germans towards the theatrical arts.

Chief thing: the significance of an art such as Wagner represents does not fit into our social and economic conditions. Hence the instinctive aversion to an undertaking that is considered untimely.

Wagner's leading problem: Why is the effect lacking when I feel it so strongly? This impels him to a criticism of the public, the state and society. He places the artists and the public in the relation of subject and object—absolutely naïve."

"One characteristic of Wagner's: lack of discipline and moderation, carries everything to the extreme limit of his strength and feelings.

The other outstanding characteristic is a born talent for the stage, which has been diverted from its logical course and turned into the next best channel: figure and voice are both lacking, and he does not possess the necessary modesty."

"Wagner is a born actor, but like Goethe a painter without hands. His gifts seek and find other mediums of expression.

Now think of all these impulses being brought into harmony!"

"Wagner brings together all possible effective elements at a time when popular taste is dulled and demands extremely coarse and vigorous methods. Everything is employed—the magnificent, the intoxicating, the bewildering, the grandiose, the frightful, the clamorous, the ecstatic, the neurotic: Prodigious dimensions, prodigious resources.

The unexpected, the extravagant splendor, creates the impression of opulence and exuberance. He knows what our age still likes: but he still idealizes 'our age' and thinks too highly of it."

"Possessing himself the instincts of an actor, he wished to imitate mankind only in the most effective and realistic manner: the highest passions. For his extreme nature sees only weakness and insincerity in any other methods. Painting for effect is an extremely dangerous thing for artists. The intoxicating, the sensual, the unexpected, the ecstatic, the being-moved at any price—frightful tendencies!"

"Wagner's art unites everything that still has charm for us modern Germans—character, knowledge, everything is united. He makes a tremendous effort to assert himself, to dominate, and that at a time antagonistic to all art. Poison as an antidote to poison. All exaggerations are directed polemically against powerful anti-art forces. Religious and philosophic elements are called to his aid, there is a yearning for the idyllic, everything, everything."

"One thing should be remembered: Wagner's art speaks a dramatic language: it does not belong in a room, *in camera*. It is the language of the folk-epic, and even in its noblest passages, is not intelligible without being greatly exaggerated. It is meant to be heard from a distance, and to weld together the chaos of the masses. Take, for example, the Kaiser March."

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"Wagner has a dictatorial nature; he overlooks many circumstances, does not occupy himself with small matters, but disposes of things in a grand style and is, therefore, not to be judged by isolated details—music, drama, poesy, the state, art, &c. The music is not of much value, neither is the poesy, nor the drama, and the dramatic art is often only rhetoric—but taken all together it is one great whole."

"He has the feeling for unity in variety, and therefore I regard him as one of the world's culture-bearers."

While my brother was unburdening his heart after this fashion, he suffered intensely from the fear that Wagner would never be able to carry out his great project. When he, therefore, learned of the success of the undertaking, despite all obstacles, he considered it nothing short of a "miracle" and wrote to Rohde: "If this miracle be true, it will, nevertheless, not upset the result of my investigations. But let us be happy and make it a feast-day, if it be true."[1]

The Bayreuth Festival
(1876)

I wish that a benign fate had kept my brother away from the Bayreuth festival, so that he might have clung a little longer to the belief that he was to find there the fulfillment of his most beautiful dream. In a few words, he expresses his feelings:

I made the mistake of going to Bayreuth with an ideal in my breast, and was doomed to suffer the most bitter disappointment. The preponderance of ugliness, grotesqueness and strong spices thoroughly repelled me.

I shall not attempt to describe here the external happenings of the Festival of 1876, as these have been told elsewhere, and in any case it was not these tragi-comical occurrences, having no direct connection with the performances, which so disheartened my brother, but the inner conflicts which arose between Wagner and himself, as well as between the art-works and the audiences.

First of all we must ask ourselves the question: What did Nietzsche expect from Bayreuth both for himself and for other

[1] *Translator's Note.*—It was in this frame of mind that Nietzsche wrote his fourth "Thoughts out of Season—Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." Despite his strong inner scruples, this work was an expression of loyal feeling and a confession of faith in a long-cherished ideal. But knowing the inner conflict through which he was passing at the time, it seems somewhat grotesque that the work should have been regarded as a dithyrambic by Wagner himself, who upon receiving it wrote to Nietzsche:

"Friend!
Your book is tremendous!—
Where did you learn so much about me?
Come to us soon and accustom yourself to the impressions by listening to the rehearsals!
Yours,
RW."

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Michael Faraday

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like-minded natures? No better answer could be given to this question than a passage from his fourth "Thoughts out of Season":

Bayreuth signifies for us the morning sacrament on the day of battle. No greater injustice could be done us than to suppose that it is only the art of the thing that we are concerned about; as if this art were to be looked upon merely as a means of healing or stupefying us, and thus ridding our consciousness of all the misery about us. In this tragic art-work at Bayreuth, we see rather the struggle of the individual against everything which seems to bar his path, with irresistible necessity, with power, law, tradition, conduct, and the entire established order of the universe. There can be no more beautiful life for the individual than to hold himself ready to sacrifice himself and to die in the fight for love and justice. The look vouchsafed us from the mysterious eye of tragedy neither lulls nor paralyzes. Nevertheless, she demands tranquility so long as her gaze is fastened upon us; for art does not serve the purposes of the war, but is merely for the rest-pauses before and in the midst of the conflict—for those moments when, looking back, yet dreaming of the future—we seem to understand the symbolical, and experience the same feeling of relaxation as that caused by a refreshing dream. Day dawns and the fighting begins; the sacred shadows disappear and art seems very remote; but her sweet consolations hover ever over the fighter.

My brother, as will be seen, made the mistake of expecting to meet an assemblage of kindred spirits in Bayreuth, all looking forward to the Festival as a consecration for their whole lives. That such an unique audience was possible had been proven at the ceremonies of the corner-stone laying in 1872.

On that occasion, the elect of Europe had come together, all of them idealists who had been working for years for the success of the Bayreuth idea, and now stood on the threshold of the consummation of that idea. To them Wagner could say, as the corner-stone was lowered into the ground:

May this building be consecrated by the spirit which inspired you to listen to my appeal, and gave you courage, despite the prevailing scepticism, to have the fullest confidence in me and my undertaking; by the spirit which could speak directly to you because it found a response in your own hearts; and by the German spirit, which jubilantly shouts to you across the centuries its youthful morning greeting.

Of this earlier body of listeners, my brother had written:

In Bayreuth, the spectators themselves are worthy of being seen. A wise, contemplative sage, passing from one century to another, for the purpose of comparing the cultural movements, would assuredly find much to interest him here; his sensations would be those of a swimmer who suddenly comes upon an unexpected warm current, of an entirely different temperature from the surrounding water: he would say that this warm current must have its origin in other and deeper sources. Just

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so, all those participating in the coming Bayreuth Festival will be regarded as men born out of season, whose explanation and justification must be sought eleswhere than here and now.

My brother failed to take into consideration the widely differing conditions existing at the Festival of 1876 and the earlier one of 1872. At the preliminary event, the participants were all invited guests, known to Wagner and his co-workers as persons of like ideals and aspirations. On the other hand, any one able to pay the sum of 900 Marks for the twelve performances was free to come in 1876, and the result was that Bayreuth became the rendezvous of the customary "first-night" audiences from the larger centers—people, for the most part, who came to be seen and to boast of having been present. Thus it was not the rare souls of 1872, but this new and objectionable element which gave the cachet to the Festival of 1876, and this was the case, unfortunately, not only on the "Festival Hill", but also at Wahnfried, where my brother came in contact with people who had not the vaguest idea of the ideal lying at the bottom of the undertaking. In fact, it seemed as if this ideal was being lost sight of by the chief personages concerned, and hence the bitter words written by my brother later:

It was not only that I became convinced of the indifference to and the illusory character of Wagner's ideals, but above all I saw and felt that even those most closely concerned in the success of the undertaking no longer regarded the "ideal" as paramount, but laid stress on quite other things. Added to this was the sorry, tiresome company of "Patrons", of both sexes, all very much enamored with each other, all very much bored, and unmusical to the point of excess. *Katzenjammer*. . . . It seemed as if the entire leisure rabble of Europe had met here and everyone was free to go in and out of Wagner's own house as if the entire Bayreuth undertaking were a new and fascinating kind of sport. And as a matter of fact, it was scarcely anything more. This class of rich idlers had found a new pretext for idling—this time a "grand opera" with obstacles. Wagner's music, persuasive because of its concealed sexuality, was found to form a new bond of union for a social class, in which everyone was bent upon following his own *plaisirs*.

I do not mean to say that there were not numbers of refined, highly intelligent persons present, but they were entirely lost sight of in the flashing brilliancy of this world of elegant toilettes and splendid jewels. . . . . It is easy to understand how my brother was affected by this introduction of the "human, all too-human" element, and many years later he wrote:

Anyone who had the faintest idea of the visions which even at that time had flitted across my path, will be able to judge of my feelings

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when one day I came to my senses in Bayreuth. It was just as if I had been dreaming....Where was I? Nothing seemed familiar to me, not even Wagner himself. It was in vain that I turned the leaves of memory. Tribschen—remote isle of bliss; not a shadow of resemblance. The never-to-be-forgotten days of the corner-stone laying, the small company of the elect which celebrated the event, all persons who were far from lacking fingers for the handling of delicate things: not a shadow of resemblance.

I recall one evening when we had given our seats to relatives, as the performances had proven so exhausting. Our guests had just taken leave of us, and the streets were filled with the noisy crowds on their way to the Festival theatre. Carriages rattled by on their way up the hill, returning in a slower tempo, until at last an almost uncanny silence spread over Bayreuth. We discussed a multitude of things that lay remote from our thoughts, until I finally ventured to say: "How strange that we two should be sitting alone at home on the evening of a festival performance." With a peculiar intonation, my brother replied: "This is the first happy hour I have spent since we came." I knew that he was deeply moved, but could not trust himself to put his feelings into words.....

Nothing was more distasteful to him than to be obliged to discuss his latest work, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth". One day a very discerning woman said to me: "Why does your brother dislike all mention of his last work?" When I repeated this remark to him, he said with some passion: "Why can not people let these old stories rest?" to which remark I gave astonished answer: "But, Fritz, the work only appeared five weeks ago." "It seems like five years to me," was his only reply.

Later, he made a careful comparison between the two works, "Schopenhauer as Educator" and "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth", and discovered to his great joy, that the third "Thoughts out of Season" represented the first step towards his own emancipation.

The Schopenhauerian spirit drove me to scepticism towards everything I had previously respected, cherished and defended (even towards the Greeks, Schopenhauer and Wagner) towards genius, sacred things—in short, the pessimism of knowledge. By this devious route, I came out on the heights where fresh winds were blowing. The dissertation on Bayreuth represented a pause, a falling back, a breathing spell. Then, for the first time, I realized that Bayreuth was no longer indispensable—to me.

Bayreuth no longer necessary to him! It will not be an easy matter for the world of to-day to realize what this meant to my brother. But far greater than the disappointment he felt in the

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Festival audience was that caused by the art-work itself. He sensed nothing of the long-anticipated revelations, nor of irresistible fascination in the music of Wagner, but only the depressing confirmation and justification of his inner doubts and scruples. But I shall here let my brother speak for himself, by quoting a series of observations he made later on Wagner's art as expressed in the "Ring of the Nibelung."

This music is addressed to inartistic persons; all possible means are employed by which an effect may be created. It is calculated not to produce an *artistic effect*, but one operating upon the *nerves*.

Wagner has no genuine confidence in *music;* in order to invest it with the quality of greatness, he calls to its aid related emotions. He tunes himself to the key of others, and first gives his listeners an intoxicating drink, in order to lead them into believing that they have been *intoxicated by the music itself*.

His soul does not *sing*, it *speaks*, but always in highly impassioned accents. Naturally, tone, rhythm and gesture are the primary essentials to him; the music, on the other hand, is never quite natural, but is a sort of acquired language, with only a limited vocabulary and *another* syntax.

Just listen to the second act of the "Götterdämmerung" detached from the drama. It is inarticulate music, as wild as a bad dream, and as frightfully distinct as if it were trying to make itself clear even to deaf people. *This volubility with nothing to say* is distressing. The drama comes as a genuine relief. Can it be interpreted as praise to say that this music is only intolerable when heard alone (with the exception of intentionally isolated passages)? Suffice it to say, that *this music, taken apart from the drama*, is a perpetual contradiction of all the highest laws of style governing the earlier music; he who becomes thoroughly accustomed to it, loses all feeling for these laws. But has the drama, on the other hand, gained anything by this adjunct? A symbolical interpretation has been added, it is true, a sort of philological commentary—which places restraint upon the inner free fantasy of the imagination—it is tyrannical. Music is the language of the explicator, who, however, talks all the time and gives us no breathing spell. Moreover, he uses a language so complicated that it, in turn, demands an explanation. He who has mastered, step by step, the drama (the language of the libretto) then transformed this action in his mind's eye, then studied out the symbolism of the music until he has gained a perfect understanding of its intricacies—will then be prepared for enjoyment of an uncommon character. But what an exacting task. It is quite impossible to do this, save for a few moments at a time, simply because this ten-fold intensive application of the eye, ear, intellect, and feeling—this highest activity of all the senses, without a corresponding productive reaction—is far too exhausting....Only a very few are capable of such application; how, then, shall we explain the effect that this music has upon so great a number? Simply because they give it only *intermittent* attention—that is to say, they are unreceptive for whole passages at a stretch, listening now to the music, now to the drama, or watching the progress of the stage action—

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in short, they are *dissecting* the work. But by so doing, the type we are discussing is destroyed; not the drama, but merely a moment of it is the result—an arbitrary selection. It is just here that the creator of a new genre should be on his guard; the arts should not always be served up together,—but he should imitate the moderation of the ancients, which is truer to human nature.

The length of the work is at variance with the violence of the emotions aroused. This is a point upon which the author, himself, can not be considered an authority; having taken a long time in the construction of his work, he has gradually accustomed himself to its length. It is *quite impossible* for him to put himself in the place of the receptive listener. Schiller made the same mistake, and the pruning-knife had also to be used on the works of the earlier classicists. Apparently, Wagner wishes to create an *art for all*, which explains his employment of coarse and refined means. And yet he was bound by certain laws of musical æsthetics, namely by moral indifference.

Wagner's Nibelung cycle, strictly speaking, are *dramas to be read* with the aid of the inner fantasy. Highest art genre, as it was with the early Greeks.

Epic motives for the inner fantasy; many scenes—for example, the dragon and Wotan—lose very much in effect when visualised.

We have no point of contact with wild animals displaying sudden paroxysms of sublimated tenderness and wisdom. Think of Philoctetes, by way of contrast.

> Wotan, in a rage of disgust: let the world go to wrack and ruin.
> Brünhilde loves: let the world go to wrack and ruin—
> Siegfried loves: why bother himself about the means of subterfuge. (Wotan like-minded).

How it all disgusts me.

Certain tones of an incredible realism, I hope never to hear again; if I were only able to forget them (Materna).

Wagner has made the dangers of *realism* very acute. An effort to employ the terrifying, the intoxicating, &c., *for its own sake*. But there is an undeniable wealth of material.

Paroxysms of *beauty:* scene of the Rhine Maidens, flickering lights, exuberance of coloring, like the autumnal sun; nature in her varying phases—glowing red, purple, melancholy yellows and greens, all running into each other.

I utterly disagree with those who were dissatisfied with the decorations and stage machinery at Bayreuth. On the contrary, far too much industry and ingenuity was applied in captivating the senses, and expended upon material which did not belie its epic origin. But the *naturalism* of the *attitudes*, of the *singing* compared to the orchestra. What far-fetched, artificial, and depraved tones were to be heard there. What a travesty upon nature.

Several ways are open to musical evolution (or *were* open, before Wagner's influence made itself felt); one of these was an organic creation in the form of a symphony with a drama as pendant (or mimicry without words?); and then *absolute music*, to which the laws of this organic creation were applied, and Wagner used only as a stepping-

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stone—a preparation. Or again, to out-Wagner Wagner, *dramatic choral music. Dithyrambic music.* Effect of unison....

The trend of evolution has been disastrously interrupted by Wagner, and the path can not be regained. I had visions of a drama "covered" with a symphony. A form growing out of the Lied. But the opera, the effect, the un-German, drew Wagner irresistibly in another direction. All possible resources of art here brought to the highest climax.

We are witnessing the death agony of the *last* great art; Bayreuth has convinced me of this.

It must not be forgotten that all this criticism was directed against the Nibelung Tetralogy and its author, and not against Tristan and its creator. At that time, Tristan had practically been relegated to the background, or made the object of scathing criticism by some of the most fanatic Wagnerites. Even in Wahnfried, Tristan was seldom mentioned, and due courtesy and respect was also withheld from that noble woman, Madame Mathilde Wesendonck—as all the world knows, the direct inspiration of the work. Had Tristan been the work chosen for performance at the first festival, it is quite certain that my brother would have felt quite differently towards the entire undertaking.

Having gone this far, we may well go still further and ask: Was Wagner himself a disappointment to my brother? Once when asked this question, my brother answered: "I no longer recognized Wagner, or rather I realized that I had been cherishing in my mind, an ideal portrait of the Wagner I thought I knew." Mournfully, he wrote in his note-book:

I must bear the fate of all idealists who see the object of their adoration tumbling from its pedestal. Ideal monster: the real Wagner shrinks away to nothing.....My mistaken estimate of Wagner has not even the merit of individuality, as many others have said that the picture is a correct one. One of the characteristics of such natures is the stupendous gift of deceiving the painter, and we are apt to commit an error of justice as much by our good-will as by our ill-will.

After the first rehearsals, my brother left Bayreuth, or it would be nearer the truth to say that he fled to Klingenwald in the Bohemian Forest, there to write down these harsh verdicts. He returned in time for the first cycle—on my account, he said—but if the truth were told, because he wished to confirm his impressions and convince himself that his judgment was final. But the strain upon his nerves was so unbearable, that before the cycle was finished he took his departure from the old Franconian town, which had been the scene of such heart-breaking experiences. —"Ah, Lisbeth, and *that* was Bayreuth"! he said to me as he bade me good-bye. His eyes were filled with tears.

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Last Meeting

.....Nietzsche and Wagner were to meet once again, this time on the high cliffs where Sorrento smiles down into the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. Here they met and for a time it seemed as if the sky of their friendship were as cloudless as the one bending above this "garden of Paradise." The Bayreuth Festival was never mentioned, as Wagner had strictly tabooed this subject owing to the enormous deficits with which the festival had closed, and it may well be imagined that my brother was only too anxious to avoid so painful a theme.

I can not think that the two were ever able to revive the Tribschen mood; on the contrary, the meeting was marred by a painful incident to which my brother refers again and again, in his private correspondence.

It was on the last evening they were together; my brother and Wagner took a long walk along the coast and up the hill from which the famous view is to be had of the bay, the coves and islands. The day was beautiful, the air soft and mild, and a certain melancholy in the coloring which betokened the approach of winter. Wagner called it "a farewell mood." Suddenly he began to talk of "Parsifal" and to my brother's great surprise, he spoke of it not as an artistic conception but as a religious experience. Perhaps Wagner felt that a "Stage Consecrating Play" conceived and composed by so pronounced an atheist as Wagner was known to be in his Tribschen days, and all through his life, would be regarded as inconsistent. My brother's amazement can, therefore, be imagined when Wagner began to speak of his religious feelings and experiences in a tone of the deepest repentance, and to confess a leaning towards Christian dogmas.

For example, he spoke of the enjoyment he found in the celebration of the Holy Communion—meaning of course, the unadorned ceremony of the Protestant church. Had he referred to the picturesque ceremonies of the Catholic church, by which artistic natures are always deeply impressed, my brother would have had less reason to doubt his sincerity. (Many years ago I met a highly-intelligent Catholic priest, with whom I discussed Parsifal. "We do that much better", he said with a sweeping gesture as if brushing Parsifal on one side.) My brother had the greatest respect for sincere, honest Christians, but he considered it quite impossible that Wagner, the avowed atheist, should suddenly have become a naïve and pious believer. He could, therefore, only regard Wagner's sudden change of heart as

prompted by a desire to stand well with the Christian rulers of Germany, and thereby to further the success of the undertaking. My brother was strengthened in this belief by Wagner's own statement, when, upon referring to the unsatisfactory attendance at the first festival, he exclaimed angrily: "The Germans do not wish to hear anything, at present, about gods and goddesses; they are only interested in something of a religious character."

While Wagner was talking, the sun sank into the sea and a light mist came up, blotting out the fair scene. This atmospheric change seemed to have awakened Wagner to the change that had taken place in my brother, and he asked: "But why are you so silent, my friend?" My brother evaded the question, but his heart was full of anguish at what he considered this pitiable subterfuge on the part of Wagner. It was this that he had in mind when he wrote: "It is impossible for me to recognize greatness which is not united with candour and sincerity. The moment I make a discovery of this sort, a man's achievements count for absolutely nothing with me, for I feel that everything he does is based upon insincerity and that he is only playing a part."

Had Wagner frankly said to my brother: "In this age of Christianity and heightened religious consciousness, there is a great temptation for the artist to put these feelings into musical form;" or had he said with his accustomed roguishness, "Now I am going to translate the feelings of the age into music!" my brother would have understood his motives perfectly and been in full sympathy with his artistic plans. But this make-believe on the part of Wagner, this pretense of having suddenly become a naïve, pious Christian, was more than my brother could stand. It seemed inexpressibly sad to him that Wagner, who once proudly held out for his principles against the halloh of the entire world, should now weakly yield to the spirit of the age and repudiate all his theories of life.....It was not until much later that my brother was able to discuss this last painful meeting with Wagner. If we ask ourselves what really happened on this last eventful evening, we can only find one explanation. Two passionately cherished ideals stood suddenly opposed to one another: on the one hand, the Catholic-romantic Parsifal, implying negation of life—on the other, the powerful figure of Siegfried, god-like, transfigured and the personification of life affirmed. To my brother, Wagner had always personified this latter ideal. What a bitter disappointment! My brother felt that he and Wagner had met for the last time, and the "paradise" of Sorrento was to live in his memory

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as the place where he took farewell of the most beautiful dream of his whole life.

In his note-book are to be found echoes of this unhappy period and yet with much of the bitterness eliminated by the recognition of the salutary effect of the awakening....

I feel as if I were recovering from a long illness. I think of the sweetness of Mozart's Requiem with inexpressible delight.

The "Ode to Joy" (May 22, 1872) was one of the highest emotional moments of my life, but it is only now that I feel myself in this 'course.' "Frei wie seine Sonnen fliegen, wandelt, Brüder, eure Bahn." What a depressing and artificial festival was the one of 1876....But later it was the means of opening up to me a thousand springs in the desert. This period was invaluable as a cure for premature development.

Now the significance of antiquity and Goethe's judgment have fully dawned upon me; *now, for the first time* I have gained a clear view of the realities of human life; I luckily possessed the *antidote* with which to counteract the effects of a deadly pessimism.

.....Soon after we returned to Basel, Wagner sent my brother a beautifully bound copy of "Parsifal", and this we read with strangely mixed feelings. In a letter to his friend, Baron von Seydlitz, dated January 4, 1878, my brother writes:

Parsifal came into my house yesterday, sent to me by Wagner. Impressions after the first reading: more Liszt than Wagner, spirit of the counter-revolution; the whole thing is too religious for me, bound as I am to the Greek and the human; nothing but fantastic psychology; no flesh, and much too much blood (namely. in the Communion scene); moreover, I do not care for hysterical hussies. Much that the inner eye tolerates will be unendurable when transformed into action; just imagine our actors praying, trembling and going into paroxysms of ecstasy. Furthermore, it will be impossible to represent effectively the interior of the temple of the Holy Grail, or the wounded swan. All these beautiful sensations belong to an epic, but are not to be visualized. The language of the drama, moreover, sounds as if it were a translation from a strange tongue. But the situations and their sequence—is that all not the very highest poesy? Do they not represent the highest challenge to music?

In the phrase "more Lizst than Wagner", my brother intended to convey the impression that Parsifal was primarily a concession on the part of Wagner to the catholic instincts of his wife, the daughter of Lizst.

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It is not my purpose here to publish notes and critical comments indicating my brother's later thoughts and feelings, but I can not refrain from quoting a passage from a letter addressed to

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Peter Gast, under the date of January 21, 1878, in which my brother speaks of the Parsifal music independent of the dramatic content of the work:

Recently I heard the Vorspiel to Parsifal for the first time (in—*Monte Carlo!*) When I see you again I should like to tell you just what I understood by it. Quite apart from all irrelevant questions, (such as what purpose this music *can* and *shall* serve)—but considered purely from an æsthetic standpoint, has Wagner ever written anything better? The subtlest psychological explicitness and consciousness in regard to that which it is his intention here to say, to express, to impart; the shortest and most direct form of expression; every nuance of feeling worked out to epigrammatic form; music as a descriptive art and as distinct as a design in relief emblazoned upon a shield; and, finally, sublime and extraordinary feelings, experiences, emotions of the soul submerged in music, which do all honor to Wagner—a synthesis of circumstances which will seem to many, even superior persons, as being of a judicial severity, of " a superiority" in the most terrifying sense of the word, of a degree of knowledge and perception that cuts through the soul like a knife—and of boundless sympathy with that which is here seen and judged. Only in Dante do we find anything comparable to it, but nowhere else. Did ever a painter portray a glance of love, so melancholy as Wagner has done in the last accents of his Vorspiel?

My brother was unquestionably the greater sufferer in this romantic friendship, which meant much more to him than it possibly could have meant to Wagner. When the master met my brother, he was already an old man whose creative activity was nearing its close, and consequently, a friendship with Nietzsche was nothing more than an episode of his declining years and one having no appreciable effect upon his future. But it was entirely different with my brother; when his orbit crossed that of Wagner he was in the first flush of his youth and strength, and to this friendship he dedicated his most beautiful hopes and dreams, as well as an enormous amount of time and intellectual strength. He placed Wagner upon a pedestal far transcending anything human, and found his highest consolation in so doing; his thoughts had always been concentrated upon the perfection of the human type and he believed to have found in Wagner, the highest specimen of manhood. Now his idol lay in ruins at his feet—the idol who tyrannically wished to prohibit any other intellectual tendency than his own, now enfeebled by age and weakness. Looking back upon this painful experience, my brother cries out in very anguish of heart:

I shuddered as I went on my way alone; I was ill, or rather more than ill, I was weary—made so by the inevitable disappointment in all that remained to kindle enthusiasm in us modern men; weary at the

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thought of all the power, work, hope, love, youth, flung to the winds; weary from disgust at the effeminacy and undisciplined rhapsody of this romanticism, at the whole tissue of idealistic lies and enervation of conscience, which here again had won a victory over one of the bravest souls, and not least, weary from the bitterness of a harrowing suspicion that from now on, I was doomed to *mistrust* more deeply, to *despise* more deeply, and to be more deeply *alone* than ever before. For I had no one but Richard Wagner!

Is it possible that Wagner suffered in like measure and only concealed his true feelings from a sense of pride? He, at least, could hope to replace my brother from the ranks of his gifted and enthusiastic young disciples, whereas my brother was condemned to soul-solitude. Wagner's real feelings have never been divulged, but he gave me a glimpse into his innermost thoughts when I went to Bayreuth in the summer of 1882 to be present at the first performance of "Parsifal". Wagner asked to see me alone, and after speaking of his 'swan song', said softly: "Tell your brother that since he went away and left me, I am quite alone." This was said six months before his death, at the period of his highest renown, with the entire musical world at his feet. Upon hearing this touching message of farewell, my brother wrote one of his loftiest aphorisms: "Stellar Friendship" (From "Joyful Wisdom", Vol. X, Levy Edition).

We were friends and have become as strangers. But it is best so, and we will neither conceal it, nor draw a veil over it as if we had any cause to be ashamed. We are two ships, each of which has its own course and its own goal; we may cross each other's path and celebrate a feast-day together as in the past—at such times, the gallant ships lay in one harbor and under one sun, as if they were already at their goal and had but one goal. But then we were driven apart by the inexorable power of our missions, into far distant seas and under strange skies, and perhaps we shall never meet again—or perhaps we may meet but fail to recognize each other, so great will be the change that has taken place in us. *The law governing our lives* has decreed that we live, henceforth, as strangers; just by that shall we become more sacred to one another; just by that shall the thought of our friendship become holier. The stars, apparently, follow some immense, invisible curve and orbit, in which our courses and goals, so widely varying, may be *comprehended* as so many little stages along the way—let us elevate ourselves to this thought. Our lives are too short and our powers of vision too limited to permit us to be friends other than in the sense of this lofty possibility.—Therefore let us *believe* in our stellar friendship, even tho' we are doomed to be enemies here on earth.

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MUSIC WE SHALL NEVER HEAR

By CARL ENGEL

L'orgue de Barbarie, dans le crépuscule du souvenir, m'a fait désespérément rêver.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

SOME of us, who have not yet been privileged to enter into direct communication with the spectral world, still find in dreams the strangest of their terrestrial experiences. And of all dreams, those that we are consciously spinning in moments of an intensified wakefulness—which has of sleep the peculiar quality of rendering us insensible to our immediate surroundings, while it begets a swifter pace of thought than does the stimulating drug—those dreams, indeed, are the most wonderful and most inexplicable.

It was not, as in the case of Mallarmé, a hand-organ, with its joyously vulgar tunes, with its old-fashioned and banal song of the *faubourgs*, which made me dream so desperately. Nor did it happen in Mallarmé's favorite season, the dying days of Summer. It was on an afternoon in Spring, at the side of a crackling fire, for which a wet and chilly relapse into Winter formed a more than plausible excuse. And it was a story by Maurice Renard, "La Mort et le Coquillage," which started all the trouble and sent me on the melancholy and meandering road to music we shall never hear. But the story, of course, is far more musical than any hand-organ can ever expect to be; and I feel that I should here reveal a little about this extraordinary tale, which is the fourth in a book of seven, one weirder than the other, and all by the same author. Nerval, a composer, died of what his friends regard as a stroke of apoplexy. He had been at work,

for years, on his masterpiece, "Amphitrite." The prelude, representing Neptune's train, is a gorgeous riot of tones, of strange, unheard-of harmonies, leading to the brutal chords with which the Tritons announce the approach of the Sirens. But at this point the composer's invention stopped short—he is incapable, is utterly unable to write the haunting song of the Nereids. It is a large sea-shell which came from the beach of Salerno, picked up one evening from the mantlepiece in Nerval's room, that suddenly exerts its unsuspected spell over the despairing musician. He casually holds it to his ear, and what he hears is indescribable. He is hypnotised. Like a prehistoric phonograph, the shell has preserved the sound of miraculous voices, and there can be no doubt to whom they belonged. He rushes to the piano and tries to write down "*la divine clameur sexuelle*" of these women that followed the God of the Ocean. The floor is soon littered with sheets of paper, covered with vain attempts at a transcription of this incredible chant. At two o'clock in the morning, Nerval, exhausted, gives up the quest; at four he begins to tremble with fever; at half-past five he falls against the marble mantle—dead. The shell drops to the floor and breaks into a thousand splinters. The narrator ends with the question: "*Pourquoi riez-vous?*" and I almost believe that you are smiling, too. But that is my fault, my imperfect sketch of an astonishing tale. Read it, and you will not laugh. More than that, you will understand the reason for this long preamble.

Supremely futile as it may appear to speculate on the sweetness of the Sirens' song, there is no denying that futile occupations have a charm peculiarly their own. I am inalienably attached to them, and I have long since learned that what my sterner friends brand as a "waste of time," are the happiest hours of my life. The story finished, I began to look into the ever-shifting flame, until my pupils seemed to burst my head, until my ears began to catch long-forgotten sounds, which the relentless tide of time and fleeting fashion had swept into the background of oblivion.

I realize that if I want to tell you something of my shadowy escapade, I must be very careful not merely to offer a long list of names and titles, plucked at random from the past. For the graveyard of music is a spacious acre, and labyrinthian paths wind through myriad rows of unremembered tombs. Many stones have crumbled; they bear no longer the slightest trace of deed or date. Too many, alas, of these graves are the tragic, though well-deserved, repositories of still-born effort. Much music

lies buried there which never should have seen the light of day, which never held a spark of life. Countless fresh mounts testify to an ever increasing mortality. On the other hand, there remains not a little music which is enjoying an unnatural longevity. Ill-advised performers and conductors drag it from the sick-room with the fondness which some people have for exhibiting their decrepit relatives of remote birth. It should have been put by long ago. We may be justly grateful if we never hear it.

But that the Sirens' song should have perished, unrecorded, is certainly regrettable, in spite of its reputed dangerous effects. Malicious tongues have it that the fatal consequences were due to the extreme impurity of intonation indulged in by the ladies . . . listeners preferring to commit self-murder rather than stand the torture. This theory presupposes such an unreasonably superior sensitiveness on the part of ancient tars, that I am wholly disinclined to give it serious consideration. I deplore the loss of all the music to which Greek mythology makes such frequent and glowing reference.—And yet, was not perhaps Arion overrated? Would Orpheus, in our day, still work his magic? The widowed bard charmed beast and tree; he dared descend to Hades. Would he have the courage to step before that modern monster, a concert audience composed of critics and connoisseurs?—Hellas was not the only place of musical prodigies. The ancient history of the Hebrews tells of remarkable feats. What did the trumpets blow which felled the walls of Jericho? Some learned Rosecrucian might possibly tell you that these destructive buglers carefully ascertained the "vibrations" of the city's mural defenses, and then lustily blew a chord which corresponded to their number. Did King David, on his harp, use the little finger as well as the others? What was it the Children of Israel refused to sing, by the rivers of Babylon, when their captors required of them one of the songs of Zion, and a song of mirth above all?—The answer is difficult, perhaps impossible. Still, we are here no longer upon entirely uncertain ground. Many of the traditional tunes preserved in the Jewish worship, date from a dim and distant day. Some of them are melodies of surpassing beauty and true Oriental line, though hardly the expression of great mirth. They would suffice to make one feel, in looking backward over many centuries of musical development, that there must have been things for the disappearance of which we have good cause to be sorry. We have not missed so much, perhaps, in not having heard Nero sing his own odes with a wine-worn voice. He had spared no effort to cultivate the art of singing and had placed

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himself in the hands of Rome's ablest vocal instructors. Did he not, upon the advice of one of these worthies, lie flat on his back for hours, supporting the weight of heavy stones on his chest, to strengthen the muscles of his diaphragm? It appears that the "methods" of singing teachers have not materially changed throughout the ages. It is difficult to conceive how Italy, how the whole of Europe could have offered these *maestri* a large enough field of operation, if their countryman Columbus had not opportunely discovered America for them.—I will confess that I would give much to have heard Saint Cecilia extemporize upon the organ, if for no other reason than to be able to disprove the contention of those hypercritical historians who argue that the titulary saint of music did not know one note from another, and that no Cavaillé-Coll or Skinner existed in her day. Be that as it may, she was fortunate in having the most famous artists idealize her in painting and sculpture, which gave her as much posthumous advertising as some of our living and constantly photographed organists attain only by the ruthless dissemination of their innumerable poses.

But let us take a short cut to yonder corner of the cemetery, with its long tiers of urns, of table-tombs, of weeping angels, shaded by willow trees and yews. It is not very long ago that these names which now you can hardly distinguish, were on everybody's lips, were praised and worshipped. What are two hundred years? They are enough to wipe out everything except a short, cold, matter-of-fact note in the Biographical Dictionary. The transitoriness of mundane glory is nowhere demonstrated with more cruel certainty than in the realm of arts and letters. Nature's law is unalterable. The stately sunflower that proudly raised its head must sooner or later fade and wither, like the violet, of proverbial modesty, that bloomed in a secluded nook, and was content in pouring out its little soul of nectar. In fact, I am inclined to believe that, of the two, the violet's fate is, if anything, the less bitter. For though its perfume be but a memory, we are apt to keep it pressed between the leaves of a beloved book. The sunflower knows no such sentimental aftermath. Sparrows come, and pick the seeds.

Charles VI, of the House of Habsburg, had succeeded his brother Joseph as Roman Emperor of the German Nations. He inherited not only a throne, but wars to wage and arts to cultivate. He neglected neither. The affairs of the Netherlands and of Spain having been settled, the Emperor, nine years after coming into power, decided to take formal possession of one of his

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most valuable crown-lands, and in 1723 he went to Prague for his coronation as King of Bohemia. To flatter the crowd and to impress the kings, his brothers, he planned to have the ceremonies attended by unusual pomp and brilliance. No function of this sort was complete without music, and it had to be music in its most regal form, the opera. Born at the court of Florence, the opera has always remained a princely offspring, notwithstanding all efforts to breed a species that would more nearly approximate popular taste, and that could be maintained by popular support alone. Charles was very fond of operas and had his private composer supply him with a new one whenever wanted. Johann Joseph Fux was undoubtedly an excellent musician, and Vienna had no other to compare with him.—In 1714 Fux wrote an opera, "Elisa," for the birthday of Charles' aunt, Archduchess Elizabeth Christina, which made a sensation. The Emperor was so pleased with the work, that at the third performance—being himself a dilettante of no mean ability—he played the clavecin in the orchestra, while the composer turned the pages. Fux, to compliment his imperial master, remarked what a pity it was that his Majesty had not become a *Kapellmeister*. But Charles is said to have replied that he was perfectly satisfied with his position. —For the festivities in Prague, Fux, who was then sixty-three years old, had written "Costanza e Fortezza." The Emperor had spared no costs to engage the best singers of the day. An orchestra of more than a hundred men had been assembled from all over Europe, under the leadership of Caldara. Among the violinists was Tartini. Quantz had come from Berlin to play the flute. With him journeyed Weiss and Graun. Prague was a beehive of musicians.[1] The excitement was great, for rumor had it that Fux was too ill with the gout to leave Vienna. But the Emperor would let no gout interfere with his plans to honor his dear composer, and by his orders Fux was carried in a sedan-chair all the way from the Donau to the Moldau capital. At the gala performance, which took place in the open air, it was not the Cardinal-Primate of Prague nor the Elector of Bavaria who sat next to the newly-crowned King of Bohemia, but Johann Joseph Fux, musician, with his feet bandaged in cotton. Quantz, to whom we owe many sagacious observations on the music and musicians of his time, wrote about this opera: "The composition is more churchly than theatrical, but very splendid." Quantz

[1] "History does not furnish a more glorious event for music, than this solemnity, nor a similar instance of so great a number of eminent professors, of any one art, being collected together."—Dr. Charles Burney: "The Present State of Music in Germany, etc.," London, 1773, Vol. II.

did not care very much for Tartini's playing. He admired the beautiful tone and finished execution, but thought his style dry and lacking in charm. Another violinist in the orchestra was Nicola Matteis, who had written the ballet music interpolated in "Costanza e Fortezza." Matteis was born in London, of an Italian father. In 1737, at Shrewsbury, he gave young Burney lessons in French and in music. Burney tells us that he excelled in playing Corelli's sonatas. We still occasionally hear Corelli's "Follia." But of Matteis' music there remains as little as of the many operas by the great Fux, in spite of the fact that Fux was probably one of the most celebrated men of his age, the author of a remarkable treatise on composition, printed at the Emperor's expense, a monumental work for any theorist to have written, long used as a text-book. Mozart and Haydn studied it.—Upon reflection: theory has a wicked way of avenging itself. The prospects of André Gédalge might be brighter, had he not given us "*La Fugue*," one of the best books on the subject. There might be hope even for Arnold Schönberg, were it not for his clever "*Harmonielehre*."

I have mentioned Quantz. His long association with Frederick the Great is known. Frederick's passion for the flute was pathologic, as was his attachment to dogs. His greyhounds accompanied him on campaigns, following the King's traveling coach in a landau of their own, with two footmen in the back who were strictly enjoined not to address the royal favorites with the too-familiar "thou." His flute was Frederick's inseparable companion, until he began to lose his teeth.

It is half-past five in the afternoon. A rich sunset glow is painting fireworks upon the tall French windows of Sans-Souci, which rises serenely above the crest of its little hill. Quantz and Charles Philip Emmanuel Bach—more famous in his lifetime than his father—are slowly ascending the vine-covered terraces that lead to the castle. They are lost in conversation. On each new level they stand a while and talk. Quantz is telling Bach of his trip to Italy, in 1725, and of his great admiration for old Alessandro Scarlatti, whom he visited in Naples and to whom he was introduced by Hasse. That name irritates Bach. He will have nothing of Hasse, even though the people go wild over his music, and though Philip V, at the Escurial, suffering from manic depression, can be induced to go to sleep, every night, only after hearing the glorious *castrato* Farinelli sing an aria from one of Hasse's operas. These tunes are superficial, too sugary and Italian. They will not live. *Musique à la mode* is ephemeral stuff.

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And as to the fabulous sum which Hasse and his wife Faustina are drawing at Dresden, it is preposterous. Quantz promptly changes the subject and tells of his love affair at Naples: how his life was threatened by a jealous rival, how he had to flee to Rome. They laugh—but the proximity of the august presence quickly stifles their merriment. Sentinels are posted on the highest terrace, lackeys flank the portals. Quantz and Bach enter the antechamber and exchange greetings with the courtiers. It is only *petit cercle* this evening. A member of the Academy of Berlin, Dutchman by birth; an English officer, just arrived, the bearer of a diamond-studded snuff box with the miniature of George II and a letter from His Britannic Majesty; a General of the Guards, who fears the Austrian fire less than these musicales; two chamberlains—and the illustrious Monsieur Voltaire. These form the audience. No women. The subdued chatter in the antechamber continues while the King is heard preluding and practicing scales, preparatory to the concert. At the stroke of six the doors of the music room open. Frederick, flute in hand, graciously receives his bowing guests. The candles in the large glass chandelier sparkle in the hundreds of crystals. A silver candelabra is placed on a little mahogany table next to Frederick's music stand of rose wood, inlaid with ivory, a present from his sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth. The walls are decorated with lovely *boiseries*, copied from the rooms of Louis at Versailles, on a sideboard stands a beautiful vase, the work of the young china manufactory of Berlin, in imitation of the Bourbons' older Sèvres. And the French philosopher completes the setting for this imported *Kultur*. Only the music is German, though that bears strong transalpine traces. The program consists of three concertos for flute and clavecin. The first and third are by Quantz. The second is by the King, that is, he has sketched out the flute part, and Agricola, pupil of Johann Sebastian Bach, has provided the accompaniment. This is entrusted to Charles Philip Emmanuel Bach, playing one of the new "fortepianos" made by Gottfried Silbermann. He has a hard task, since the King is somewhat absolutistic in his *tempi*. Quantz, unperturbedly, beats time. But that is not his sole charge. The piece ended, he is the only one who is permitted to say "bravo" or express any praise for the royal flutist, it being taken for granted that all the other people present know less about flute playing than he does.—Friedrich Christian Fasch, who since 1756 alternated with Bach every month in accompanying the King, at his first appearance, unwarned, burst into loud applause, which nearly cost him his position.—After the

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third concerto has been finished, a few words are exchanged. The King has a jest for Voltaire, to which the Frenchman answers with an epigram. The English officer is the recipient of a kind word of thanks. Then the doors open again, and in the antechamber wait three couriers with dispatches from Silesia, Poland and St. Petersburg. They turn with a click of their heels and spurs, and follow the King who is humming the Andante from the last concerto on the program. And Quantz wrote something like three hundred for him!

Frederick had one great admirer—not as a flute player, but as an engineer of battles—and that was Bonaparte. Napoleon visited the dead King's Sans-Souci, and the rock crystals on the lustre in the music room gently trembled when the footstep which made Europe quake, resounded in Frederick's sacrosanctum. That night Napoleon had his field-bed placed in the late King's chamber. Did he dream of flutes or flintlocks?

There are other questions relating to Napoleon and music which are still unanswered. Frédéric Masson, who has investigated everything concerning the great Corsican, his person, family, household and reign, including the price paid for his socks and razors, has left here a lacuna. It seems fairly well established, though, that Napoleon did not have real understanding or taste for music, but that he admitted its value, and even its necessity, in certain circumstances. He did not care for Cherubini; in fact, he harbored an unexplained animosity against him. But he affected the keenest admiration for Paër. After a performance of Paër's "Achilles" at Dresden, in 1806, Napoleon, with the right of the conqueror, claimed the composer from the King of Saxony and gave him a brilliant position. Paër had to follow the Emperor to Posen and organize musical entertainments, between battles and diplomatic conferences, probably more because it looked well in the eyes of the awe-struck nations, than on account of an unquenchable desire on Napoleon's part to be soothed by dulcet strains. He very seldom stayed for the whole of any concert given at the Tuileries. But at St. Cloud, among his family, he demanded, if he did not enjoy, "a little music." He liked to hear his stepdaughter and sister-in-law, Hortense, sing him Italian romances, which she accompanied herself. Hortense Beauharnais, wife of Louis Bonaparte, Queen of Holland, is said to have had a very pleasing voice, which she inherited from her mother, whose bad teeth and beautifully modulated speech were the occasion of much contemporary comment. Hortense even composed, at least she is reputed to have written the well-known

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air "*Partant pour la Syrie*" in collaboration with Louis Drouet, a mere boy when he was made solo flutist to the King of Holland and "musical secretary to the Queen," later entering the services of Napoleon, and finally being transferred to Napoleon's sister, Pauline Borghese. His life was full of adventure; in 1854 he visited New York. Another sister of Napoleon, Elisa Bacciochi, had at her miniature court in Lucca no less a musical entertainer than Niccolo Paganini. He played three evenings a week. But he had to avoid harmonics. For Paganini's flageolets made poor, hysterical Elisa swoon.

There is one instance, however, where Napoleon showed serious preoccupation with music. It was at the eve of his expedition to Egypt, shrouded in impenetrable mystery. With the thoroughness which marked everything that he undertook, he wanted historians, scientists, artists, poets and musicians to accompany him to the Pyramides. Arnault, in his "Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire," tells of these elaborate preparations. Bonaparte had declared: "*Il nous faut un barde qui chante à la tête des colonnes.*" Beside the poet and composer he wanted a singer. All three were to be attached to the First Consul's own person, and were to receive 6,000 francs each, in addition to their regular salary. Ducis pleaded old age, Méhul too much work, and Lays, with the star-tenor's characteristic regard for the interests of the public, claimed that a sea voyage might cost him his voice. Méhul recommended Henri-Jean Rigel, "*habile professeur de piano,*" who conducted the opera installed at Cairo and gave there his own "Les Deux Meuniers" in 1799. The singer chosen was Guillaume André Villoteau, who had been choir boy, dragoon, student of medicine, and who achieved fame with his studies of the music and musical instruments of Egypt. What an enterprise, and what a stage-manager was Napoleon! Picture him on board the *Orient*, a night of Mediterranean splendor, his generals grouped around him, eager expectation in the mind of everybody, and Villoteau calmly singing an air from "Bélisaire" by Philidor, prolific opera composer and champion chess player of the world.

Méhul, whose setting of André Chénier's "Chant du Départ" was one of the grand songs of the Revolution, had obtained his release only by promising Napoleon that he would write march tunes for the French armies. Did he write any? What has become of them? Did Napoleon, on his white horse and in his green *chasseur* uniform, enter Berlin to the tune of one of them? When the circumspect Prussians returned the visit, they had provided a "Pariser Einzugsmarsch." Did Dr. Richard Strauss

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write, upon all-highest command, a new and modernized version for use in August 1914? No doubt, with the rest of the war plans, arrangements were completed for a musical program befitting the hoped-for event?

The whims of Bellona are strange. Napoleon, after three days of carnage at Leipzig, in October 1813, saw his luck turn. He was beaten by his father-in-law, Emperor Franz of Austria, musical amateur and quartet fiend. Franz entered the city, which the fleeing French were leaving, with the remark that at last he would find leisure to play a little chamber music again. The imperial quartet was always behind the firing line. At the head of it —if there could be another head than the Emperor himself—was Franz Krommer. Born in 1759, he was only three years younger than Mozart and he survived Beethoven by four years. Showing in his early youth great talent for the violin, he was brought up and kept by the munificence of rich noblemen, until he obtained a sinecure at the Viennese court, in 1812, as "door keeper of the royal bedchamber." In 1814 he was named *Hofkapellmeister*, a title which has covered a multitude of mediocrities. But Krommer was by no means considered such in his lifetime. On the contrary, he enjoyed the greatest popular favor. He was the composer of chamber music *par excellence*. He is responsible for no less than twenty-two string quintets and more than sixty string quartets. While Beethoven's quartets were understood and lauded by a few, Krommer's were played literally wherever four people got together to scrape the catgut, and, in those days, that meant everywhere. Quartet playing, in the period of transition from clavecin to hammer-klavier, from Silbermann to Erard, had become an epidemic. It was the house music of rich and poor, of cultured and simple folk. Musicians played Mozart, Haydn and Boccherini. Amateurs had Rosetti, Feska, the two Rombergs, Gyrowetz—the last of whom wrote thirty symphonies, seventy works of chamber music, lived from 1763 to 1850, and dismissed Beethoven, Weber and Schubert as "chaotic." They had furthermore Pleyel, Rode, Neubauer and Onslow—poor Onslow, the prototype of the highly cultivated and refined composer, the pet of society, admired for his "originality," called to succeed Cherubini at the *Institut de France*, and soon forgotten. Musical history is full of Onslows!

We can hardly conceive how difficult it was for Beethoven to break up this cohort of quartetists, and it is not surprising that these difficulties should have made him feel disappointed and embittered. H. W. Riehl vouches for the truth of the story according to which both Krommer and Beethoven were guests, one

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evening, at Count Lichnowsky's palace in Vienna. During the opening number of the program, a quartet by Krommer, Beethoven showed such undisguised contempt for the less gifted but more popular colleague, by talking and sneering, that the host had to take him to task.

Among the many stars of various magnitudes which studded the musical firmament of Vienna, at the beginning of the 19th century, there was none perhaps who with a gentle little twinkle succeeded in producing as dazzling effects as did Sigismund Neukomm. Josef Haydn had been a father to him and taught him all that could be taught. After journeys in Sweden and Russia, Neukomm arrived in Paris about 1812. Talleyrand, the machiavellian, who was the only one to see beyond Napoleon, had just lost his private pianist, Johann Ladislaus Dussek. Friends recommended young Neukomm, and he obtained the position. Talleyrand became very fond of him. He took him along to the Congress of Vienna, and there a Requiem for Louis XVI, composed by Neukomm, was sung at St. Stephens before an audience of kings and princes. Several hundred singers took part in this memorable performance. And to think that for such an occasion no worthier composer could be found. Neukomm traveled much. He went to Brazil, in 1816, with the Prince of Luxembourg, Ambassador of France. In 1826, he saw Italy. Walter Scott met him the year after. He accompanied Talleyrand to London in 1830, and liked England so well that he settled there. He visited Algiers, Constantinople, Greece, and was on the point of embarking for New York when sudden illness overtook him in Manchester. He probably wrote more than one thousand compositions. To this day, the Universal Catalogue of Pazdireck contains three full pages listing works by Neukomm which were evidently published at some time or other. Neukomm wrote songs and choruses to texts in German, French, Latin, Russian, Italian, Bohemian, Portuguese and English. Have you ever heard any one sing them? Fétis, who saw him in London and later, in his travels, at Paris and Munich, unwittingly pronounces judgment over this amiable, generous, tactful man by calling him "*un artiste respectable.*" In the fight for the fittest the respectable artist has slight chances to survive.

Fétis, the incomparable lexicographer, in his arduous researches must have been appalled by the number of respectable artists he encountered, and by the vast quantity of their music which is hardly remembered by name and of which never a note will sound again. And since he laid down his pen, the amount

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has grown incessantly. But there are things that Fétis heard, which we shall never hear, and which we may well envy him. Would you not like to have been at Lord Saulton's, in 1829, the night when Fétis accompanied at the piano Henriette Sontag and Marie Malibran who sang a duet from Rossini's "Semiramide"? I should. And I should also like to have seen Henriette's, then Countess Rossi's, return to Covent Garden in Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," when the Grand-duchess of Strelitz, Princess of Cambridge, had secretly commanded London society to be in their seats at the opera when the overture began, and to rise to their feet when the star appeared. That night, between the acts, even old Wellington, the Iron Duke, hobbled behind the scenes to kiss the tips of Henriette's fingers.

The romance of great singers is a fascinating tale retold on a thousand nights and one. There are lesser lights with whom I should be fully contented, if only they would shine into the dark and dusty recesses where gems are hidden and are persistently overlooked for the sake of obvious and tawdry Brummagem, that basks in the sun of popular approval. Shall I ever hear Schumann's "Im Zwielicht" and "Auf einer alten Burg"? Will some one sing me, for my instruction if not for my edification, the three or four settings that Schubert made of Goethe's "Erlkönig"? When will singers realize that the loveliest of Fauré's songs are not among the scant half dozen which form the sum of their exploring? Singers would derive greater help from looking into a geographical atlas than from the study of publishers' announcements. I wish that inquisitive sopranos and venturesome baritones—and there exist such anomalies—would see if there is anything tempting by Erkki Melartin, Andreas Hallén, Wilhelm Stenhammer and Ture Rangström. There are songs by Albeniz, some to Italian words which are poor, one to English words which is exquisite. The bizarre Szymanowski and the austere Medtner have written for the voice. There are said to be manuscript songs by Scriabin in the possession of his widow. To which of his three periods do they belong?—There are hundreds of songs, some interesting, some beautiful, classic and modern, that no one takes the trouble to learn, and that probably we shall never hear.

A recent recital program contained a song by Augusta Holmès, once a sure winner, now but seldom sung. It recalled to my mind the rôle she played in the life of Henri Regnault, the painter with a tenor voice. Regnault had twice unsuccessfully competed for the *Prix de Rome*. His third attempt, in 1866, was threatening to be another failure, when one evening, during the *concours*, he

met at Mme. de Sainbris' the young composer whose strange and lovely physiognomy captivated him. He made two sketches of her that night and in twelve days he completed the painting, "Thetis handing the arms to her son Achilles," and the goddess bore the traits of Augusta Holmès. He won the coveted prize. The letters which he wrote to his father and friends from the Villa Medicis contain several passages on musical matters in Rome. Camille Saint-Saëns, who used to delight the circle at Regnault's studio in Paris by playing for hours from the scores of Wagner, had sent to his friend, in April 1867, a "Veni Creator," in manuscript, with the request that Regnault submit it to Abbé Liszt. Regnault describes his visit with a painter's sensibility. He relates how he rang the bell and felt his heart thump as if he were at the door of the dentist. The Grand Old Man received him with *une amabilité charmante*, praised the motet, and then played excerpts of his own Dante and his Tasso. Regnault was in the seventh heaven. Who would not have been, in his place? There is an account of an amusing incident in a letter written in January, 1868, the time when the painter was very much occupied with his first *envoi*, which was "Automedon and the horses of Achilles" and which now hangs in the Boston museum. Regnault says: "My little director"—the painter Hébert—"asked me last Sunday to render him a service which, I confess, cost me a great deal and did not fit in at all with my present state of mind. He had asked the French ambassador to dinner, together with sundry duchesses, countesses and the like. He was to entertain them, in the evening, with a concert of chamber music, performed by the best players of Rome. But the musicians were obliged to attend a rehearsal at the Teatro Apollo that night. M. Hébert, in his distress, and dreading to see his guests sitting around in the salon, yawning, begged me to assume the burden of entertaining his company and to replace the instrumentalists. Although I was in no mood to appear in public, I did my best, so as not to spoil the party. *On a été satisfait.*" That is true modesty, befitting a real artist. What did Regnault sing for his illustrious hearers? Surely a song by Augusta, most likely one by his friend Camille, and possibly one by Emile Pessard whose portrait sketch he made in 1868. Nor was this the only occasion on which he sang publicly. In March of the same year he sang the tenor part in a requiem mass at the church of *Saint-Louis des Français*, in Rome, for the unveiling of a monument to the memory of his fellow student Deschamps. All the other singers were professionals. "Les premiers chanteurs et les plus forts instrumentistes de Rome prêtaient leur concours

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et il s'agissait de ne pas faire rougir l'Académie de son ténor. L'église était remplie, et bon nombre d'étrangers avaient été conviés. Tout a bien marché, dit-on. Nous nous sommes couverts de gloire." There is just pride of knowing how in that remark. A future of more glory would have been his, had not a Prussian bullet, perhaps the last one fired before the walls of Paris in 1871, killed the patriot, silenced that "*voix si douce et si pénétrante*," as Arthur Duparc called it, and robbed the world of an astonishing painter, whose genius had hardly begun to develop.

The Franco-Prussian war cast a deep shadow over artistic relations between the two countries. Wagner's music was banned from Paris before it had time to become established. Pauline Viardot no longer spent her summers at Baden-Baden, but received her friends at the large house in Bougival. Hers was one of the last musical salons of the old school headed by Gounod and Ambroise Thomas. New currents of thought began to make themselves felt. Wagner's works were exiled, but his doctrines permeated everything. Reyer—who when he first came to Paris and called on Théophile Gautier at Neuilly, for an afternoon's visit and a cup of tea, began to talk libretto with the poet and stayed three whole days and nights at Gautier's house, improvising music as fast as Gautier would spin his fantastic yarns for the stage, each stimulating the other's imagination—Reyer had passed the apex of his parabola with "La Statue" in 1861, although "Salammbo" did not come until thirty years later. "Carmen" was first performed on March 3, 1873. Shall we hear Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," or the "Don Procopio," given at Monte Carlo on March 10, 1906? —Then came Massenet with "Le Roi de Lahore" in 1877, with "Manon" in 1884. That was the year in which a young man by the name of Claude Achille Debussy won the *Grand Prix de Rome* with his cantata "L'Enfant Prodigue." Meanwhile Wagner's influence became ever stronger. Chabrier's "Gwendoline" dates from 1886. Then came the period of "realism" with Emile Zola as high priest, and Bruneau making operas out of Zola's stories. The year of the World's Fair, 1900, brought Charpentier's "Louise." It took him ten years to write it. Another work which was a decade in the making, crowned this extraordinary evolution on April 30, 1902; it was "Pelléas et Mélisande." Most of these names still represent living ideas. But how long can any music last? Already Dr. Burney, wisely and resignedly, wrote: "And shall we expect music to be permanent above *all* things, which so much depends on imagination and feeling?" Convinced of the merits of our own imagination and feeling, we like to think

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that the masterpieces which we love, be they Couperin's, Chopin's, or Ravel's, will endure. It is interesting to note that the works of the *petits maîtres* often retain their freshness longer than those of their "bigger" contemporaries. Will Wagner be saved by "Tristan" as Gluck is still saved by "Orpheus"? It is not always the finest flower of a man's brain that recommends him to posterity. Will the composer of "Otello" and "Falstaff" be remembered for an "Anvil Chorus" and the "Manzoni Requiem," as Handel is known to the masses only by a stray opera air, styled "Largo," and by that hardy perennial, "The Messiah"? Puccini will join the shades of Hasse, Jomelli and Piccini. Louise's "*Depuis le jour*" may survive in concert, as did Leonora's "*Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?*" Such reflections are sad but wholesome. They make us wary in appraising contemporary enthusiasm, give distance to our point of observation. Has Debussy left "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry" in a condition that will permit their performance? What has become of Charpentier's "Commédiante," his "Tragédiante," his "Symphonie sentimentale: Munich"? Were they all in the satchel which was stolen from him on the train between Vienna and Budapest?

The chapter on lost manuscripts is a long one; that on works out of print is interminable; that on unknown identity quite hopeless. Who has a copy of César Franck's Op. 3 Eglogue, of his Grand Caprice, or his "Souvenir d'Aix-la-Chapelle," and of his Sonata for piano? Who was the mysterious composer of whom Paul Verlaine speaks in his book "Quinze Jours en Hollande"? After a lecture which Verlaine gave during his stay in Amsterdam, he was invited to a reception at the house of the painter Havermann, whose wife, a native of Java, was "*très aimable,*" but who embarrassed poor Lélio on his entrance in the salon by a request which he calls "*une demande originale au possible.*" We are left to guess what the amiable hostess asked of her distinguished guest; nor do we learn the name of the musician described by Verlaine in the following words: "A gentleman opened the soirée by playing us pieces of his own composition in which he seemed to be waging an odd fight with liturgic chants from the Catholic services for the dead." Verlaine heartily approves of this funereal fashion of beginning a social entertainment, since it provides a chance for the mood to rise from the depths of lugubriousness to a high pitch of conviviality and joy, as the night grows longer and memory shorter. The unidentifiable musician with the *larve d'ivoire* turned out to be more amusing in conversation than at the key-

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board. Verlaine notes with evident satisfaction that the composer proved fertile in anecdote and full of jokes which he told in excellent French. But to Verlaine all art, and possibly all life, was more easily grasped when reduced to terms of alcoholic beverages, and so he sums up his impressions in the delightful comment: "*mais c'est égal, sa musique était rudement apéritive.*" And to think that we shall not be able to procure ourselves this harmless but effective appetizer, in the cocktailless days-of-prohibition-to-come!

Melancholy as these retrospects may be, the thought is even sadder that it will not be possible for us to hear all that the future holds in store. Mingled with this regret there is also something of disquietude. Thomas Alva Edison has delivered us into the hands of posterity. We shall stand utterly revealed, from "That Chicken Pie" to Caruso's *Che gelida manina.* What will music be like in a hundred years, when the phonographic records of our luminaries, kept sealed in the vaults of the Paris Opera, are solemnly "turned on"? Perhaps I had a foretaste of this, when, not long ago, the idea occurred to me to have two pianos tuned a quarter of a tone apart, with which my friend Arthur Shepherd and I experimented. We had an octave with twenty-four quarter tones. Some of our attempts were blind and sounded meaningless. Others seemed to follow the right direction and disclosed new and wonderful vistas. They produced sonorities of a remarkable richness. Think of the tonal stream that some day will flood your room! In its vague, caressing undulations you shall sit as in a warm and perfumed bath; or in its furious whirl you shall experience divine intoxication. The rule of patterns will be broken. Rhythm may cease to be a thing that you can "beat." Music will have come to its own, it will no longer be a handmaiden of poetry, it will owe nothing to architecture, depend no more on pictorial associations. The soul will speak its very language untranslated.

This, indeed, is desperate dreaming. Ah, if one could hear ahead!

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THE SENSE OF RHYTHM AS A MUSICAL TALENT

By CARL E. SEASHORE

THERE are two fundamental factors in the perception of rhythm: an instinctive tendency to group impressions in hearing, and a capacity for doing this with precision in time and stress. The subjective tendency is so deeply ingrained, on account of its biological service, that we irresistibly group uniform successions of sound, such as the tick of the clock, into rhythmic measure. The supposed limping of a clock is often purely subjective. This is called subjective rhythm to distinguish it from objective rhythm, in which the grouping is actually marked, as in music and poetry. If a long series of quarter-notes were played with absolute uniformity in time and stress, the listener would inevitably hear them divided into measures and would actually hear the appropriate notes accented. Such is one of nature's beneficent illusions

A good illustration of this is found in a very crude way when one is lying in a Pullman sleeper and the successive beats from the crossing rail joints set up a time which carries tunes that come into one's head. The rails seem, as it were, to beat the time emphatically into measures. The writer recalls once being haunted by the plantation melody, "What kind o' a crown you gwine to wear? Golden crown?" As he allowed the imagery of the melody to flow, the accentuation of the click of the rails became very prominent and satisfying as rhythm. One who is trained in observing himself may observe this tendency toward rhythmic grouping in any or all his activities. Take, *e. g.*, the homely act of eating. One who has a highly developed sense of rhythm may, even in eating soup, feel the various movements divided into measures with their artistic grouping of long interval and short interval, some objectively and others only subjectively marked with occasional cadences; yet a person watching the movement might not be able to see any rhythm in the actual movements.

The objective rhythm as we find it ordinarily in prose and poetry is marked by emphasis of time or intensity, or both. Occasionally it may be also through pitch, although that always

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involves intensity It is also probable that it may come through other senses than hearing.

Subjective rhythm is more fundamental than objective rhythm and always plays a large rôle in the objective. This is why we find rhythm more essentially a matter of personality than a matter of objective grouping. All rhythm is primarily a projection of personality. The rhythm is what I am. For him who is not endowed with this talent the objective rhythms in nature and art are largely wasted.

While the perception of rhythm involves the whole organism, it requires primarily five fundamental capacities. The first two of these are the sense of time and the sense of intensity, corresponding respectively to the two attributes of sound, which constitute the sensory media of rhythm. The third and fourth are auditory imagery and motor imagery, *i. e.*, the capacity for reviving vividly in representation the auditory experience and the motor attitudes respectively. The fifth is a motor impulse for rhythm, an instinctive tendency, chiefly unconscious and largely organic. These five factors may be said to be basic to the sense of rhythm. Other general factors, such as emotional type and temperament, logical span, or creative imagination, are intimately woven into the warp and woof of rhythm, but we shall probably find that these are secondary to the primary and basic forces named.

We may now define the sense of rhythm as an instinctive disposition to group recurrent sense impressions vividly and with precision, by time or intensity, or both, in such a way as to derive pleasure and efficiency through the grouping.

The sense of rhythm, or perception of rhythm, as thus defined, is to be distinguished from rhythmic action, an important aspect with which we are not here concerned; yet it is a complex process and involves literally the whole organism in the form of a perpetual attitude of responsiveness to measured intervals of time or tone.

To gain some insight into the actual nature of rhythm it may be well to point out some of the things that ryhthm does on the side of perception as distinguished from action, which will be equivalent to pointing out the sources of pleasure and means to efficiency in rhythm.

First.—Rhythm favors perception by grouping. It has been demonstrated that, under happy grouping, one can remember approximately as many small groups as one can remember individual objects without grouping; *e. g.*, in listening to a series of notes, one can grasp nearly as many measures if they are heard

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rhythmically as one could grasp individual sounds if they were not heard rhythmically. This is a principle which is involved in all auditory perception. Individual sounds are grouped in measures and phrases, phrases and periods, periods and movements. The ability to grasp in terms of larger and larger units is a condition for achievement. The development of this ability results in power to handle vast numbers of sounds with ease, and this success is a source of pleasure. And that is true not only in poetry and in music but in our natural hearing, even under primitive conditions. Thus, rhythm has become a biological principle of efficiency, a condition for advance and achievement and a perpetual source of satisfaction. The rhythm need not be conspicuous to be effective.

Second.—Rhythm adjusts the strain of attention. In poetry and music, for instance, the rhythm enables us to anticipate the magnitude of units which are to be grasped. This in turn makes it possible to adjust the effort in such a way as to grasp the unit at the strategic moment and to relax the strain for a moment between periods. Of this, again, we may not be immediately conscious, but it may be readily demonstrated by experiment, as *e. g.*, if we should break up a measure as in going from 2/4 to 3/4 time without warning.

Genetically, the ordinary measure in poetry and music is determined by what is known as the attention wave. Our attention is periodic. All our mental life works rhythmically, that is, by periodic pulsation of effort or achievement with unnoticed intermittence of blanks. This is most easily observed in an elemental process such as hearing-ability. To demonstrate it in a simple way, proceed as follows: hold a watch a distance from the ear and then move it toward the ear till you can just hear it, and then keep it in this position for two or three minutes and observe that you hear it only intermittently. To check this, raise your finger when you hear the sound and lower your finger when you do not hear it. Do not be influenced by any theory, but act with the keenest decision for every second. You will then find that the hearing and silence periods alternate with fair regularity, the periods varying from two to eight or ten seconds in the extreme. This periodicity is primarily a periodicity of attention and reaches out into all our mental processes, being one of nature's contrivances in the interest of the conservation of nervous energy.

This is a principle which is made use of in nature and in industry, as, *e. g.*, in our lighting current. The current which

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energizes our lamps is not, as a rule, a steady, direct current, but is "alternating." That is, it comes in pulsations, usually about sixty a second, which is frequent enough to give us the impression of continuous illumination. The rhythmic measure, then, is simply taking advantage of nature's supply of pulsating efforts of attention. And when the measure fits the attention wave it gives us a restful feeling of satisfaction and ease. This in turn results in what is known as secondary passive attention, which is a more economical and efficient form of attention than voluntary attention. Thus it comes about that we acquire a feeling of ease, power, and adjustment when we listen to rhythmic measures because we get the largest returns for the least outlay, and the tendency to seek this assumes biological importance because it tends to preserve and enhance life.

Third.—Rhythm gives us a feeling of balance. It is built on symmetry and when this symmetry involves within itself a certain element of flexibility which is well proportioned we have grace. Thus, when we read an ordinary prose sentence, we pay no attention to the structural form; but, when we scan the dactylic hexameter, we fall into the artistic mood, distinctly conscious of a symmetry and beauty in form, and in this sense rhythm becomes a thing in itself. Poetry may contain ideas and music may represent sentiment; but the rhythmic structure is in itself an object of art, and the placid perception of this artistic structure takes the form of the feeling of balance under various degrees of delicate support. Children sense the rhythm of poetry before they do the meaning.

Fourth.—The sense of rhythm gives us a feeling of freedom, luxury, and expanse. It gives us a feeling of achievement in moulding or creating. It gives us a feeling of rounding out a design. This sense of freedom is in one respect the commonplace awareness of the fact that one is free to miss the consciousness of periodicity in countless ways, yet chooses to be in the active and aggressive attitude of achievement. As, when the eye scans the delicate tracery in the repeated pattern near the base of the cathedral and then sweeps upward and delineates the harmonious design continued in measures gradually tapering off into the towering spire, all one unit of beauty expressing the will and imagination of the architect; so in music, when the ear grasps the intricate rhythms of beautiful music and follows it from the ground-work up through the delicate tracery into towering climaxes in clustered pinnacles of rhythmic tone figures, we feel as though we did this all because we wished to, because we craved it, because we were free to do it, because we were able to do it.

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Fifth.—Rhythm gives us a feeling of power; it carries. It is like a dream of flying; it is so easy to soar. One feels as if he could lift himself by his boot-straps. The pattern once grasped, there is an assurance of ability to cope with the future. This results in the disregard of the ear element and results in a motor attitude, or a projection of the self in action; for rhythm is never rhythm unless one feels that he himself is acting it, or, what may seem contradictory, that he is even carried by his own action.

Sixth.—It stimulates and lulls, contradictory as it may seem. Pronounced rhythm brings on a feeling of elation which not infrequently results in a mild form of ecstasy or absentmindedness, a loss of consciousness of the environment. It excites and it makes us insensible to the excitation, giving the feeling of being lulled. This is well illustrated in the case of dancing. Seated in comfort and enjoyment in pleasant conversation, the striking up of a waltz is a call which excites to action. It starts the organic, rhythmic movements of the body the moment it is heard and one is drawn, as it were, enticingly into the conventional movements of the dance. But no sooner is this done, in the true enjoyment of the dance, than one becomes oblivious to intellectual pursuits, launches himself, as it were, upon the carrying measures, feels the satisfaction of congenial partnership, graceful step, freedom of movement—action without any object other than the pleasure in the action itself. There comes a sort of auto-intoxication from the stimulating effect of the music and the successful self-expression in balanced movements sustained by that music and its associations.

The same is true of the march. When the march is struck up it stimulates tension of every muscle of the body. The soldier straightens up, takes a firmer step, observes more keenly, and is all attention; but as he gets into the march, all this passes into its opposite, a state of passivity, obliviousness to environment, and obliviousness to effort and action. The marked time and accent of the band music swings the movements of all parts of the body into happy adjustment. He can march farther in better form, and with less fatigue.

Seventh.—Rhythmic periodicity is instinctive. As we saw above, the grouping into natural periods of the flow of attention is a biological principle of preservative value. It is likewise true that the tendency to act in rhythmic movements is of biological value, and for a similar reason. If one does not know where to put his hand or foot the next movement, he is ill at ease and will be inefficient in the movement; but if movements may be foreseen

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and even forefelt, and an accompanying signal sets off the movement without conscious effort, there results a greatly lessened expenditure of energy, a more effective action, a feeling of satisfaction. Anything that accomplishes these ends in the life of a species will tend to become instinctive, to develop a natural tendency always to move in rhythmic measure; and, when our movements are not actually divided into objective periodicity, we tend to fall into a subjective rhythm. We cannot have adequate perception of rhythm without this motor setting. The bearing of this instinctive motor tendency on the perception of rhythm lies in the fact that, with the motor instinct goes an instinct to be in a receptive attitude for the perception of such rhythms, both subjective and objective.

Eighth.—Rhythm finds resonance in the whole organism. It is not a matter of the ear or the finger only; it is a matter of the two fundamental powers of life; namely, knowing and acting. And, therefore, indirectly it affects the circulation, respiration, and all the secretions of the body in such a way as to arouse agreeable feeling. Herein we find the groundwork of emotion; for rhythm, whether in perception or action, is emotional when highly developed, and results in response of the whole organism to its pulsations. Such organic pulsations and secretions are the physical counterpart of emotion. Thus, when we listen to the dashing billows or the trickling rain drops, when we see the swaying of the trees in the wind, the waving of the wheat fields, we respond to these, we feel ourselves into them, and there is rhythm everywhere, not only in every plastic part of our body, but in the world as we know it at that moment.

Ninth.—Rhythm arouses sustained and enriching association. One need not tramp through the woods where the Wagnerian scenes are laid in order to experience the rich flow of visual association with a rhythmic flow of the music in *Lohengrin*. In most persons it comes irresistibly through free imagination. Our consciousness of pleasure in music is often a consciousness of seeing and doing things rather than a consciousness of hearing rhythm, the tendency being to project ourselves through the sensory cue of hearing into the more uncommon fields of vision and action.

Tenth.—Rhythm reaches out in extraordinary detail and complexity with progressive mastery. It makes use of novelty. The simple rhythms soon become monotonous, but one can find endless opportunity for enrichment by the complications of which the measure, the phrase, or the more attenuated rhythmic unit is

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capable. This is true both for perception and for action. A rhythmic nature tends to live more and more in the exquisite refinements and far reaching ramifications of rhythmic perceptions and rhythmic feelings of movements, real or imagined. This power to radiate and encompass may be vastly enhanced by training in the rhythmic arts.

The sense of rhythm is like the instinct of curiosity: it takes one into wonders after wonders. Curiosity asks one question of nature and nature asks her ten. One degree of rhythmic perception acquired becomes a vantage ground from which we may approach higher levels, and each of these in turn traversed leads to higher vantage grounds, level after level, vista after vista.

Eleventh.—The instinctive craving for the experience of rhythm results in play, which is the free self-expression for the pleasure of expression; or, as Ruskin puts it, "an exertion of body and mind, made to please ourselves, and with no determined end." It makes us play, young and old. It determines the form of play, in large part. Through play it leads to self-realization by serving as an ever present incentive for practice. In music and poetry we play with rhythm, as it were, and thereby develop it in expansive and artistic forms.

This inventory of the sources of pleasure in rhythm is fragmentary and inadequate, but it should at least accomplish two ends. It should dispel the notion that the perception of rhythm is a simple mental process or action, and should make us realize that to the person who is endowed with this gift in a high degree, it is one of the great sources of pleasure, not only in music and art, but in the commonplace of humdrum life. To a person who is not so endowed, this rôle of rhythm may be no more concretely patent than the ever-presence of color is to the color blind.

That enormous individual differences in this endowment obtain is a noted, if not notorious, fact. There are three ways of approaching the problem of concrete analysis or measurement for the purpose of securing reliable information about the relative presence or absence of this talent.

First, the capacity for rhythm rests upon certain fundamental powers which can be measured serviceably in various forms by methods now being introduced through experimental psychology. Of these we have the measure of the sense of time and the measure of the sense of intensity. These two are measures of capacity for precision in the perception of rhythm. Auditory

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imagery and motor imagery may also be measured serviceably.[1] These two are measures of the capacity for realistic vividness, one of the flow of sound, the other of the motor response to that sound in the perception of rhythm. While we have no precise measure of the motor impulse, which is the motive power in the perception of rhythm, there are adequate means of rating it. These five measures of basic capacity, taken together, constitute a fair index to the degree and type of rhythmic sense present.

Second, there are a number of tests which measure actual precision in the perception of rhythm. Thus we may measure the ability to detect deviation from a given rhythmic measure. Similar tests may be made for the attribute of intensity; but it must be remembered that these tests are merely measures of precision and not measures of the richness of rhythmic experience.

The methods for the measure of auditory and motor imagery may also be extended in such a way as to give us tests for the capacity for vividness, stability, and fullness of the rhythmic representation in actual rhythmic setting. For experimental purposes many of these measures are serviceable, and may be very valuable; but, for the discovery of individual differences in guidance, they probably take us too far into detail, unless we are to make a very exhaustive analysis.

Third, a musician, who knows his own capacities in rhythm, ranks high in sensitiveness to rhythm, and has a psychological technique and insight into the nature and structure of the sense of rhythm, has in music itself abundant means for observing the child's capacity and, indeed, abundant situations which should enable him to analyze the talent for rhythm into its chief components in which he may be able to rate the various traits for practical purposes. In fact, he need not wait for music, but may analyze these powers as they are revealed in the spontaneous play of the child.

It is now clear that, for guidance in music, there are two fundamental factors in rhythmic perception. One is the vividness and the other is the precision. A person may have effusive rhythmic feeling in the perception of music and live himself into it most realistically and yet not have any capacity for precision. Likewise, a person may have fine capacity for precision in rhythmic perception and yet not have the vivid emotional experience of the rhythm. Between these extremes we have many types of rhythmic hearing, both qualitatively and quantitatively.

[1]Measurements of this sort are explained in a forthcoming volume on "The Psychology of Musical Talent."

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Although the sense of rhythm responds to training, there are very great individual differences in capacity for achievement. From the point of view of quantitative analysis, two factors must be borne in mind; first, that the relative presence or absence of one or more of the basic capacities for rhythm determines the permanent traits of the developed musical mind in rhythm; and, second, that the relative presence or absence of such capacities in childhood may be regarded as a fair index to achievement, or the ability to profit by rhythmic training.

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JOHN PLAYFORD, AND 17th-CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING

By FRANK KIDSON

PARISH Clerk and publisher, "Honest" John Playford. Honest, an enviable epithet to have applied to one who makes profit from the labour and brains of others.

But it appears to have been a well-merited one, for John Playford throughout the whole forty years of his trading seems to have won the trust and friendship—or more truly the affection—of the musicians who contributed to his publications and of the amateurs who bought them.

We may fitly here recall the character and status of an early-time London Parish Clerk, as depicted in the songs and the novels of the 18th century, with a full belief that those of the preceding century were just about the same.

A rather meek individual, much absorbed in his professional duties on Sundays and an appendage to his parson on week days, who rehearsed his psalm tunes at odd intervals and was first among the choice spirits of a convivial club, which met in a snug Tavern within the shadow of the City Church he served.

Here we may suppose he would lead off (first setting the note true with his pitch pipe, the insignia of his calling) a humorous catch, none too delicate in its wit, for catches were not for ladies' ears, and at the conclusion slapping his neighbour on the shoulder and draining his tankard with the best. We might also imagine him as a man who did not disdain to run errands for his clerical master, perchance to dress his Reverence's wig if his talents lay that way, or even at a push of household difficulty help in a domestic job. In the country the parish clerk was often the schoolmaster of the village. Sometimes (many did so) he would publish by subscription a book of Psalm Tunes with rules for understanding the complexities of the gamut. He might also have been gravedigger on occasion. Does not Caleb Quotem in *The Wags of Windsor* sing:

> I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
> I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer,
> In short I am factotem;
> I make a watch, I mend a pump,
> For plumber's work my knack is—

and so forth.

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Then we have a horrible picture of the drunken 18th century parson and equally drunken parish clerk, reading the burial service over a child, in that once popular lyric "The Vicar and Moses."

But John Playford was far removed from the usual ignorant parish clerk of the period. He came of a good Norfolk family and held the responsible position of clerk to The Temple Church, near the door of which he had his shop and dwelling house in one, until he removed his dwelling place for the better air of Islington. The son of an earlier John Playford of Norwich, he was born in 1623. Sir John Hawkins and Burney both give the date as 1613, but this is obviously a clerical error, for the correct date, 1623, is fixed by the stated age on different portraits which form the frontispieces to various editions of his *Introduction to the skill of Musick.*

In 1684 he was feeling his infirmities, for he then handed his business over to his son Henry, and died in 1686—only sixty-three years of age.

What John Playford's early life or education was we have no knowledge. He was in London as a "Stationer" (that is, a publisher) in 1648, for in that year he had registered certain non-musical works in Stationers' Hall. He evidently had had some musical education; we may guess he may have been a chorister in Norwich Cathedral, and as a young man had sufficient influence to get himself appointed to the responsible position of Clerk to The Temple Church. It was in 1650 that he began his association with the musical world.

In 1650 the head of King Charles had fallen, times were settling down, the fighting was ended, and the Parliamentarians having got their own way were more prepared to countenance the pleasures and recreations they had before denounced.

Playford was, all through, a Royalist and so were most of the musicians who called him friend. The Roundheads were psalm singers in public, but without doubt were as merry as other folk in private, and Playford could enable them to be so to the top of their bent with his publications of witty catches, and country dances. His first musical publication, as all musical antiquaries know, was *The English Dancing Master*, a volume of country dance tunes with "plaine and easie rules" for dancing to them. The book is in "broad quarto" and its title page is adorned with a charming etching by W. Hollar depicting Cupid playing a lute while a lady and a gentleman advance to each other; the background shows a number of ladies and gentlemen seated and standing. There are 104 tunes, the music being rudely

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printed from type. The imprint gives "Printed by Thomas Harper and are to be sold by John Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple neere the Church doore 1651." It was really issued in November of the preceding year. So far as I know but two copies of the work exist; one among the "King's pamphlets" in the British Museum, and the other, picked up by a rare chance, is in the library of the late Sir John Stainer.

Most of the imprints give the address of his shop, which was as before said also his house, as "Near the Church door" or "in the Inner Temple." Hawkins suggests this meant that the premises were "at the foot of the steps, either to the right hand or to the left, descending from the Inner Temple Lane to the cloisters." I, the present writer, believe that the shop itself is shown on the plate of the Temple Church in Maitland's *History of London*, 1756, which shows a square two storied building wedged against the church door in the Cloister Court. All trace of its site, however, is now lost, as extensive "restorations" have from time to time taken place in the church itself and clearances in its surroundings.

It may be useful to review the condition of musical England—so far as publication of compositions was concerned—when John Playford began his publishing career. From some extraordinary reasoning, dating from the very time of the first practice of printing in England, the art could only be carried on by permission of the reigning monarch, who at his will permitted or refused permission to use the printing press. In the reign of Elizabeth this patent had to a certain extent lapsed save in the matter of music printing. For services rendered at small wages in the Chapel Royal the Queen in the seventeenth year of her reign, 1574, granted to Thomas Tallis and William Byrde the sole right of monoply of music printing and the importations of music into England.

This privilege they could, and did, assign for substantial payment to whom they would, and it formed some sort of income. Tallis having died in 1585, Byrde held it alone for ten years, when the patent expired. In 1598 a fresh patent was granted to Thomas Morley, also a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, as Byrd and Tallis had been. The Crown patents became such a danger to trading that an enquiry into the matter was held in the House of Commons, and Morley's patent having come to an end about 1614 the privilege of printing was open to anyone. In spite of and during all these restrictions, for the period, an enormous number of well printed musical works came from the

London presses and many musical works were freely imported from Italy and other parts of the Continent.

It was the Madrigal era and music in private, if not in public, was a great factor in social life. William Barley, Thomas Este, with Thomas Snodham, his successor, and John Windet were all printers of importance of musical works, while John Day was kept busy printing and reprinting the Metrical Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, "with apt notes to sing them withall."

Soon after the death of Elizabeth there was a considerable slackening in the issue of music books. From about 1620 to the advent of John Playford as a music publisher in 1650 scarcely a music book of any description, save a few editions of the Metrical Psalms, can be referred to that interval of thirty years.

Whether the political unrest was the cause or not I cannot say, but the paucity of musical works stands to testify the fact. It must have been indeed a melancholy generation. The Parliamentarians sang psalms; so did the religious minded of the other side. It is commonly believed that the Cromwellian party discountenanced frivolous songs and music in general, and while this belief has been controverted, the fact remains that an ordinance is in existence commanding the destruction of organs in churches and the like acts of vandalism.

But John Playford seems to have seen the turning of the tide and was bold enough to publish his book of country dances and to follow that up with an enlarged edition a couple of years afterwards. To those who are interested in the revived movement of folk—and country—dancing John Playford stands for little else than his editions of country dances, but the better knowledge of the musical historian recognises Playford as the greatest pioneer in musical publication England has had. The country dance book of 1650–1 had its simple tunes very rudely printed from movable type and the music was neither barred nor harmonised. The one hundred and four tunes were popular airs and well selected from a musical point of view. Most of them were put into print for the first time, from tradition, and the whole book in its successive editions is a treasure-house of the popular tunes of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Indeed, had it been absent much of our richest folk-music would have been forever lost. The 1652 edition was printed in rather smaller oblong size with 112 tunes still unbarred and, as a manuscript note by Dr. Crotch, in the Bodleian copy, states, "the difficulty is increased by some of the tunes being in the G cleft on the first line, others by G on the second." But in the third edition of 1665 Playford has

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amended all this; he has barred the tunes, put them all into the proper G clef, added many to the dance tunes, and put 85 French dances and other tunes at the end of the book, which in due course were published, with additions, separately as *Apollo's Banquet for the Treble Violin.* In 1651 Playford had some business connections with a John Benson, whose name appears on the imprints of one or two works at this time. Also, in 1665, the name Zach Watkins is coupled with that of Playford. It is doubtful, however, whether these were partnerships.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the whole eighteen editions of the *Dancing Master.* Suffice it to say that each edition grew larger and tunes were replaced by others more in favour. The 7th edition, dated 1686, is the last that bears the imprint of John Playford. The 8th, for 1690, is printed for "H. Playford", the son Henry, and his name or initial stands instead of the elder John until the 14th edition, 1709, after which year the Playford books were republished by John Young, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard. *The Dancing Master* ultimately attained three volumes and the latest edition is dated 1728.

We may turn back to John Playford "at his shop neere the church dore." After the first issue of *The English Dancing Master* his musical ventures became bolder. His second publication was *The Musicall Banquet*, dated 1651. This is an oblong quarto, of which one copy only (I think I am correct in so saying) is preserved, that being in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Its lengthy title describes its contents as "Choice varieties of Musick." It was printed by T. H. (Thomas Harper) and was published by John Benson from St Dunstan's Churchyard and by John Playford "in the Inner Temple, neere the Church doore," 1651. It consists of three parts, the first being devoted to Lessons on the Lira Viol, the second "of new Choyce Allmans, Corants, and Sarabands, for Treble and Basse Viol, composed by William Lawes and other excellent masters." The third part is of "New and Choyce Catches and Rounds, to which is added some new Rules and Directions for such as learne to sing or to play the Viol." These three parts afterwards developed into *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol*, of which there were many editions. The second became *Courtly Masquing Ayres*, while the third took the title *Catch that Catch Can*, which later had the subtitle *The Musical Companion*, this, in 1672, becoming the only title; later editions became *The Pleasant Musical Companion.*

"Rules to sing and play on the Viol" was the germ from which *The Introduction to the Skill of Musick* sprang. Of this

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very excellent little handbook no less than nineteen editions appeared between 1654 and 1730. It deserves some small notice here.

The first edition, of which only two copies are known to exist, one in America and one in England, both in private libraries, is entitled: *A Breefe Introduction to the skill of Musick, for Song and Viol, by J. P. London printed 1654. Sould by Jo. Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple.* This is engraved on two tablets on what appears to be a representation of an eleborately designed tombstone, adorned with cherubim heads and other sepulchral ornaments.

In the authorship of this little work it is stated that he had the assistance of one Charles Pidgeon, and of Dr. Benjamin Rogers, and Playford acknowledges his indebtedness to earlier treatises. However this may be, it was the most popular book on the science of music for nearly a century. Its rival was Christopher Simpson's *Compendium of Practical Musick.* This was first published in 1665 and its ninth and last edition issued about 1775.

Playford's *Introduction* was enriched by a treatise on "The Art of Descant or Composing of Musick in parts" by Dr. Thomas Campion, with annotations by Christopher Simpson. Later this was replaced by a similar treatise from the pen of Henry Purcell, published in the later edition of the work.

But Playford was famous for his "Catch" books. We of the present day know very little of Catches that were so much the amusement of convivial souls in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Those three reckless and gay figures in "Twelfth Night" were familiar with the Catch as it stood in Shakespeare's time, and it is quite likely that those performers who took the parts of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aquecheek and the Clown roared out the catch "Hold thy peace, Knave", to the delight of the Globe and Bankside audiences.

Catches appealed chiefly to those whose sense of wit and humour overpowered their delicacy. Gross as the wit was, it required talent and ingenuity of no mean order in their composition, both in a literary and in a musical sense. The Catch might look harmless enough on paper, but its proper singing brought out a hidden meaning that might be disconcerting to any but the jovial roisterers who sang and listened to it. As the reader no doubt is aware, the Catch was sung by a single singer all through, but at certain points the other voices one after another joined in and in the confusion of words frequently a hidden

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meaning was revealed. For example, take Dr. Callcott's well known "Ah how Sophia", which on the surface is merely a lover's fretful plaint but in the singing produces the cries "A house a fire!", followed by "Go fetch the engines", and the calm statement "I'm but a lodger." For handy reference permit me to quote it:

Ah how Sophia can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave.
Go fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet richer far than that you bloom.
I'm but a lodger in your heart
And more than me, I fear, have part.

Thomas Ravenscroft seems to have been the first to record the popular catches of the 16th, and early 17th centuries. He published *Pammelia* in 1609, *Deuteromelia* 1609, and *Melismata* in 1611. These were in quarto and even in Playford's time had become scarce. It remained therefore for John Hilton, a young man of twenty six years, to again set the ball rolling and to publish through Playford and Benson a dainty little oblong book of 120 pages with the punning title, *Catch that catch can; or a choice collection of Catches, Rounds, and Cannons.* This was "sould by John Benson and John Playford" and is dated 1652, though published in the previous year. It was reprinted by Playford in 1658 and many later editions, with the original as a basis, were issued by the Playford family, and by John Young, their successor. The general title of these later catch books was *The Musical Companion*, or *The Pleasant Musical Companion.*

Samuel Pepys, who with all his solemnity loved a broad joke as well as any man, records that on April 15th, 1667, he bought a copy of the *Musical Companion* and "found a great many new fooleries in it." Three days later he "tried two or three grave parts in Playford's new book; my wife pleasing me in singing her part of the things she knew, which is a comfort to my very heart."

Playford was not content with publishing merely minor "fooleries" or simple dance tunes; his scheme included the issue of collections of the best vocal music of the period. From Elizabeth's day to the commencement of the Civil War the musicians of England had been patronised either by the Court itself or by noblemen. Most of them had thrown in their fortunes with their patrons and drawn swords on behalf of the King. Some had been killed in battle, notably William Lawes, who lost his life at the siege of Chester in 1645. Playford had the use of

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his manuscript compositions and was in intimate touch with his younger brother, Henry Lawes.

The professional musician during the Commonwealth must have fallen upon rough times. By the command of the Government, organs in churches were either destroyed or remained silent, and most of the nobles were in as bad plight, financially, as the musicians who had depended on their patronage and bounty. When such found in Playford a man who was willing to risk paper, ink and labour in the publication of their compositions, we may suppose they did not quarrel about terms of remuneration. In fact, in the quaint preface attached to *Ayres and Dialogues* by Henry Lawes published by Playford, with the date 1653, light is thrown upon methods of publishing music in the 17th century which is instructive. He tells us that the Stationer (i. e., Playford) "has undergone the charge and trouble of the whole impression" and presumably Lawes relied only on payment in the event of there being a sufficient profit to pay Playford for his outlay and something above that. Lawes further tells us that Playford "had made bold to print in one Book above twenty of my songs whereof I had no knowledge till the book was in the presse, and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore the question is not whether or no my compositions shall be publick, but whether they shall come forth from me or from some other hand; and which is likeliest to afford the true correct copies I leave others to judge."

Playford's vocal publications include a rather bewildering issue and re-issue of *Select Musicall Ayres and Dialogues for one and two voyces to sing to the Theorbo-Lute or Basse Viol composed by John Wilson, Charles Colman, Doctours of Musick, Henry Lawes and William Webb*, dated 1652.

This is the book which Lawes alludes to in his 1653 preface. It was followed by a second book dated 1652, and a third dated 1653—the whole reprinted with additions in 1659 and again re-issued in 1669 as *The Treasury of Musick*. These books comprise indeed a treasury of music and poetry. We find in them poems by Herrick, Lovelace, Waller, Killigrew, Quarles and many another name notable in the 17th century literature. The musical settings are supplied by musicians, their contemporaries, among the best of the time.

In 1656 Playford published Mathew Locke's *Little Consort of three parts containing Pavans, Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands, for Viol, and Violins*. This was popular as late as 1670. In 1659 came forth Christopher Simpson's *Divison Violist* and his

Chelys Minuritionum in 1665, both published by Playford. The Viol and the Violin were beginning to supercede the lute tribe and Playford, quick to realise the change in taste, was not slow to supply lessons for the same. *Apollo's Banquet for the treble Violin* was always being reprinted with additional matter and *Court Ayres*, 1655, was reprinted in 1662 as *Courtly Masquing Ayres for Viols or Violins*. *Musick's Recreation on the Lyra Viol* of 1652 was constantly being advertised and reissued until 1690. The later title was *Musick's Recreation on the Viol Lyra Way*, and editions are dated 1661, 1669, and 1682. It was a collection of "lessons" for the viol with the notation in tablature, which was the "lyra way" of reading the music for a fretted viol. The Harpsichord and Spinet were not neglected, for a popular book was *Musick's Hand Maide presenting new and pleasant lessons for the Virginals and Harpsycon*, dated 1663. Later editions are dated 1678 and 1696, while the *Second Part of Musick's Hand Maide* was advertised in 1666 and as late as 1689. They were oblong quarto volumes adorned with a picture of a lady playing the spinet or virginals, while a boy playing the violin and a lady singing helped in the composition.

The smaller instruments were also attended to by Playford. *Musick's Delight on the Cithren* is a charming little oblong book in tablature, with a delightful frontispiece of a gentleman playing the Cithren. The edition is dated 1666, but there are earlier ones commencing with *A Booke of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern* dated 1653. Probably the same work is that entitled *Musick's Solace on the Cithren* advertised in 1664–1665, 1669 and, as newly reprinted, in 1672. Most of these editions are now extinct.

In his preface to the 1666 edition Playford gives a racy flavour by saying:

> Not a city dame, though a tap wife, but is anxious to have her daughter taught by Mounsieur La Novo Kickshawibus on the Gittar which instrument is but a new old one, used in London in the time of Q Mary as appears by a book printed in English of instructions and lessons for the same about the beginning of Q Elizabeth's reign, being not much different from the Cithren only was strung with gut strings, this with wyre which was in more esteem (till of late years) than the gittar. Therefore to revive and restore this harmonious instrument I have adventured to publish this little book of instructions and lessons. John Playford.

The book Playford alludes to in the above note is probably a translation of Adrian LeRoy's *Premier Liure de Tabulature de*

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Guiterre, Paris, 1551, with a second and a third book added later.

Besides the cithren another instrument was growing into favour—the flute à bec, or flageolet, or recorder. Mr. Thomas Greeting was a professional teacher of this and Mr. Samuel Pepys employed him to teach his wife simple airs on this little pipe, for the culture and beauty in wives was one of Mr. Pepys' ideals. She could sing and probably attempts had been made to teach her the complexities of the lute but, so far as we know, nothing came of it. Mr. Pepys now and again in his diary records his wife's aptitude. On April 16, 1668, he mentions having bought a copy of Greeting's book for a shilling and this indicates the publication of the first edition of *The Pleasant Companion, or New Lessons and Instructions for the Flagelet*, of which work Playford published several editions, though copies of any edition are now extremely rare. It was published at the modest sum of one shilling, and has a beautifully engraved frontispiece.

But Playford had not lost interest in his clerkly training. He therefore essayed a publication of *Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Musick in four parts*, dated 1671. Playford soon found that the four part arrangement was not a success. In 1679 he advertises:

> Whereas some years since I made a large collection of Full Service and Anthems (with the organ parts) of Four Parts for Sides which I intended to have printed but not finding incouragement thereto, have them still by me. If any gentleman shall desire part or all of them I shall be willing to prick them out fairly for them at a reasonable rate.

In 1677 he issued the first edition of his *Whole Book of Psalms* in a three part arrangement. This had such a success that it ended with the twentieth edition in 1757.

It was in 1667 that Playford discovered Henry Purcell, then only nine years of age. In his 1667 edition of the *Musical Companion* he published a three part song "Sweet Tyraness I now resign" headed "Mr. Hen Pursell". Burney claims this as the composition of the father, but Cummings disputes this and assigns it to the son. It was in 1683 that Playford published for the author the well known *Sonnatas of III parts* with a fine portrait of Purcell, aged 24, on the title page.

In 1673 Playford commenced the issue of his *Choice Ayres and Dialogues*. This, in various editions, ran into five books, the last being dated 1684. This is a book of songs "to sing to the Theorbo-Lute or Bass Viol being most of the newest ayres and

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songs sung at Court and at the publick theatres, composed by several gentlemen of his Majesty's Musick and others." It has a charming engraving of a lady playing the lute on the title page.

In a note "To all lovers and understanders of Musick" John Playford gives a rather pathetic note. He says:

> This fifth book of new songs and ayres had come sooner (by three months) to your hands but the last dreadful frost put an embargo upon the press for more than ten weeks, and to say the truth there was a great unwillingness in me to undertake the pains of publishing any more collections of this nature. But at the request of friends, and especially Mr. Carr who assisted me in procuring some of these songs from the authors, I was prevailed with. Yet indeed the greatest motive was to prevent my friends and countrymen from being cheated with such false work as is daily published by ignorant and mercenary persons, who put musical notes over their songs, but neither minding tune nor right places, turn harmony into discord. Such publications being a scandal and abuse to the science of musick and all ingenious artists and professors thereof. This I conceive I was bound to let my reader understand, and that in what hitherto I have made public of this nature my pains and care has ever been not only to procure perfect copies but also to see them true and well printed. But now I find my age and the infirmities of nature will not allow me the strength to undergo my former labours again. I shall leave it to two young men, my own son and Mr. Carrs' son, who is one of his Majesty's Musick, and an ingenious person whom you may rely upon that what they publish of this nature shall be carefully corrected and well done, myself engaging to be assisting to them the overseeing the press for the future, that what songs they make public be good and true musick both for the credit of the authors and to the content and satisfaction of the buyers and that they may never be otherwise is the desire of your most faithful servant John Playford.

For some time John Playford had been in friendly business relations with John Carr, who kept a music shop at the Middle Temple Gate. It is rather likely that Playford and Carr were related by marriage. The suggestion that they were brothers-in-law is strengthened by a rhyme in Carr's publication *Comes Amoris*. In this he says:

> But my brother John Playford and I shall present you
> 'Ere long with a book I presume will content ye.

Robert Carr and Henry Playford took up the business which John Playford, as we have seen, had resigned, and in November, 1684, commenced publishing with the first book of *The Theater of Musick*.

In this work "R. C." and "H. P.," the two sons, address the "authors in general of the following musical compositions" and request that:

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when you have made any new songs you will be pleased to leave copies of them under your own hands either at Mr. John Playford's shop in the Inner Temple, or at Mr. John Carr's shop at the Middle Temple Gate, and then we do faithfully promise forthwith to print them from such copies whereby you may be assured to have them perfect and exact. This as it will prevent such as daily abuse you by publishing your songs lame and imperfect and singing them about the streets like ordinary ballads.

It may be mentioned that Robert Carr was a violist in the King's band of musicians.

In the earlier part of his career Playford had no rival in the music publishing business, but as time got on one or two booksellers entered into the line with no great success while the elder Playford was alive, and the musical works of his period that were not published by him may be counted on the fingers.

John Playford was something of a composer himself. He is responsible for several psalm tunes and his three part song "Comely Swain why sittst thou so", which appeared in the *Musical Companion*, had vogue in its own day as well as in a later one. There are also other part songs in this same collection of his composition. Such are:—"Quench in Sprightly wine your grief", "You merry poets", "Diogenes was merry in his tub", "Come come my Celia", "God Cupid", "Hark how the gladsome spheres", "Arm, Arm, see the foe in sight", "March to the field", "Hail happy days", "Rise up my dear", "Come lovers all to me", "Come Damon leave thy sadness now", "Come here's to thee Jack in a cup of old Sack", "Cupid has placed us in this bower", "Though the tyrant hath ravish'd my dearest away", "Come sir let us drink and sing." His final effort was a loyal ode to the reigning monarch and his consort, "Carolus, Catharina, Rex and Regina." The titles of the above catches show that Playford could be in merry mood when occasion demanded.

John Playford was married about 1655–6, and his wife, Hannah, was talented enough to be mistress of a boarding school for young gentlewomen in the rural district of Islington opposite the church. In 1659 he advertises this school in his *Select Ayres and Dialogue's* as being "over against the church where young gentlewomen might be instructed in all manner of curious work, as also reading, writing, musick, dancing, and the French tongue." It is worth while noticing that such schools where "musick and dancing" were taught were in existence during the stern reign of the Puritans.

In 1680 Mrs. Playford had either died or given up the school, for in Smith's *Protestant Intelligencer* April 7th, 1681, the school is advertised for sale thus:

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In the High Street over against the Church in Islington, is to be let a fair house containing about 20 rooms, one whereof is 45 feet long, with outhouse for a wash-house, coach-house, with a convenient court-yard before the said house, and behind it a fair garden opening into the best fields for air about the town; Also two pleasant summer houses in the said garden. The person who will let the house has 16 years to come in his lease which he is willing to dispose of for a moderate fine without any rent, or otherwise, by the year for an easy rent (under £20 per annum) without any fine. Notwithstanding he has laid out in improving the premises above £400. Enquire at Mr Playford's shop near the Temple Church, or at Mr. John Hall's, a goldsmith, and near the Nag's head Tavern in Leadenhall Street, or at the said Mr. Hall's country house over against Islington Church aforesaid.

What a delightful house it must have been! Probably Tudor, or early Jacobean, and no doubt one with a history. One's mouth waters at the fine old staircases and oak pannelling which it must have had; while the "fair garden" with the two summer houses overlooking the fields of Pentonville, and with a distant view of the busy city would certainly have been a delight on summer days.

And now comes the end of John Playford. In his sixty-first or second year (in 1683–4), as we have seen, he proclaimed his infirmities and relinquished his business to his son Henry and the son of John Carr, his friendly brother publisher. On the 5th of November, 1686, he made his will, but by some mischance it was neither signed nor witnessed. It was proved by his handwriting in August, 1694. His death must have occurred in the later part of the year 1686 and he was probably buried in the Temple Church. As on their publication his works called forth the usual poetical eulogiums, so did his death. One, an anonymous composition prefixed to the late editions of his *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, begins:

We must submit; in vain with anxious strife
We labour to support this load of life.
No prayers, nor penitence, no tears prevail
With the Grim Tyrant of this mournful vale.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Our brittle glass, thin blown and weakly burn'd
Drops its short hour and never more is turned.
Oh, never more (my friend) must my charm'd ear
Thy cheerful voice and skilful musick hear
For ever silent is that Tuneful Lyre
Which men instead of Beasts did long inspire.

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When Playford's hand the well strung harp adorned
The principle of life and sense we scorn'd.
Pleas'd with the sound we wish'd our Vital air
Might only enter at the ravish'd ear.

and so forth for many lines.

Nahum Tate, the versifier of the Psalms, gave forth a "Pastoral Elegy on the death of Mr. John Playford" which, in a lighter strain, begins:

Gentle Shepherds you that know
The charms of tuneful breath,
That Harmony in Grief can show
Lament for Pious Theron's death.
etc., etc.

This was set to music by Henry Purcell.

And now let me correct many erroneous statements which Hawkins and others, including the writer of the Playford article in the *National Dictionary of Biography*, have made. Firstly, John Playford senior was not a printer and did not, as Hawkins has it, invent about 1660 "the new tyed note, wherein by one or two strokes continued from the bottom of each note to the next the quavers and semi-quavers were formed into compages of four or six as the time required". As a matter of fact "the new tyed note" was not introduced into type-printed music during the lifetime of either of the two John Playfords. The joining of the quaver and semiquavers in movable music type was first introduced by Thomas Moore, a London music printer, about 1688. It was followed by J. Heptinstall, his partner, and improved by William Pearson. In engraved and written music the tying of the notes had generally been done; for proof see The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, and other MSS., also *Parthenia*, 1611, and other engraved music.

While it is quite easy with the stroke of a pen or a graver to unite musical notes it is a different matter to do so with movable music type and it was not until the period I mention that the difficulty was overcome. Even to-day the printing of music by movable type is a complex matter and takes both time and special skill to effect. A double printing in which the staves and the notes were printed separately was at one time tried, but it was found more troublesome than the usual method.

Mention may be made of others of the Playford family. The son, said to be a second son, Henry Playford, was born in 1657 and to him the elder John Playford left his business. Shortly before his father's death in 1686 Henry Playford had

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left his father's shop and was publishing "at his shop near Temple Bar", at the same time that his father was publishing from the old address. At the death of his father Henry Playford appears to have returned to the old address, as his imprints give "Near the Temple Church", but in 1696 his address is altered to "near Temple Bar", or "Temple Change", or at the publisher's "house in Arundel Street over against the Blew Ball". This house was probably one occupied by his father in his later years after the disposal of that at Islington.

Henry Playford continued the business with some degree of spirit, but he had to contend with rivals, which his father had not. John Walsh had sprung up, and in 1692 had become "musical instrument maker to his Majesty in the place of one John Shaw, and in 1695, or no doubt before that date, had begun a publishing career which overtopped that of the Playford family.

But his father's old friends, such as were left, did not desert Henry Playford. Dr. Blow and Henry Purcell during their lives gave their works to him for publication and after Purcell's death his widow continued the support.

Henry Playford published with additional matter new editions of such of his father's work as met with ready sale. These included *The Dancing Master, Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, the *Whole Book of Psalms* and others. He also issued many fresh works, among which may be mentioned

The Theater of Musick, four books : 1684–1686
The Banquet of Musick, six books : 1684–1692
Deliciæ Musicæ, four books : 1695–1696
Thesaurus Musicus, five books : 1693–1696
Harmonia Sacra, two books, first issued in 1688 and 1693, with later editions.
The New Treasury of Musick in 1695, which was in part a reissue of the *Theater of Musick* and of *Choice Ayres* of the elder Playford.
Orpheus Britanicus, two volumes, issued first in 1698 and 1702, with two other later editions.

He was also the first to issue the celebrated work *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, which (the musical edition) was commenced in 1699 (second volume 1700) and attained its sixth volume in 1720. In strong contrast to the foregoing was *The Divine Companion or David's Harp new tun'd* 1700, which came out in its fourth edition in 1722. Another curious work that it has never been my fortune to see was advertised in 1700: "*The Psalmody; being plain and easie directions to play the psalm tunes by letters instead of notes, fitted to all capacities. Invented by the late Mr.*

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John Playford but never before made public. The price of the instrument 15 shillings; the price of the book 1/6." I have only seen this once advertised and one wonders whether it was the precursor of the Tonic Sol Fa system and what the "instrument" was.

Henry Playford may be regarded as the father of the "Free and Easy". He seems to have first carried out the idea of having musical singing clubs in taverns and lest the singing should become chaos he arranged that a master of music should be in attendance to help on beginners in the art. The office of this gentleman merged into that of the chairman of such gatherings in the last century.

The Pleasant Musical Companion and the earlier Playford publications of catches and part songs were the fodder which was provided for these meetings. *The Pleasant Musical Companion* has, as usual, poetical eulogiums prefixed and one signed T. B. begins thus:

To my friend Mr. Henry Playford on his book of catches and his design in setting up a weekly club for the encouragement of Music and good Fellowship.

So, now this is something that's like to be taking
For Music's the Devil without merry making.
A fig for lean scraping and thrumming and thrilling,
What delight can it give without stuffing and swilling.
When our ears must be filled and our Bellies be starv'd;
He's a fool to some tune who will e're be thus serv'd.
Friend Harry, thy foresight prevents this abuse,
Making that which has sweetness, be likewise of use.
And gives life to the senses and strength to the tongue.
Dear Rogue, let me kiss thee, for I vow and protest
I'm so pleas'd with thy project it can't be express'd.
Thy Book's made of Rapture and just's thy design,
Which gives floods of joy with floods of good wine.
etc., etc.

T. B. signs himself "from Mr. Seward's at the Hole in the Wall in Baldwin's Gardens," being Tom Brown, a well known writer of the period.

The junction of the 17th and 18th centuries was a period when picture collecting from the Continent took active form. At the latter part of his life Henry Playford appears to have embarked in the picture trade, selling also prints, from his house in Arundel Street "over against The Blew Ball", which situation was towards the lower end not far from the mud which is now so happily covered by the Thames Embankment.

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Henry Playford either died or ceased the music business in 1707, in which year John Cullen "at the Buck between the Two Temple Gates" advertises a large number of the Playford publications, which he had apparently taken over from Henry Playford, occupying, I fancy, the premises which the latter held from about 1696.

We may now follow the fortunes of another of the family—John Playford, junior. The writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* states that he was nephew to the elder John Playford and that he was born at Stanmore Magna in 1655, and that he was the son of Mathew Playford, rector there. Previous writers have always spoken of the younger John as a son of the elder John, and Mr. Husk in the first edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* states that he was baptised at Islington on Oct. 6, 1665.

As a matter of fact there is a puzzling entry in the register of St. Mary's, Islington, which gives the baptism of John, the son of John and Hannah Playford, with the date the *fifth* of October, 1665. This can hardly be John Playford, the younger and printer, for the simple reason that there is indisputable evidence that in 1679 he was partner with Anne Godbid, the widow of William Godbid, music printer. The dates quoted would make young Playford only thirteen or fourteen when he held the responsible position of partner in a well established printing firm. We cannot imagine that John Playford the elder, a good churchman, would so neglect his duty as a Christian to defer for any length of time his son's baptism.

Therefore we have a difficulty before us as to the identity of the younger John Playford. It may be mentioned that there is a break in the Registers of Baptisms of St. Mary's, Islington, from 1647 to 1662. It is most likely that John Playford the younger was apprenticed to William Godbid, a printer of musical works and of scientific treatises, whose premises were situate in Little Britain.

At the middle of the 17th century few English printers ventured into music printing, as this required a special fount and special knowledge on the part of the compositor.

The printing of music from engraved plates was little practised, although the production of the plate itself was easier than the setting up of type. When it was employed it was chiefly for instrumental works where the notes could be tied, by the tails of quavers and semi-quavers being joined together, which, as I have before said, was a difficulty that had not been overcome in movable type.

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Thomas Harper, who had printed for John Playford his early works, had either died or retired, and William Godbid filled his place. Harper was printing music in 1633 and in 1653, which are the earliest and latest dates I can assign to him as regards musical typography. Godbid was printing music in 1657 and he probably died about 1679, leaving his widow Anne his business. She promptly took young John Playford into partnership and in that year John Playford, senior, gives a friendly advertisement to the firm by printing at the end of Campion's *Art of Descant*, 1679, thus:

And all such as have anything of Musick to print are desired to take notice that the ancient and only Printing House in England for Variety of Musick and workmen that understand it, is still kept in Little Britain London by A. Godbid and J. Playford, junior. Which is also the usual House for printing Mathematical Books; witness the difficult works of Dr. Pell, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Barrow, Mr. Kersie there printed: your servant J. Playford.

The partnership of young Playford and Anne Godbid did not last long, for some time about 1682 her name is absent from the imprints and John Playford's name stands alone. He printed for the elder Playford and for Henry Playford such works as they issued between 1682 and 1685. These include the fifth book of *Choice Ayres and Songs;* the first book of *The Theater of Musick* and the 7th edition of the *Dancing Master*.

Young Playford died in the previous or the same year as the elder Playford, viz., 1686, and the issue of May 6th, 1686, of *The London Gazette* contains an advertisement for the sale of the printing house in Little Britain. It runs thus:

An ancient printing house in Little Britain, late in the possession of Mr. John Playford, printer, deceased. Well known and ready fitted and accomodated with good presses and all manner of letter for choice works of Musick, Mathematicks, Navigation and all Greek and Latin books. With a fair and convenient dwelling house, and convenient rooms for warehouses; all of which are to be sold as they are ready standing, or lett by lease or yearly rent. Enquire of Mrs. Ellen Playford at the said house over against the Globe in Little Britain.

There has recently been unearthed a petition from his sister, Ellen (or Eleanor) Playford, (see *The Library*, No. 28, Vol. VII) in which she asks that she shall be allowed to carry on her late brother's business at his printing house. It appears that shortly after his death there had been a "restraint" upon printers and Eleanor Playford pointed out that her father had suffered sequestration and was ruined by loyalty to Charles Ist. She also

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stated that no other than her brother "could print Mathematicks or Algebray" and that there was only one other man "who does some small matter in Musick." Also, that having sold some small part of his plant she would sell the rest "but there being no person that could do the work." Further, that she "has begun and almost finished an opera for Monsier Grabiea which he must have sent to France to have printed," had she not undertaken the work.

The opera in question is evidently *Albion and Albanius*, by Lewis Grabu, a fine folio dated 1687, with an imprint stating that it is "printed for the author, and are to be sold at the door of the Royal Theater, and by William Nott, booksellers in Pall Mall, 1687." The petition was opposed by Henry Hill and Thomas Newcomb, His Majesty's printers, Henry Hill having purchased several of the printing materials from the petitioner. Her appeal was therefore dismissed. So much for the freedom of the press in those good old days.

Thus ends the chronicle of John Playford and his immediate successors, who each played a part in the musical world of the 17th century of the greatest importance.

Whether any other man could, or would, have filled such a place in English music as did John Playford in such times, unsettled and adverse, is doubtful to improbability.

It was he who came to the rescue of English music and he was bold enough and far sighted enough not to confine his scope of work to one particular branch of it. He catered for every class and was equally successful in his selection in every portion of the art. How much music of his period would have never been written, or if so, only remained in insecure manuscript, we may only imagine. But we may be sure that a big hiatus in English Music would have existed had John Playford been a timid man, content with the humdrum duties of Clerk to the Temple Church.

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MUSIC IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By CLARA T. NICHOLS

GENERAL BELL'S pronunciamento in favor of community singing for soldiers has aroused the greatest interest in camp music. At a few of the encampments such enthusiasts as Barnhart, Geoffrey O'Hara and Kenneth Clark have enjoyed remarkable success. At others a note of discouragement is prominent.

Failure to make our soldiers sing must be owing either to a lack of plasticity or an inadequate retentive power of the brain. As most of the men in the camps belong to the younger set, they can have been but a few years out of school. Therefore, it is not so much a question of plasticity (their brains being still impressionable) as of retention; and, consequently, much of the criticism that has been leveled at the efforts of the community singing-leaders ought to be directed at our public-school system of music. This latter, as a democratic institution, must assume the ultimate responsibility for the nation's musical power.

If our men cannot sing, it is the fault of the schools. If they cannot now learn to sing, it is the fault of the singing directors, who should be such masters of persuasive skill as to make even totem poles sing. Of course, one who knows anything about the difficulty of teaching singing will sympathize with the directors. But there will be none to sympathize with the inadequate system of school music, neither does it deserve sympathy. This is not to be a diatribe against public-school teachers. One knows only too well how patient, how zealous, how hard working this admirable body of citizens is, and criticism of them would be out of place and undeserved. It is against the system that the bitterest invective should be hurled, because it has failed in its duty to the community. It has not provided the means of spiritual comfort that the men of our nation will need in their hours of homesickness, discouragement or weariness.

Why has it not provided for their hour of need? The answer is not hard to find. The directors of our public-school system have never admitted whole-heartedly the essential spirituality of man. His materialistic nature has been adequately satisfied. The bread-and-butter ideal has predominated at the expense of all

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spiritual consideration, and music as the expression of æsthetic feeling has not fitted in with our present-day materialism. The only way in which we shall ever have music in America is to have a public-school system that appreciates music and is willing to pay for it. You cannot honestly have music in the schools unless you have teachers trained to teach music, and trained teachers cost money. Instead of blaming the schools it would perhaps be more just to blame the financial administrators of the school system who refuse to provide for music in their school budget. It is preposterous to expect the ordinary teacher, trained in our present faulty system of music teaching, to be able to give proper instruction. We must have well-trained music-teachers, and we must be willing to pay for them. If an art is worth while, it ought to be made worth while financially. Recently Mephisto, the brilliant commentator on music, discussing in "Musical America" the salary of Louis Koemmenich, the conductor of the Oratorio Society, stated that "$2,400 was insufficient even for a chauffeur"; one could "not live decently on that sum." Yet public-school teachers receive much less. The country average is not over $800 a year; while in New York City, where the highest salaries prevail, it varies from $600 to $1,500. One surely could not expect ordinary teachers to be artists. If we want first-class teaching we ought to be willing to pay for it; and the crying need in the public-school system—if we are to have music—is for teachers who *know music*. Such teachers ought at least to receive compensation upon which it is possible to live "decently."

Much has been written on the teaching of music in the public schools, but most of these disquisitions have been theoretical, barely touching conditions as they actually exist. Teachers fail in their teaching of the subject because they themselves are the product of a system which has given them neither a workable knowledge nor a true appreciation of music. Many cities now hold an examination in music which, if properly conducted, might warrant a fair knowledge of the art. New York, for instance, demands that the candidate for the most elementary license be able to sing exercises in any key the examiner calls for. She must have a repertoire of rote songs suitable for young children, and must sing them before a board of at least three examiners. She must write songs from dictation and is examined in meter and rhythm. A favorite question is, "How would you teach a primary class the value of a dotted quarter?" The training schools try to fit their pupils for the test. That so many pass speaks well for the cramming process.

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It does not, however, insure good teaching of music, for much of the preparation has been pretense. If as comprehensive and searching an examination as is set in English were demanded in music, there might be a reasonable hope that the successful candidate's knowledge of music would be sufficient to give assurance of good teaching. Naturally, the ordinary classroom teacher, honest and unpretentious, hesitates to teach music. She knows she is ignorant of its mechanics and of its cultural aspects, and so she lets it lapse. If in a town where there is a music supervisor, she probably takes a few lessons to enable her to pass the perfunctory inspection of that worthy. If the supervision is efficient, she has to make desperate efforts to learn her grade music, otherwise life will be made miserable for her. She ought to know, besides her grade music, the music of all the grades, but because of imperfect preparation she does not; and it is with such instruction that we are preparing our future music-teachers.

Music in some communities is allowed half an hour per week. New York generously grants one hour a week, which may be divided into two half-hour periods or three twenty-minute periods. With classes averaging fifty pupils it is easy to see how much individual attention can be given. Correct methods of tone-production, diction and phrasing, are not considered. Sight-reading, pitch and rhythm are the only elements that regularly enter into a music-lesson. Occasionally there is an attempt at ear-training and dictation. But the attempt is feeble. A woman who had taught in the city of Yonkers, where the music instruction is admittedly good, said, "We were supposed to have dictation in every lesson, but many of the teachers could not tell whether the children were singing the correct tones or not; so we did very little." In the Kindergarten, where the child spontaneously sings, all delicacy of musical feeling is destroyed by the wretched playing of the pianists. The thumping bass ruins the sensitivity of the ears and plays havoc with baby voices. It is responsible for the great army of monotones that is met with in the upper grades. It is difficult, within the limited time assigned to music, to correct the monotones. Their problem is shelved by the grade teacher by the process of elimination. For the most part, they are told to keep still, which is all right so far as it goes, but then nothing to help them is offered—though for that matter even the child with a voice or ear gets next to nothing. He leaves the grade with a very scanty repertoire. The rote songs that he has learned are for the most part silly, idiotic, with no inherent melodic charm.

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The chorus singing in the assembly is not supposed to assume an academic aspect. Children are there expected to become acquainted with some of the world's best music. In a few schools this is actually the case, but in the vast majority the repertoire is as trivial as that of the classroom. The child gets a smattering of tunes and perhaps ten per cent. of the text of the songs. Directors of assembly music do not demand complete knowledge of the words of a song, so they never get it. An extremely clever young man principal of a large boys' school stated that the way to teach a song was to play it over two or three times, the director saying the words. He was positive that the school could get them just as the street boys pick up the latest popular songs. His theory was good in so far as immediacy of appeal was concerned. What he failed to see was that vaudeville audiences and street boys never learn more than two or three lines of any stanza, so they cannot be said to have really learned the song. Even in gatherings of young people this same tendency to learn the chorus and nothing more prevails. In the school in which this method was carried out, the repertoire was not a permanent possession of the children. In the two weeks given to the learning of a song, accuracy of text was not even a temporary possession. There are many methods for insuring verbal accuracy, but they require skilful teachers to render them effective. The method of presentation through the changing aspect of a song is by far the quickest and most thorough; at one demonstration eight lines were learned in fifteen minutes; but most assemblies allow but ten minutes for music, so there is little opportunity for mastery of content. The director feels fortunate if the assembly has mastered the melody in that time.

Frequently, victrola concerts are given. Here the pupils become acquainted with great singers and great music. Passive receptivity is encouraged, but not the musical activity of the pupils, unless one reckons as such the unconscious tapping of feet in childish enjoyment at pronounced rhythm.

School orchestras and glee clubs make a fine showing at entertainments; but their actual musical influence is small. Most of the members are recruited from children who receive outside instruction. They play what the majority know or can easily read at sight. Here again time and pitch are the only elements considered. As a rule the tone is raucous, unmusical. Fine musical feeling is not even thought of. However, as a means of building up school spirit, the disciplinary value of these organizations is of great importance and for that reason if no other ought to be encouraged. But what an opportunity to project

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real value is lost, because there is no gifted music-teacher in charge. Usually it is a classroom teacher who directs the glee club or the orchestra. For her services, given at the end of a long school day, she receives no compensation. She does it because of her interest in the children or for the school. Her altruistic spirit is praiseworthy, even if, by very reason of her fatigue and lack of musicianship, her efforts are negligible.

In small towns, where the supervisor can get into each classroom at least once a week, music conditions are better. He or she is usually a trained musician and can give valuable lessons. Glee clubs and orchestras under his capable leadership have positive worth. In the larger towns and cities, the duties of the supervisor are so onerous that there is little time for actual teaching. For instance, in the entire city of New York there are but 15 supervisors to 22,000 teachers. There are but four in the borough of Manhattan, which means anywhere from 1,500 to 4,000 teachers under one supervisor, who can at best spend but half a day per month in any school. It can readily be seen that when one has to inspect a school averaging eighty classes in three and a half hours, little help can be given. Examination insures mechanical routine on the teacher's part, but that does not by any means indicate that music is being properly taught. The supervisor may suggest a method or a song, but will have to take on faith the teacher's spirit of coöperation. To be sure, the school has its own supervisory staff in principal and assistant, but the pressure on these individuals is enormous. To examine thoroughly a school of eighty classes would mean, at half an hour per class, forty hours. For testing continuity of work, at least three visits to each class must be made per term. This would be 120 hours, or a solid month per term devoted to music and to nothing else. It is evident that neither the principal nor his assistant has time for such intensive supervision. Their time-allowance for entire supervision is but three full lessons for each teacher per term, and it is not unreasonable that they should prefer to concentrate on English or Arithmetic. Each school ought to have a definitely assigned music-teacher whose sole business is to teach music, and not to substitute or to assist the principal in clerical work. Supervision ought not to consist entirely of examination. It should consist of model lessons, conferences for method and coaching of weak teachers, and planning of work. It takes a capable, tactful person to overcome the prejudices and antagonism often encountered in classroom teachers. New York, up to a few years ago, had a most capable body of supervisors doing excellent work and maintaining a

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good standard. Through shortage of funds their number has been reduced until they can no longer be of any practical value to the teachers or to the cause of music. It would be fortunate for the musical life of our children, if each school in the United States could have to direct its work such musicians as Margaret Gaines of the Washington Irving High School, Ida Fischer and Katherine Conway of the New York City supervisory staff.

Dr. Rix, who is the musical director of New York's schools, has tried to meet the reduction in the number of supervisors by a careful standardization of the curriculum. His Manual of Music is a well thought out course of study for each grade, and full of valuable suggestions. But unless there are supervisors to interpret and supplement it, the chances are it will be shelved. Many schools order a copy for each teacher, but scarcely twenty per cent. of the teaching staff make any systematic use of the book. The average grade teacher wants a comprehensive plan of her grade work. This the manual does not give. It merely indicates the kinds of exercises suitable for the grade. The teacher, however, cannot take the time to search for 20 additional exercises to supplement the model. Unless she knows definitely that on page 96 of the textbook assigned to her class such exercises can be found, she will be apt to give a lesson on the model with no variations. A teacher whose work was exclusively in music would know all the resources of her school and could plan much more intelligently. It requires skilful handling to get together sufficient material for work. In many schools the policy is to order one book to two pupils (sometimes to three). There is always a shortage, and in duplicate schools with their constant shifting of classes, books inevitably are lost and destroyed. So the sets are always incomplete. If one course were used throughout a school, it would be easy to patch up sets, but in order to show no partiality to rival book firms, half a dozen different courses will be used in a single school. This is a decided drawback to continuity of purpose or planning.

These handicaps would not be so disastrous if a trained music-teacher were on hand to overcome them. Under the present system, however, they are a source of irritation and, if they do not work positive injury, they at least render most of the music-teaching futile.

To persons not vitally interested in music the situation does not appear serious. They feel that a little rudimentary knowledge of pitch and rhythm is sufficient, that music as an art is a luxury not to be enjoyed by the masses, and that those who want it can get it easily enough from outside sources. In a democracy, art ought

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not to be a luxury. It ought to be the heritage of every child. A study of the evolution of music is sufficient to convince one of the strength of the musical instinct. If such a precious gift is latent in all of us, how shameful to neglect it! How sad the commentary of the singing directors, that our soldiers cannot sing! Now that our men need the heartening influence of song, they must do without it. A short-sighted policy failed to provide for the growth of their musical instinct. One is appalled at thought of the wasted opportunity.

It is to be hoped that civic leaders will take heed and provide more liberally for music instruction in the schools. Raising music to the status of English or Arithmetic and granting credit for outside work, is all very well, but it is not enough. The solution of the problem is in the trained music-teacher; one in each school to give adequate and continuous instruction to each class ought to be the demand of every propagandist for musical America. Then, as a nation, we might sing.

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CLAUDE DEBUSSY

By G. JEAN-AUBRY

FRENCH music has suffered an irreparable loss. If the news of Claude Debussy's death has not reverberated amid the clash of warlike events as it would have during times of peace, it has none the less struck a chord and wakened an echo in the souls of all who love music, and who have trodden the new pathways which this musical genius had blazed, not only for the music of his own country, but for that of every land.

I have known Claude Debussy for more than twelve years; I have often been in his company; the letters which he wrote me in the course of the past ten years, and almost up to the moment when he was no longer able to write, are now a sadly precious possession. I cannot think of him without emotion; not only because he was such an admirable artist; because of his intelligence and sensitiveness; but because of the friendship he showed me, the encouragement received from him at the onset of my career, the talks we had in his study, in Paris, in the house near the Bois de Boulogne in which he lived. Knowing both the man and his work I shall here try to tell what I feel, in the midst of that first astonishment which the incredible reality of death imposes on affection.

I began my acquaintance with the works of Claude Debussy toward the year 1900, some time before the appearance of *Pélleas et Mélisande* (1902), at a time when only a very small circle of Parisian music-lovers knew him. A few piano pieces, some songs such as the *Chansons de Bilitis* had disclosed to us an artist whose originality was beyond doubting, and quite as positive as his charm.

The reputation of Claude Debussy increased suddenly with the success of *Pélleas*. From that very moment I conceived a great desire to make the acquaintance of its composer; but I was discouraged from taking steps toward realizing my wish owing to those who, though they did not know him, assured me that he was difficult of access and rather unamiable on first acquaintance. Preoccupied as I was with efforts of propaganda for French music in Switzerland, Belgium and England, the work of Claude Debussy necessarily had an important place in my scheme of action; and one day the composer himself let me know through a friend

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Photogravure Boussod, Valadon & Cie

à Monsieur R. Strauss
sympathetic homage
Paris, 1908.
Claude Debussy

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common to both of us that he wished to see me. As may be imagined I did not hesitate to avail myself of this invitation. I found him a delightful personage: in his own individual way, of course, since he did not lack a certain brusqueness which the greater part of the time poorly cloaked his timidity and sensitiveness. I continued to see him for years, and even in those days when he was already a prey to the malady which was to cause his death his friendliness was evinced in a hundred and one ways.

When he requested me to call on him I was merely a young man without any special reputation, with no great outlook, and without influence. What is more, I was practically buried in a French provincial town. If I make mention of these personal details which reflect no particular glory on myself, it is merely because they are calculated to give an idea of Claude Debussy which does him greater justice than that which has at times been spread abroad by superficial newspaper men. The truth is that no one detested all that in any way, shape or form, was akin to advertisement or lack of reticence more than Claude Debussy. I do not know but that, during the first period of our acquaintanceship, he imparted various confidences to me in order to see whether I would hasten to transform them into "echoes for the press." He had his own method of ridding himself of newspaper men. It consisted in making those brusque and paradoxical statements with which (often in the most ridiculous manner) the French press has been nourished in the course of the last fifteen years.

Physically it has been said of him that in his youth he seemed like an Assyrian prince. When I knew him he was in his forties, and his features at times showed weariness; yet he retained his somewhat Asiatic appearance. His eyes were slightly narrowed, his black hair curled lightly, and he had the broadest forehead and the largest ears that I had seen up to that time.

He spoke little, and then in brusque phrases; generally with a mingling of indolent and decisive intonations of voice; in which one could feel the ill-restrained wrath and irony he had for those who did not understand, or who endeavored to falsify that in which he believed.

I do not believe that any man has ever been in his art and thought more abidingly sincere than Claude Debussy. Neither his capricious sallies nor his paradoxes should create an illusion as regards this fact. No man appears to me to be more consistent, more coherent than he, when I pass in mental review the sum total of his ideas on art, on life, on people and things.

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I know of one immutable idea which he cherished, and that long before the war: one might call it the "French idea".

It is with great justice that in many artistic circles in America, in England, in Italy, he seemed, in some sort, to symbolize French music. Though he is not the only composer with a dominant personality to whom French music may point; though we should not forget Saint-Saëns, César Franck, Gabriel Pierné nor Vincent d'Indy—to mention but a few of the more outstanding figures—it must still be said, notwithstanding, that not one of them has been obsessed to the same degree as Claude Debussy with French tradition, has had a more conscient sense of it, nor has toiled with greater determination to anneal in his works, in his thought and in the influence he might be able to exert, the past and the future of music in France.

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Claude Debussy was born August 22, 1862, of a family of the *petite bourgeoisie* of France, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, in that province called "The Isle of France," whose grace and delicate atmospheric landscapes Corot has immortalized in his paintings.

His first seeing the light in the natal town of Louis the Great almost appears to be an act of predestination for this composer who was to devote himself so entirely to the French style, and the most traditional musical qualities of his race.

At first he showed no particular inclination for music. There is nothing of the child-prodigy in his story. Nevertheless, his preferences began to develop, and a friend of the family, a musician, persuaded his parents to send the boy to the Paris Conservatory. He entered it as a pupil in 1873, at the age of eleven, and studied solfeggio with Lavignac, the piano with Marmontel, and worked at harmony in which various rules, which were only followed as a matter of course and without any well-founded reason, already astonished and disconcerted him. The indolence which Claude Debussy showed was only apparent; if he did not take any great interest in the "recipes" used at the Conservatory, he gave much active thought to problems which, ordinarily, did not disturb pupils eager to gain official recompense.

Owing to a kind of spirit of contradiction which one finds in all great artists, he began to seek advice in works not to be found among those figuring on the Conservatory programs. In no wise did he feel it incumbent on him to follow the routine of

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form borrowed from the music of the German classics; and he aspired to a greater degree of liberty than that vouchsafed by the mold of the sonata or the symphony, and by the treatises on harmony then in vogue.

Yet this innovator had no kinship with any of those anarchists who give no thought to firmly rooting their achievement in the past. Claude Debussy, in his turn, had conceived the suspicion that others before him had made their bid for greater liberty. Avidly he investigated the musicians of France and Italy during the Middle Ages; he familiarized himself with the works of the singers of the Renaissance; he was ravished with the charm, the spirit and the grace of the French clavecinists of the 17 and 18 centuries.

At the time—it was toward 1879—his teacher, Marmontel, recommended him to a Russian family, whose members wished to take home with them for the summer some young man who was a good pianist. It has since been said that this journey determined Claude Debussy's whole career; and that it was his hearing the works of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine and Moussorgsky which opened up to him the new road he was to travel. The only unfortunate thing about this contention is the fact that at that time these great composers were but little known even in Russia, and that Debussy could have had no knowledge of what they had done at that epoch of his life.

On the other hand, during this summer passed in Russia, he listened to the music of the people: heard the peasants sing and saw them dance. And he was, quite naturally, charmed with the rhythmic and harmonic liberties shown by this popular music; in it he discovered a confirmation of his own ideas; and in it he certainly found some suggestions to which, later, he gave a French character; yet Debussy had already largely developed his ideas before he made his Russian journey, which only caused them to blossom forth more rapidly.

Not long after, Claude Debussy returned to resume his place in the Conservatory, in the composition class. Here his teacher, Ernest Guiraud, a composer of mediocre originality, but of real critical discernment, seems to have had a suspicion of what his strange pupil might be able to do. He advised him to defer for a time the expression of his most cherished ideas, lest he lose the *prix de Rome*, which it was desired he might gain. Claude Debussy, entirely at home in the formulas then worshipped in academic centres, succeeded, by putting constraint upon himself, and admirably imitating Massenet's melodic turns of phrase, in

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writing a cantata which in 1884, secured him the "Roman Prize."

This cantata, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, had a fate which caused its composer some irritation. Many years later, at the time when a certain degree of curiosity began to be shown with regard to Debussy's name and some of his works, concert-givers could hit on nothing more ingenious than to bring forward this "pupil's essay," and present it as a Debussyist composition. I do not believe it would have been possible to have done the composer a greater disservice. Yet it is not difficult to understand that this work, in some sections absolutely academic, was not intended to disturb audiences which were at times roused to genuine astonishment by veritable Debussyist characteristics.

Conforming to the law prescribed by the *prix de Rome*, Debussy went to live for three years in Italy. It does not seem that he preserved any special recollection of his stay there. For my own part I have never heard him mention it save in reprehension of the *prix de Rome* as an institution; and he never betrayed to me any sign which might show that he kept a warm place in his heart for Italy.

His preferences, I believe, were all for a sky less blue, for landscapes suffused with greater atmospheric clarity, and I think France was much in his thoughts while he lived in Rome.

During his stay there, he composed a symphonic suite after Henri Heine's *Almanzor* (a work which has been lost), and a *Fantasie* for piano and orchestra which has never been published. Finally, he wrote two works which, happily, were preserved: *Printemps*, a symphonic suite; and the exquisite *Demoiselle élue*, which dates from the year 1887, and is, in truth, the first personal and lasting expression of its composer's genius.

No comparison can be established between the *Printemps* suite and *Demoiselle élue;* yet those who wish to study the development of Debussy's art, and how its principles manifested themselves almost from the very first, will find it is needful to examine the score of *Printemps*. In it one may already note that care taken in the choice of the most simple orchestral means possible; that desire to express, not alone the volume and line of things but, if one may thus put it, their "after thoughts" as well.

As to the *Demoiselle élue*, though its author was no more than twenty-five years old when he wrote it, and though thirty years have since gone by, it remains, nevertheless, a masterpiece; one which time will, in all probability, hold scathless.

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Owing to a kind of concealed irony, decidedly characteristic of Claude Debussy, he did not shrink from taking the most current forms, the most hackneyed, and breathing a new spirit into them. All in all, what is the *Demoiselle élue* but an oratorio? Yet putting aside all subjects too specifically sacred, and above all the mediocre literary texts with which they are generally presented, Claude Debussy chose a poem by one of the latest English poets of that day, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and over the faithful and delicate translation of M. Gabriel Sarrazin he flung a delightful scarf of novel sounds. In his poem he found everything that suited his nature; an opportunity to express those fluidities of tonal movement for which music had thus far found no equivalent; a chance to outline the first sketch of what was later to be the personality of Mélisande, a soul indeterminate, filled with both faith and inquietude, amid surroundings at the same time unreal and human.

He showed how, by using extremely simple means, with a reduced orchestra, a female solo voice and a small body of choral tone, it is possible to express beauty and harmonious sensibility.

The *Demoiselle élue* was the witness to an art which was to define itself more and more clearly without ever losing its essential quality of simplicity and charm.

Assuredly that which at first contact first impressed, and which is still capable of impressing those who hear Debussy's works, is the singularity of the harmony, the use of certain scales not so much new as neglected during centuries, or ignored owing to our too strictly occidental laws of habit. Yet this one element would not have been sufficient to give Claude Debussy's works permanent value. No matter how strange, how personal a certain artistic process may be, it does not in itself constitute a work of art, and that which is no more than a process is fatally exposed to the risk of perishing with its day, or even with the fashion of its day.

It was at first believed that Debussyism as an art consisted only in unexpected sequences of fifths, of seconds or of ninths; then its success was attributed to the fact that its morbid refinement pleased the esthetic who suffered from a craving for the complicated. I am not certain that even now there is a general conviction as to what is the leading quality of Debussy's art.

To be exact, its great merit lies in what one might call "the sense of proportion," if we use this expression in its moral acceptance as well as in its purely physical significance.

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If it be true, as is justly admitted, that French art shows the qualities of poise and good taste, one may say that in this respect Claude Debussy was a French artist in the supremest degree. It would be impossible to have shown greater balance and taste than he has displayed in all his works. It is, perhaps, possible to accuse them of lacking strength, to reproach them with an absence of those great outbursts of feeling which one finds in the musicians of the romantic school; yet, perhaps, it would be impossible to find, since Wagner, any musician who was better aware of what he wished to do; and who (better than Wagner from this point of view, for Wagner, despite his genius or because of it, did not always realize his intention) accomplished exactly *what* he wished to do.

Be it in his String Quartet, in his symphonic works like the *Nocturnes*, the *Prélude à L'Après-midi d'un faune;* in the works he wrote for the stage, such as *Pélleas et Mélisande*, and the *Martyre de Saint-Sébastien;* in his songs, his piano pieces; none since Bach, Mozart and Chopin has shown better than Claude Debussy how a composer may avoid all that is unnecessary in the expression of that which he feels.

Let us consider only the piano pieces, without taking into account those which the virtuosos have decided to adopt to the disadvantage of the others, such as the *Jardins sous la pluie*, the *Cathédrale engloutie*, the *Soirée dans Grenade*, the *Fille aux cheveux de lin*. Let us consider, one after the other, those piano compositions whose alignment stretches over well-nigh thirty years, and runs from the *Arabesques* to the second book of the *Préludes:* we continually notice, even in the less striking, the same deprecation of unnecessary development, the same happy sense of proportion. In none of these pieces do we find any "padding;" none of them cause us to exclaim, as too often is the case even when interesting works are in question: "What a pity that there are a few superfluous pages!"

The feeling engendered by these piano pieces we are conscious of in an even stronger degree when we come to examine Claude Debussy's orchestra scores. The reading of the score of *Pélleas et Mélisande* still remains one of the most marvellous lessons in French art, as far as I am concerned. It is impossible to express more with greater restraint of means.

If one wishes to formulate what constitutes the basis of the Debussyist idea as regards artistic expression, one might borrow Rameau's admirable advice, "Art must be hidden by art," and R. L. Stevenson's aphorism: "Omission is the great art." While

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the composers who followed Berlioz and Wagner, engaged in a blind alley, were preoccupied with heaping orchestral Pelions upon Ossas, with the multiplication of individual parts; while the Wagnerian drama haunted all these youthful brains, and gave them a feverish admiration of the gigantic which led them ever farther away from genuine human sentiment; while musical Germany took the pathway of the *colossal*, with Max Reger, Gustav Mahler, and Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy took a road diametrically opposite, and, lending more and more individuality to each of the elements of his orchestra, was able to reduce the latter without diminishing its efficacy.

This music which at first seems so complicated, is in reality among the most simple to be found. This music which at first seems to be of a texture so impalpable, is built up with as sure a control as the most classic work; yet its construction is not developed from without, externally; it conforms not so much to scholastic rules as to the essential exigencies which are imposed upon it by the subject itself.

I am not surprised that this does not strike every one at the very beginning. We ourselves, who made the acquaintance of Debussy's works one by one almost, as they appeared, we have not always understood them. I can remember, myself, the astonishment I experienced at a performance of the *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, only a short time after the beginning of the war. Though I had not heard the work for five or six years, I was well acquainted with it—or at least so I thought—its charm had not escaped me, and I did not wish to lose a chance to enjoy its verdant and sun-glamoured grace. Nevertheless, I was genuinely struck for the first time by the quality of style it displayed; for the first time I realized all that this art possessed architectonically, an invisible architecture, if I may thus express it. Musical science for its own sake has never been the aim of Claude Debussy. Those who have praised him for his use of certain chords and certain harmonic successions have understood nothing of his art, if that be as far as they go.

None, probably, among the composers of our day, have been better acquainted with all the resources of his profession; since, when it is a question of "omission," one must know well what should be rejected and what should be preserved. In his *Quatuor* he has shown his ability to conform to the strictest rulings of the art of composition, or rather, his ability to extend them while at the same time respecting them, without showing that they might have hampered him. Like every artist worthy of the name, he

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did not believe that formulas, no matter how novel they might be, comprised all of art; but that the expression of a something human was the artist's veritable goal.

The art of Claude Debussy is full of intelligence and sensitiveness. It is not an art calculated to appeal to the crowd; yet I cannot see that he therefore lays himself open to reproach, he above all. And it is a reproach (if reproach it be), which may be addressed to all French art. I cannot see the tragedies of Racine, the comedies of Alfred de Musset, the sculpture of Rodin as art expression meant for the great public.

Whether or not one wishes it, French art always remains, in nearly all of its best exemplifications, an aristocratic art, an art of cultured and well-educated people; an art created for subtle minds and discreet hearts. It is not in accord with French tradition to cry out, or to make a show of one's sentiments. And that which we may thus lose as regards power, we gain, perhaps, in penetration and delicacy.

One may prefer another art. This is a matter determined not alone by the individual intelligence, but also by the individual temperament, the physical character, the national custom of the auditors. Yet, if one follows the road of delicacy, of refinement and subtle intelligence, the road of discreet feeling in the art of causing words and sounds to say all that they are capable of saying, and even that which it would seem they could not say, I do not believe it possible to go further than French art has done, and there is nothing which more characteristically testifies to the fact than the work of Claude Debussy.

Illness and then death did not allow him perfectly to complete his work. It is almost impossible to ascertain what were his intentions with regard to his works to come, and those who lay claim to be able to tell deceive themselves; for there have been few artists more discreet, one might even say more secretive than Claude Debussy concerning the works which he had undertaken.

Yet his work as he has left it to us is enough to immortalize any man. It is worthy of a place, not alone in the forefront of French music, but in the music of the present time.

Nourished as he was on literature, and poetry in particular, no one has better penetrated and rendered the least inflections of meaning of a poem; in this respect, if we take into consideration no more than the history of French song he, together with Gabriel Fauré (representing an entirely different trend), stands in the very first rank.

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Whether he applied himself to giving musical expression to the poems of Verlaine, of Baudelaire, of Mallarmé, or the prose of Pierre Louys, he has done so with an intelligence, a sureness and a discretion well-nigh miraculous.

He did not content himself with selecting any texts sufficiently poetic and valid musically: he chose the most subtle, the least grateful even (such as Baudelaire's *Le Balcon*), and he expressed their entire content in an unforgettable manner, one which makes it impossible to *disassociate* the poem from the music to which he has set it. One need only call to mind the first two *Chansons de Bilitis*, for example, the *Promenoir des Deux Amants*, the *Fantoches* of Verlaine, or the same poet's *Il pleure dans mon cœur*.

I know that Claude Debussy has been reproached with a certain monotony. This is a reproach which I, for my part, have never been able to understand, and which could only have been born in the minds of those who have confined themselves to a few of the composer's works, without examining them all.

Is there not a decided contrast between melodies such as *Il pleure dans mon cœur* and *Fantoches;* between *C'est l'extase* and the *Ballade des Dames de Paris;* between the *Chansons de Bilitis* and the *Cinq Poèmes* of Baudelaire. Nor do I allude only to the general character of the poem selected, but to the musical material Debussy has employed in each of those cited.

If we consider the piano pieces we may note the same variety. It is impossible to go further with regard to fluidity than in certain compositions such as *Reflets dans l'eau* or *Poisson d'or*. A restrained and delicate joy is shown in *L'Isle joyeuse;* languor in *La Soirée dans Grenade;* a charm that is all simplicity in *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest;* wit in the *Minstrels*, in the *Hommage à Pickwick*, in the *Sérénade interrompue*. The feeling for sonority is everywhere displayed: in turn almost impalpably, as in the *Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune*, or with serious depth and melancholy in the *Cathédrale Engloutie* and in *Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fût*.

That feeling for the picturesque which is so strongly developed in Debussy, as in all French musicians, is yet never limited to his own personality. He always brings into it a reflex of what the countryside calls to life in the human soul. It is this phase of his art that moves us; it is in this respect that his art is not merely the skilful and ingenious play of a musical scholar, but the sentient expression of a true artist:

We know how he has expressed this human emotion in his best-known work, his master-piece, *Pélleas et Mélisande*. Every

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inquietude of humanity seems to have taken refuge in this lyric drama, embracing all that the soul of man knows of reticence, of uncertainty, and of ardour: all that human life shows of the insoluable and fatal is expressed in an unforgettable manner in this score.

I do not wish to do injustice to the drama by Maeterlinck which forms its subject-matter, in this place. Yet having carefully studied the text apart from the music, having examined at length the manner in which Debussy has rendered its meaning; having even heard *Pélleas* performed according to various interpretations; it seems clear to me that there lies a wide gulf between the work of Maeterlinck and that of Claude Debussy; whereby I mean to say that this gulf divides that which is human from that which may scarcely be so called.

I do not believe that Maeterlinck's work would have had a chance of survival had not Claude Debussy appeared to endow it with his music to guarantee its immortality. Maeterlinck's characters are little more than spiritualizations, strange and fascinating puppets or, more truly, figures of a tapestry whose colors have been dulled by time.

It is the composer who has breathed the breath of life into these vague apparitions; it is he who, if one may put it thus, has given them a soul. One must compare the text apart from the music, with what it becomes once the harmonies and recitative of Debussy have been added to it. Then one will be able to form an idea as to how much of his own self, of genuine and individual humanity the great magician has put into his text.

What I most admire is the certitude with which Claude Debussy chose the book which was most suited to render exactly what best answered his purposes. There are so many composers who make mistakes in their choice of a libretto; but I do not think Debussy ever deceived himself with regard to what he *could* do.

Assuredly, in his last works, in the piano *Études*, in the *Sonate pour violoncelle*, we no longer discover those qualities of sensitiveness which lend a charm to the major portion of his works; yet we must remember that the malady which was fated to carry off Claude Debussy when he had no more than reached his fiftieth year, no longer allowed him to exercise the self-control which had always been a hall-mark of his art.

In consequence of a strange kind of premonition, or owing to the effect of a final rally of energy, such as may happen in the case of a consumptive, the creative instinct of Claude Debussy, after a

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moment of relapse more apparent than real, had been active at the beginning of the war. One might have said that he was in haste to give some final proofs of his art before his sufferings overpowered him.

It is as yet impossible to speak with regard to the legacy of unpublished MS. he may have left us. I trust that the brutal game which consists in publishing the very "bottom of the drawer" of a great artist may not be played at his expense. I hope that the careful artistic consideration which often impelled Claude Debussy to keep a work a goodly length of time in his portfolio, until he was as well content with it as a man without petty vanity could expect to be with his creation, may be respected. Among his cherished dreams had been that of writing a *Tristan*. One day, in order to rid himself of an importunate, he told someone who asked him at what he was working: "I am creating a *Tristan:* it is a subject which has not as yet been treated." Newspaper men at once gave rein to cheap witticisms in connection with this remark. Claude Debussy once more had neglected to take the trouble to explain himself. For him the world was divided into two classes of people: stupid people, to whom it is useless to explain anything, since there is nothing they ever understand; and intelligent people, for whom a mere hint suffices without need of commentaries.

The commentary on his *mot* concerning *Tristan* stands out in all his thoughts, in his most ardent passion, to anyone who has but the slightest acquaintance with his ideas, his intentions, his individual character. Long before he had commenced to present himself as an adversary, not of Wagner himself—none other better understood Wagner's qualities and resources than Debussy—but of a certain Neo-Wagnerism whose unfruitfulness he grasped, and which seemed to him an influence absolutely pernicious in the germination of original musical composition in France.

Obsessed, as he always was, by all that might or might not be favorable to the cause of French music, he undertook in 1901 and 1903, in his critical articles written for the *Revue Blanche* and *Gil Blas*, to state the facts of the case with regard to Gluck, Beethoven and Wagner, and above all to their blind thurifers. He did so with a spirit which caused his inmost convictions to be taken for paradox.

It is only little by little that people began to understand that he had been equally sincere in his sally with regard to *Tristan*. The affection he had for ancient French literature, and which led him to write such admirable melodies after poems by Villon,

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Charles d'Orleans or Tristan l'Hermite, was irritated at seeing that Wagner, in selecting the subject of *Tristan et Yseut*, had merely taken a medieval French legend which he had necessarily deformed in accordance with the exigencies of his Germanic temperament.

And one of our most distinguished authorities in the field of Romance languages, Mr. Joseph Bédier, had just published a new version of the old French legend, under the title of *Le Roman de Tristan et Iseut*. Claude Debussy's spirit at once felt drawn to it. He dreamed of giving this legend its own French character, musically. Neither the splendors nor the climaxes of Richard Wagner's *Tristan*, in despite of the beauties which the score contains, seemed to him fitting to express the original meaning, the primitive atmosphere of the legend.

Claude Debussy never dreamt of denying Wagner's *Tristan* all the qualities which it possesses; but when he stated that the subject of *Tristan*, the real *Tristan*, part of our French heritage of sentiment and intellect, had never been treated, he was right; and once more affirmed the measure of that "French idea" which was ever his guide.

Alas, death has forbidden the realization of his dreams! His illness allowed him only to make a few sketches, which probably embody nothing that can be published.

Yet, without dwelling over-long on our regret for what he was unable to do, we may study at length the conditions and the qualities of the works he has left us. A single magazine article cannot do so in any adequate manner. The death of the man whom I have known not only as a great artist, but as a dear friend as well, bids me realize the book which I have long been thinking of writing, the book about which Claude Debussy himself liked to tease me, accusing me of collecting data regarding him with a patience which he amiably termed "redoubtable".

I shall no longer hear that voice, in turn incisive and dragging; I shall no longer see that face which illness had so sadly remodeled in the last stages; yet which showed to the very end such vivid gleams of intelligence and curiosity!

Here, in the first moments of grief inspired by the death of this great artist, I have only endeavored to mention a few reasons which will give him a place in the memory of man as one of the most pure, subtle and complete exemplifications of French tenderness and feeling.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

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CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

Toute musique, pour peu qu'elle soit nouvelle, demande de l'habitude pour être goutée.

—D'ALEMBERT.

SOME members of the Académie des Beaux Arts, we are told, intended to propose for the seat left vacant by the nomination of M. Charles-Marie Widor to the permanent secretaryship (his election dates from July, 1914) the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande*—Claude Achille Debussy. Scarcely was this news given out when we learned on the twenty-seventh of last March of the composer's death—a death only too well foreseen, alas! by those who knew that Debussy had been condemned many months before.[1] The Académie des Beaux Arts has to reproach itself for action too long delayed.

Coming in these days through which we are living, this death will arouse emotion in the little world of musicians only, for the general public cares less than ever at the present time for any art but the art of war. This is but another reason for trying to trace the too short career of a composer whom the future will judge more calmly than his contemporaries and who will hold, whether people like it or not, the chief place in our musical history of this quarter of the century.

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In France, even more than in any other country except Italy, a musician wins renown only through the theatre: the name of Beethoven himself, though known for a century, did not become public property until M. Fanchois presented a piece at the Odéon; and the Orpheonic celebration of the centenary of Berlioz had to happen to make the musician of the Dauphinat known to his compatriots, as the "adaptation" of the *Damnation* to the theatre made his name known to our contemporaries; at the time of his youth, people didn't know whether he was a German or a Frenchman; Wagner, alone of modern Germans,

[1]Claude Achille Debussy died at Paris, March 26, 1918; 91 years to the day after Beethoven, and at about the same age.

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attracted attention in France by the failure of *Tannhäuser*, which was a pretext for opposition to the Empire; *Mimi Pinson*, afterwards *Louise*, made M. Gustave Charpentier more popular than ten symphonies would have done . . . So the name of Debussy did not become famous until the morning after the presentation of *Pelléas et Mélisande* at the Opéra-Comique, April 30, 1902.

The composer was then forty years old, having been born at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, August 22, 1862. Precocious and highly gifted in music, he received his first lessons on the piano from a former pupil of Chopin, the mother of Charles de Sivry. At ten he entered the Conservatoire, where, under the direction of Lavignac and Marmontel, he carried off a number of medals and prizes for solfeggio and piano. A pupil of Franck for the organ for a time, and of Guiraud for composition, he won a second Prix de Rome in 1883,[1] and the following year, he won the first prize: the subject of the cantata was *L'Enfant Prodigue*, which concerts have since then included on their programs.[2] It appears that at the Institute, Gounod was one of the warm defenders of the composition.

Between times, in 1879, Debussy had made a trip to Russia where he had become initiated in a music which was still *terra incognita* to western artists. From Rome, he sent as the required works, a symphonic suite *Printemps* and a lyric poem for a woman's voice, chorus, and orchestra, *La Demoiselle élue*, after the Pre-Raphaelite poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "On his return from Rome," narrates his biographer, M. Louis Laloy, "M. Debussy made the acquaintance of an old gentleman who had become a professor of music. He was an enthusiastic musician and one of the little number of the elect who then knew Moussorgski's *Boris Godounow*. It was he who played this score to M. Debussy, in its original form, before it was retouched by Rimsky-Korsakof. It was a revelation. M. Debussy had gone to Bayreuth in 1889 and had been moved to tears on hearing *Parsifal*, *Tristan* and the

[1]The subject of the cantata set was the *Gladiateur* by M. Émile Moreau. M. Paul Vidal was the successful laureate of the year. "As to M. Debussy (the second prize-winner)," we read in the *Annales de la musique* de Noël and Stoullig, "he has certainly less skill, though perhaps more personality than M. Vidal. The jury has done wisely to oblige him to remain a student for another year; already greatly endowed, he will thus gain the solid instruction which he still lacks. Let us add that the young composer had, as they say, a big trump in his hand; Mlle. Krauss, herself, sang the part of Fulvia and gave it divinely. If only etiquette had not forbidden applause! The part of the bass was perfectly given by M. Taskin. It is clear that M. Debussy cannot complain of having mediocre interpreters." (*Annales*, 1883, p. 318).

[2]"By unanimous opinion, the contest was remarkable, and M. Debussy's score is one of the most interesting heard at the Institute for several years." (Noël and Stoullig, *Annales*, 1884, p. 378).

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Master-Singers. He went back the next year to the holy city and came home disillusioned and convinced that one could not love at once two such dissimilar forms of art.[1]

After the works sent from Rome, there were songs to words by various authors: Bourget, Hyspa, then Verlaine, in whom Debussy found one of his predestined poets, one of those towards whom he felt a strong affinity. The *Ariettes oubliées* of poor Lélian (1888), then the *Cinq Poèmes* of Baudelaire (1889) show with *La Demoiselle élue* the new, strange way which the young musician will hereafter follow. From the same time date works for the piano: two *Arabesques*, a *Ballade*, *Danse*, *Mazurka*, *Nocturne*, *Rêverie*, *Suite Bergamasque*, *Valse romantique*. After Rossetti, Verlaine, and Baudelaire, he was inspired by Mallarmé and Pierre Louys. From the first he borrowed *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, to which he wrote a "prélude"—his masterpiece, or at least, the work most in favor with the concert public, and in any case, the work most representative of his style. From Louys, he took the *Chansons de Bilitis*, of an ultra-modern antiquity, where the declamation, the notation of a text by repeated notes followed by intervals of a third or a fourth, already anticipated *Pelléas*. Meanwhile, he wrote his string quartet, which will remain one of the masterpieces in its kind of the modern period; frequent hearings of it have made its charm and originality known and appreciated.

M. Maeterlinck had published his drama, *Pelléas et Mélisande* in 1892; the young Théâtre de l'Oeuvre gave a performance of it the following year on the stage of the Bouffes Parisiens, a performance which had caused a certain alarm among Parisian critics; they found in the work of the young Belgian poet all the known theatrical situations, from Shakespeare to Courteline, taking in Feuillet, Musset, Edgar Poe, and Émile Augier! Debussy read *Pelléas;* he had found his poet and he had only to send back to Catulle Mendés a *Chimène* which he had unwisely accepted.

Little by little, thanks to the Société nationale, that useful laboratory of musical experiments, founded in 1871, the name of Debussy was spoken at every little gathering of initiates, who were for the most part writers enchanted by the art of a musician so like their own symbolism and impressionism.

[1]Let us note, nevertheless, that M. Debussy did not break with Wagner quite so suddenly as his biographer asserts. When the Paris Opéra gave in 1893 the first presentation of the *Walküre*, to introduce the tetralogy to the public, M. Gailhard had the idea of giving on the day before May 12, a concert-lecture on the *Rheingold* on the stage of the Odéon. Catulle Mendés gave the lecture and many pages of the score were sung that day, accompanied by two pianists; these pianists were Raoul Pugno and Claude Debussy.

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The Prélude to the *Après-Midi d'un Faune*, the quartet, the three *Nocturnes* (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes), the thirty or so songs which concerts of chamber-music made known slowly, which penetrated little by little to the salons where there was music still, thanks to the assistance of devoted artists,—all these won for Debussy a place of his own in French music. He was already known abroad, especially in Belgium, where in 1894 la Libre Esthétique had revealed him to the people of Brussels.

Through the *Revue Blanche* (where he did the musical criticism in 1901, before holding the same place on the *Gil Blas* two years later) Debussy reached readers to whom his name was still a dead letter. Like all composers, for lack of being played, he seized the occasion to make himself manifest, to spread his name and his ideas, to prepare a public, intelligent and informed, though sometimes scandalized by his more than original judgments on the great masters, for the hearing of his lyric drama, of which people were whispering for years.

Pelléas finally appeared, two years after *Louise*, which had been the only striking work given at our first lyric theatre. I mean the Opéra-Comique, for the Opéra was entirely given over to exploiting the mine of the Wagnerian works. There was a fine musical battle, such as does not often happen in musical history; this first performance of *Pelléas* marks one of the three or four great dates in ours. Nevertheless, M. Laloy tells us, "if it had depended only on M. Maeterlinck, the work would never have been given. If one had referred to the musicians of the orchestra, the management was preparing a scandalous failure . . . . But they counted without the Debussyites; they came and came again, and they applauded. Success was announced, was confirmed; and soon there was an enthusiasm unexampled since Wagner."

We may say that the battle is still being fought. The "Debussyism" manifested at the theatre is henceforth part of the movement of contemporary ideas. In what exactly does it consist? First in that it breaks with accepted traditions, like every new and liberating movement, with classic tradition, as goes without saying, then, a little less, with romantic tradition, for it bears traces of the influence of Chopin and Liszt, and finally with the Wagnerian system which it claims to repudiate, although *Pelléas* is not wholly free of *leitmotiv*. It takes its authority, on the other hand, from the influence of the Russians: Moussorgsky, Borodine, and, to a less degree, Balakireff. Debussy had found in Moussorgsky, not a model, but a formula, or a form, if that is

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better, which evidently was to conform to his temperament. "All the system of *Pelléas* existed already in *Boris Godounoff* a quarter of a century earlier," M. Marnold has written, "and with this system a new lyricism freed from forms and formulas; this lyricism expressed through a similar sensibility, came to flower in the work of the later Frenchman in a natural harmony which is marvellously original." Surrounded by an orchestra supple and wavelike, where the frequent division of the string quartet, with the almost constantly required application of the mute to the instruments, stifles a too brilliant sonorousness, the declamation is there conceived according to a system of repeated notes of the same length, like a perpetual recitation, very fitting to the symbolical or pseudo-Shakespearian personages of the poet. There is nothing of what we are accustomed to see and to hear in our theatres. Poem, music, all was new, strange. Debussy had really created a new sensation, or, if one prefers the expression, a new sensibility. So the appearance of *Pelléas* was considered by some as a revolution, a total subversion of music, and by others as a liberation, a setting music free from the old forms.

Let us try to explain briefly of what this emancipation consists, this renovation of forms and modes of expression in music.

Having received, like so many others, the official instruction of the Conservatoire, through the care of Ernest Guiraud, Debussy, freed from the influence of Wagner and of Franck, seeks the effect of a rare harmony, made up of surprises for the ear of unexpected transitions, of an instrumental refinement, all in little touches—impressionistic, if you will—which will plunge the hearer not into a pre-determined, dominating state of mind, the purpose of which is to suggest to him, to impose on him such or such an image, but into a sort of atonic state which the detractors of the music called stupefaction. This new speech, created by the author of *Pelléas*, is derived not only from certain foreign influences (to which may be added the too often forgotten influence of Emmanuel Chabrier) but very probably also from personal study of acoustic phenomena, natural resonance, and the "harmonics" of sounds. As is well known, the treatises on harmony divide (or used to divide) chords into consonant and dissonant; the chords of the seventh and ninth were considered dissonant, needing to be "resolved." Now, with Debussy, on the contrary, they appear as chords formed from the natural harmonics of the fundamental tone; that is, he will permit himself the chord C E G B♭ D F♯; from that come richer combinations among which numerous relations will be established which appear,

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not harsh nor false, but simply strange at the first hearing, and which offer an infinity of charm to modern ears, which have not been educated according to the laws of the old school. A spirit curious, investigating, meditative, and probably not at all impulsive (if we may judge at least from his work, all will and prejudice, but sincere prejudice, whatever may be said) Debussy does not stop with upsetting harmony; some one would necessarily have done that some day; he is not content with inventing new chords; he wished to break—and this was in the order—with our inalterable system of two kinds, major and minor, in which music had imprisoned itself after having rejected the last vestiges of ancient tonalities preserved in plain song. He sought for new musical "scales," found in the far East the whole tone scale, the five note scale, etc., etc. In the field of rhythm he broke the traditional square formation which had already received rude attacks, and liberated almost to the point of license musical structure and architecture. But how many of these purely exterior innovations have been vulgarized by his flat imitators! In every score which boasts of being modern we hear the resounding, without rhyme or reason, of muted horns and trumpets, which the author of the *Nocturnes* knew how to use discreetly, or the sonority of a harp against a tremulous background of muted strings, which has become trite. Despite himself, since *Pelléas*, Debussy became the head of a "school." "You can get a chemical analysis of certain works of Debussy's pupils," Willy has wittily written. "You will find only bicarbonate of the ninth with connected intervals, acetate of dissonances with sequences of major thirds, and traces of unresolved appoggiatures. . . ."

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After *Pelléas*, which was soon represented also in foreign countries (especially in Belgium and Germany) Debussy appeared more and more often on concert programs. Though he produced little, he kept his admirers breathless; his melodies, his piano music enchanted admirers of both sexes in two continents; each new hearing of an orchestral work provoked delirious enthusiasm and equally sincere hisses, which became rarer and rarer at second and third performances. For piano he published *Estampes*, *Images*, twelve *Préludes;* for voice two series of *Fêtes galantes* (of Verlaine) songs by Charles d'Orléans, by Villon, choruses by the same Charles d'Orléans in which, not content with hunting out old French texts, he sought to renew the art of the old sixteenth

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century polyphonic writers; for orchestra he wrote a third series of *Images*, *Dances* (sacred and profane), his three sketches entitled *La Mer*, and finally the incidental music of d'Annunzio's *Saint-Sébastien* (1911), which was better appreciated at a concert performance than at the Châtelet. For a long time, announcements had been made of two lyric dramas, based on Edgar Poe, *le Diable dans le Beffroi* and *La Chute de la Maison Usher*, and of a pantomime for children *La Boîte á joujoux*, of an opera-ballet, arranged with Charles Morice from the *Fêtes galantes* of Verlaine. Already, the Prélude to *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* and *Les Jeux* had been arranged for the stage for Nijinski the dancer.

In the *Jeux*, Nijinski imagined himself as interpreting a game of tennis, making felt even in his modern costume the rather vague thought of the poet-musician. His too naturalistic pantomime, in the Prélude to the *Après-midi d'un Faune*, stirred some feeling in the press,—where was heard the echo of some timid hisses, by the pens of Calmettes in *Le Figaro* and of Gaston Deschamps in *Le Temps*. "It is neither a gracious eglogue nor a profound production . . . The real public will never accept these animal realities," said the former; "Mallarmé," the critic of *Le Temps* affirmed, "would have groaned to see his work associated with gestures, mimicry, and scenes against which the good taste of Parisians decidedly revolted."

A little discussion followed. Among the eloquent voices which were raised in support of Debussy, or of his interpreter, not the least were those of Laurent Tailhade and Auguste Rodin.

"The divine Nijinski," said Tailhade, "borne on the aerial music of Claude Debussy, all whispering with wings, with leaves, all shimmering with lights like a summer's day of love, enjoyed the Sicilian nymphs, to the great confusion of that infamous prudery, unknown in France before our time. . ."

And Rodin: "No role has shown Nijinski so extraordinary as his last creation. Between mimic and plastic, the agreement is perfect; his whole body expresses what his mind wishes; he attains character by rendering fully the feeling that animates him; he has the beauty of ancient frescoes and statues; he is the ideal figure whom one wishes to sketch or to model."

This incident took place at the end of the Russian season of 1912. The preceding spring, far from accusing Debussy of scandalizing his hearers, an effort seems to have been made to make of this "exalted pagan" a religious musician, if not wholly converted, at least destined to reinvigorate the dead sacred music of France.

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At the moment when the master was working hurriedly on the score of M. d'Annunzio's *Mystère de Saint Sébastien* (they say that this score was finished on the day agreed only by the collaboration of certain devoted disciples, very familiar with the Debussy manner), M. Henry Malherbe, in *Excelsior* (February 11, 1911) gathered from Debussy's lips some declarations, of which the least that can be said is that they come unexpectedly from the author of *Pelléas:*

> I believe indeed in a renaissance of liturgical music. Sacred art flourishes nobly only under persecution. And since wrong is being done to the Church, as it seems [sic], I think that the atmosphere is propitious for religious scores.
>
> For me, sacred music stops at the 16th century. The charming and spring-like souls of those days were the only ones who could express their vehement and disinterested fervor in songs free from all worldly taint. Since then pious musical improvisations have been made more or less for parade. Even the genius of that naif and worthy man, John Sebastian Bach, did not save him. He builds edifices of harmony, like a great and devout architect, not like an apostle.
>
> *Parsifal* is pretty. It is theatrical, which is poison to simplicity. Wagner himself calls his works *spectacles*. He was too well fortified against humility to celebrate religion. His attitudes are too dramatic for prayer. His proud and factitious theories never leave him.
>
> Who will feel again the grandiose passion of a Palestrina? Who will begin again the poor and fragrant sacrifice of the little jongleur, whose story has come down to us?

For the rest, Debussy's own career as a "religious" musician is confined to d'Annunzio's mystery. His spirit doubtless was not simple enough; he found himself too far from the "state of grace" of the little jongleur. And the snobs of sacred music were destined to hope in vain.

When the war came, Debussy, already attacked by the disease which was to carry him off, confined himself to re-editing and publishing some chamber-music, some studies for piano, the first of his *Six sonatas pour divers instruments*, of which the second for flute, harp, and alto, is still unpublished. As orchestral novelty, he gave out that slight, effeminate page, affectedly entitled *Berceuse héroique*, dedicated to the King of the Belgians. At the beginning of 1915, he was made to write—or more exactly to sign, for the entire text was written by one of his disciples—the opening article of a special number of the bulletin of the late Société international de musique (S. I. M., Paris section). In this page, called *Enfin seuls!*, Debussy defended once more an idea always dear to him, that of the continuity of the French

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"tradition," interrupted since Rameau—which is true—and renewed by himself, as he flattered himself—which is open to discussion:

We must at last understand that victory will bring to the French musical conscience a necessary liberation. I have said this for many years; we have been false to the tradition of our race for a century and a half . . . In fact, since Rameau, we have had no clearly marked French tradition. (And after developing this theme, Debussy ends by saying that) at the moment when destiny turns the page, music must be patient and collect herself before breaking the silence that will follow the explosion of the last shell.

Other statements could be collected, even more interesting, in Debussy's critical work, as in the interviews which were generally so hard to get from him. I make only a few characteristic selections:

Music is a sum of scattered forces, (he said to a personnage of his own invention, M. Croche in Entretiens avec M. Croche, in the *Revue blanche*, 1901) . . . People make theoretical songs of them! I prefer the few notes from the flute of an Egyptian shepherd: he collaborates with the landscape and hears harmonies unknown to our treatises. Musicians hear only the music written with clever fingers, never that which is written in nature. To see the sunrise is more useful than to hear the Pastoral Symphony. What good is your almost incomprehensible art? Ought you not to suppress these parasitic complications which make music in ingeniousness like the lock of a safe? . . . You boast because you know music only, and you obey barbarian, unknown laws! You are hailed by fine epithets and you are only rascals—something between a monkey and a valet!

But, once relieved of this paradox, Debussy, a little further on, shows us his truer, more intimate thought:

I was dreaming. Formulate oneself? Finish works? So many question-marks placed by a childish vanity, the need of getting rid at any cost of an idea with which one has lived too long; all this poorly concealing the silly mania of fancying oneself superior to others.

This doctrine of the least effort, the "of what good," which pervades certain articles—does it not also impregnate all the composer's work? Was not Debussy rather a great contemplator than a great producer, for whom the piling up of work on work, score on score, is an imperious necessity? Was he not a sort of superior dilettante, somewhat disdainful?

Before a moving sky, (he said to M. Henry Malherbe) contemplating for hours together the magnificent constantly shifting beauty, I feel an incomparable emotion. Vast nature is reflected in my literal, halting soul. Here are trees with branches spreading toward the sky, here are perfumed flowers smiling on the plain, here is the gentle earth carpeted with wild grasses. And, insensibly, the hands take the position of adoration . . . To feel the mighty and disturbing spectacles to which

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nature invites ephemeral, temporary passers-by . . . . that is what I call *prayer*.

From this contemplation of nature, Debussy did not indeed, as many others have done, draw descriptive symphonies, more or less objective; for him it was only an object reflected in his individual consciousness. Far from wishing to paint the gross reality or even the appearance of the real, he wished to express only the sensations he felt, the impression he received. Thus in *La Mer*, in *Nuages;* and from these sonorous hints, these resulting and tremulous sketches, emotion was to spring forth and communicate itself to the auditor—always on condition that the auditor was endowed with sensibility like that of the musician. Let us quote a few more sayings of the master on this subject.

Who will ever know the secret of musical composition? The sound of the sea, the curve of the horizon, the wind in the leaves, the cry of a bird deposit in us multiple impressions and suddenly without our consenting the least in the world, one of these memories speaks out of us and is expressed in musical language. It carries its harmony in itself. Try as we will, we cannot find a harmony more just or more sincere. Only in this way, does a heart destined to music make the most beautiful discoveries.

That is why I wish to write my musical dream with the most complete detachment from myself. I wish to sing of the inner landscape with the naive candor of childhood.

This innocent speech will not make its way with stumbling. It will always shock the partisans of artifice and falsehood. I foresee that and rejoice in it. I will do nothing to create adversaries. But I will do nothing to change adversaries into friends. One must force oneself to be a great artist for oneself and not for others. I dare to be myself and to suffer for my truth. Those who feel as I do will love me only the more for it. The others will avoid me, will hate me. I shall do nothing to conciliate them.

In truth, on the distant day—I must hope that it may come later—when I inspire no more quarrels, I shall bitterly reproach myself. In those last works, there will necessarily dominate the detestable hypocrisy which will have permitted me to satisfy everybody.

A favoring Destiny has willed that this hypothesis should not be realised, and Debussy, vanishing at an age when our musicians are still considered as "young," did not have time to reach this stage of "detestable hypocrisy" which he feared for his old age.

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"I love music too much," he proclaimed once, "to speak of it otherwise than passionately." So we must not be surprised

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at the bold, disrespectful judgments which he uttered equally on the gods of music, universally (and conventionally) adored, and on the consecrated reputation of his own time. We heard him just now making some concession to the "worthy man" Sebastian Bach, for whom he was, I really think, full of a certain respect. But Gluck was for him only a "pedant," not less than Wagner; he called the Tetralogie "bottin" and found Wagner's masterpieces "manufactured." Of songs of Schubert he cries, "They are inoffensive; they have the odor of bureau drawers of provincial old maids,—ends of faded ribbon—flowers forever faded and dried—out of date photographs! Only they repeat the same effect for interminable stanzas and at the end of the third one wonders if one could not set to music our national Paul Delmet." In Schumann's *Faust*, "one stumbles on Mendelssohn," Beethoven is "an old deaf man," Berlioz a "monster," César Franck "a Belgian," *La Statue* by Reyer is "grand opera bouffe," *Henry VIII* of Saint-Saëns is "grand historical opera" (which isn't bad, we must admit). Of the new Italian school and the performance of *I Pagliacci* at the Opéra in 1903, Debussy wrote: "There are jokes on which it is bad taste to insist;" elsewhere one finds in Puccini and Leoncavallo "an almost complete imitation of the manias of our most notorious master"—that is, Massenet, for whom Debussy has nowhere else a cruel word.

Summarizing the musical season of 1903 in *Gil Blas*, he regretted that there had not been performances in Paris of *The Marriage of Figaro* or of *Freyschütz*, "works which contain so many fine things for us, while *Le Toréador* (of Adolphe Adam) or similar works remind us that French music has passed through unfortunate epochs."

Those attacks in the style of a Paris street urchin which express aloud what many others, artists or critics, are silently thinking, have contributed, at least as much as his music, to Debussy's fame as an iconoclast. And with what terms, in return, his own production was described! While he found commentators, enthusiastic biographers, for whom music began with him, Debussy had always against him—I mean against his art, for I do not think that a man happy as he was had many enemies beside his confrères—he had against him a group, a great majority of unconquerable hostility.

According to M. Laloy, for example,

His music expresses primordial truths, inaccessible to the human understanding; by it are revealed to us both the life of things and our own life. It takes us back to a state of innocence, of absolute purity, and limpidity,

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where the very idea of evil does not yet exist, no law having been imposed. *Before the fall*—that might be his motto.

That is very ingenious as well as enthusiastic, but the trouble is that the innocence and purity of the art of Debussy are subject to question. One cannot say of the art of a man who was familiar or could have been familiar with all the past and present schools of music, that his motto might be *Before the fall*, since he could have gone back to all the sins of musical humanity, and since, if he did sin, it was not through excess of simplicity nor from ignorance.

To my mind, (says M. Laloy again) only the music of M. Debussy and the spectacles of nature cause such suffering by force of joy and by very excess of beauty. . . . those sublime pages (he is speaking of *La Mer*) which clutch the throat like all which is superhuman. . . . We must not reproach him for not having painted a more terrifying sea. To fear is not to understand; the initiated one cannot know fear; the elements are his friends and he advances among their manifestations like a brother.

"In the evolution of music, there are few masters of genius who have achieved a progress so decisive, so bold, and so logical at the same time as that affected by the composer of *Pelléas* and the *Nocturnes*," says M. Marnold. "On the side of technique" adds M. G. Aubry (*Revue de Hollande*, September, 1916) his appearance may be compared to that of Haydn, Beethoven, Liszt, or Berlioz. There is no composer of any originality at the present time who can write as if Claude Debussy had not lived. He has delivered harmony from certain bands; he has given to instrumental music an almost unlimited suppleness." His work is "the faithful mirror of the human heart at one epoch, as were for other epochs the works of Mozart or of Chopin." (*Correspondant*, Nov. 10, 1917.)

Whether one likes it or not, indeed, Debussy has founded a school, and very rapidly, if we bear in mind that his great fame dates only from the performance of *Pelléas*. Now, as M. Georges Servières judiciously says:

It is extremely glorious for a composer to have been an innovator, an inventor of forms and a discoverer of harmonies. But if, in art, it is difficult to create anything new, it soon becomes easy for clever men to copy methods, especially when theoricians have reduced the substance of the "modern style" to formulas, almost of text-book nature. Any student once escaped from the Conservatoire is free to scatter the ninth chords and successive fifths hitherto forbidden, to adorn every harmony with double and triple appoggiaturas resolved or not, to arrange perfect chords by fifths and fourths without any scaffolding of thirds and sixths, to

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modulate on the pedal point or without pedal, to the most remote keys, to borrow the modes of plain song, the Chinese or Japanese scale, the whole-tone scale or to change our European scale. The passion of young generations for musical impressionism has given to M. Debussy a legion of very compromising imitators. Some surpass him in technical cleverness. As the copiers of Gounod and Massenet have imitated the manners of these masters to satiety, so the copiers of M. Debussy will disgust the public with his methods, from which they will take only those which are profitable to ignorance and laziness. (*Guide musical*, April 20, 1913.)

'Debussyism' (in the opinion of M. Bazaillas), is a kind of artistic 'quietism,' characterized by abandon and infinite suppleness of sensibility which can only shudder and dream, happy to give itself up, docile and half-conscious, to the charm of musical suggestion. . . . The restlessness and shuddering of modern sensibility circulate in it. . . . Besides, these shivers please me and these suggestions make me think . . . . Alongside of musical construction, there is room for this art which begins and dosen't finish, all composed of suggestion and intercession—discreet imitation to the spiritual life. In this gift of luring the dream and provoked inner emotion, M. Debussy is past master. His art is that of *musical intercession*. In truth, he will not create forms which dominate and subdue us; he will have none of the artistic dictatorship which some, in an excess of Boulangerism, seem to wish for him. Whether he wishes or not, we must see in him a *mediator* who uses tones like an inner magic, to insinuate himself into our being and to reveal us insensibly to ourselves.

For M. Camille Mauclair, less surely convinced, *Pelléas* is only "an exceptional work; a charming mediæval tapestry could not be a fresco for the future."

The composer Arthur Coquard, who was, at the time of his death, musical critic of *L'Echo de Paris*, conceded that Debussy was

a prodigious inventor of harmonies who played as no one else has done with connections between chords, with unusual resolutions and orchestral sonorities, the most refined orchestral 'chiaroscuro' . . . almost without connection with the past, without family, without ancestors.

Coquard granted beside that in the field of harmony, the worth of Debussy

is great, and among numerous bizarre passages, there frequently occur successions penetrating in their novelty, seductive in their felicitous boldness. But these beauties are all of the same sort, and all proceed from the same method; this explains why, when a short work—like *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*—charms us from beginning to end, the works of longer flight are desperately monotonous, despite certain exquisite and truly inspired passages.

This opinion of Coquard, a shrinking composer all his own life, is that of the mean and is perhaps near enough to the truth;

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without denying the advance which Debussy caused his art to make, he indicates the weak point of the system, which clearly lies in the monotony, and in conclusion, he places Debussy beside his favorite poets, Mallarmé and Verlaine.

If we pass from these critics of the centre to what we may call the extreme right of opinion, we find, for example, Camille Bellaigue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. For him, Debussy's part in musical evolution is of negligible importance. Debussy has real individuality, without doubt, but it is to be hoped that he is only accidental and that he will found no school.

That must be about the opinion of M. Saint-Saëns, who, though he has never formulated it or explained it in detail, has never concealed his aversion, I may almost say, his hatred for everything remotely connected with the new tendencies of the French school. Though, in his virulent articles since the war, he has had the good taste to observe the "union sacrée," he has not been able to refrain from telling their faults to his young colleagues without personalities:

> What is shocking to-day will not be shocking to-morrow, whatever it is. That amounts to saying that we get used to anything. That's certain. We get used to nastiness, to coarseness, to cynicism, to drunkenness, to robbery, to murder. . . . Why don't we understand that there are some things we *ought not* to get used to.
>
> When a man has reached the point where he hears with pleasure or at least with indifference false chords, inexplicable dissonances, he has become the equal of people who have, as they say, no ear; it simply proves that here as elsewhere extremes meet. (*Germanophilie*, last page.)

Aside from these pure and simple denials of all modern art, whatever its tendencies, whether of Richard Strauss or of our young French musicians, Debussy provoked certain sincere critics who were not unwilling to applaud masterpieces, but who were distracted by his sonorous inventions and his complete scorn of consecrated forms, his vividly expressed opinions. As there was composed for Richard Wagner a dictionary of abusive terms used to describe his art and his works, a similar work of more modest proportions could be made about our musician.

Degeneracy, decadence, "mystic puerility," "symbolistic obscurity" "simple repetition," "triumph of method," "musical protoplasm," "musical butterflying elevated to a principle," "a lilliputian art for an impoverished humanity"—such are the expressions collected by M. Cor in *Le Cas Debussy* (published in 1908); "simple roublardise," says some one else; "sonorous bread-crumbs" says Mr. Jean d'Udine, who believes that the musician is perfectly

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sincere, while another accuses his art of bluff, his success of mystification, his public of being a "troop of snobs." "Musical hash," "kaleidoscope of notes," proclaims M. E. Cotinet; "a musical sampler" decides M. Adolphe Boschot. Others compare him to the painters Carrière and Cézanne, etc., etc.

Still, for M. Vincent d'Indy, "Debussy has kept completely true to our French musical tradition."

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"The fault of Debussy" according to one of his admirers, H. Béraud, "is to be too literary, and the nature of musicians, in general, is not to be sufficiently so." By his intellectual formation, Debussy belonged to the generation of 1885—that is to say, to the epoch of symbolism, of impressionism, of decadence; he was deeply read and very familiar with the new poetry of his time. It was the fine time of "art for art's sake," when people argued for or against free verse, when one clinched a fist over a cesura . . . . our musicians, often behind their contemporaries in poetry and painting, were then slowing up the process of throwing stones at the grandiosity of Meyerbeer and throwing themselves body and soul into the Wagnerian ocean. Some, like M. Alfred Bruneau and Gustave Charpentier, following another current of the time, gave their support to the naturalistic school of Zola, seeking on this path (under the musical influence of Berlioz) to strike out the way to a popular, healthy, and vigorous art. Debussy, for his part, was of a more aristocratic essence; his art, refined to excess, lending itself to allegory, to mystery, to perpetual half-tints, is addressed only to the delicate, to the nervous, or, if you like, as his detractors would say, to the sick. . . . Influenced by the PreRaphælite Rossetti, by Verlaine and Mallarmé, then by M. Maurice Maeterlinck, he will profess a certain scorn for the crowd. He will make no concessions to it, will not seek its noisy applause; he will confess, on the occasion of the renewal of *Pelléas et Mélisande* in 1914; "This gives me pleasure, certainly, but not as much as one might think. For the success—if it is success—" he added at once, "has been long in coming. The public has not taste, it will never have it." (Comœdia, Feb. 1, 1914.)

In taking him for leader of the young French school, there were found for him musical ancestors in the eighteenth century, in the persons of Rameau, the Couperins, and our old Clavecinists. Was not this going back a little far? In any case, it is truthfully asserted that since Gluck, coming through Spontini, Rossini, and

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Meyerbeer who filled our nineteenth century until the late arrival of Wagner—and through the successors of a Monsigny, of a Grétry, of a Méhul—that our ancient school has been quite forgotten at the theatre, and that only the exceptional symphonies of a Berlioz (which had no influence on his contemporaries) could link together this tradition, interrupted and totally diverted by the German influence. But it may be questioned whether the reform of Debussy has quite brought us back.

This reform was certainly needed, since it has happened. Could another man have accomplished it, or even have tried it? The experiments of a Fanelli, discovered a few years ago by M. Pierné, make us believe that it was in the air; but from that stage to a workable realization, to a creation as artistic as that of a Debussy, there is some distance—such a distance as, for example, separates a Marschner from a Wagner. We can see also a precursor in the person of M. Erik Satie, whose *Gymnopédies* were once orchestrated by Debussy. But Erik Satie, before completing his musical education at the Schola Cantorum just before the war, was, twenty or twenty-five years ago, merely a person who put together strange chords, who wrote some pages for *Le Fils de l'Étoile*, a "Chaldean Wagnerism" of M. Joséphin Péladan (le Sar Péladan, as he called himself then) and who recently has composed some collections with truculent titles: *Véritables Préludes flasques; Embryons desséchés; Descriptions automatiques.*

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There are, as a matter of fact, no schools. What is the school of Lulli, of Rameau, of Gluck or of Mozart, of Weber, of Wagner, of Meyerbeer or of Massenet? History answers. There are individualities, temperaments more or less pronounced, geniuses who give to art impulses to "progress" which people think can be erected into a system, codified in abstract and lifeless formulas. They sum up, they express forever the ideas or the feelings of a period, of a moment in history. Posterity piously preserves their memory and finds pleasure or edification in reading, looking at, or hearing their works. And that is all. Their followers only adopt their methods and their formulas, break up their style into small change, for the use of the crowd, often with more immediate success than that of the masters.

Was Debussy one of these geniuses allied with the gods? It is too soon to decide. Was he the annunciator of a new art, or, coming at a certain period, has he given it realization forever?

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Very perspicacious would he be, who could answer these questions at the moment when he disappeared forever.

One day (it was in the month of May, 1910) when I went to ask him if he believed in a renaissance of the classic ideal, I heard him express himself with a circumspection, I may almost say a respect, which surprised me in the former critic of the *Revue blanche* and *Gil Blas*. The request which was made of him rather astonished him, and the remarks which he made to me, with a somewhat detached air, as of a man called away from many interests, may be summed up thus: "Every artist has his temperament: art is always progressive; it cannot then return to the past, which is definitely dead. Only imbeciles and cowards look backwards. . . . In conclusion: Let us work!"

(*Translated by Marguerite Barton*)

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WEATHER AND THE ARTIST

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN[1]

DR. JOHNSON rebuked Bozzy for complaining that bad weather depressed his spirits. Such frailty was unpardonable in a rational human being. Of course, a stormy evening might be detestable; for if the doctor ventured abroad the wind buffeted him and the rain drenched him, while if he remained solitary at home the "black dog" made him miserable. A pure summer morning met with his condescending approval; for he could go out to rejoice in the warmth and watch the busy world at work. Save for this one consideration of discomfort or comfort the weather did not and should not matter. Of two things, a wild wet night and fire and friends in the house and, on the other hand, a lovely morning and loneliness without, the doctor loved infinitely better the first—for to be alone was to him unendurable. When he reproved Boswell he spoke for his age as well as himself; he merely summarised curtly eighteenth-century indifference to external nature. Boswell mentions a baronet, a "Great Authority," who valued one whiff of theatre flambeaux far more highly than the scents of all our English hedgerows; and this gentleman—whose name, had Boswell revealed it, should even now compel our instant reverence—certainly would have agreed with Johnson. The proper study of mankind was man: that man was moulded and modified physically and mentally by his environment—by, amongst other influences, climate, the weather—was a conception that entered not the head of doctor or of baronet. Had Bozzy suggested it he would have been laughed out of the Club. He ventured no such thing. He, too, was of the eighteenth century.

No one looked at Nature save as a farmer looks at his growing crops or casts an anxious glance at threatening skies. Crabbe and Thomson made businesslike rhythmical inventories of phenomena; but the beauty, majesty, mystery, and terror of

[1]This article is not really posthumous. Mr. John F. Runciman wrote it in 1915 and proofs were sent to him in 1916, but the lamented author was far too ill to read them though the final form of the article occupied his mind until the very last day before his death on April 7, 1916. I have hesitated a long time whether or no to comply with Mr. Runciman's request to "make the best of it" and "to correct any mistakes," but have finally decided to publish the article from the proofs as returned to me by Mrs. Runciman after her husband's death.—*Ed.*

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Nature passed unseen, unfelt. The word terror reminds us of the passage in Congreve set by Johnson above any single passage Shakespeare wrote—the cathedral that struck terror on Congreve's aching sight, etc. Mr. George Warrington, lately arrived from the English colony of Virginia, heard the doctor's dictum and chuckled with malicious pleasure; but Mr. Warrington had enjoyed the privilege of knowing all that Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, had said not only about Shakespeare but also the Nature Shakespeare knew. Congreve's verses are artificial, while Shakespeare's (choose where you will) seem to have grown spontaneously, to be as much the result of natural, elemental forces as an oak-tree or a rose. Congreve had forgotten Nature and Nature in return forgot him. There is none of her sap in his lines to keep them everlastingly fresh and green. The height and obscurity of the cathedral did *not* strike him with terror: he only said so because he thought it the proper thing to say. Having lost touch with Nature he could not understand more of man than his artificialities, his manners, his superficial foibles and imbecilities. Today every thinking person understands man better than man was understood by Congreve or any of those who held that the proper study of etc., etc., mainly because we know how intimately man and outer nature are allied, how tightly interwoven are our destinies with nature. We need not flatter ourselves that we are of finer and more sensitive mental stuff than our forebears. We are only in this particular respect a little better educated. The inspired men have taught us where to look and how to look; we see what we have been taught to see; we see little else than the things the inspired men first saw for us. We see all Nature a living, organic whole, with man playing his part, performing his function therein.

Some few human beings are blest with the gift of understanding Nature for themselves; a very few see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears, feel Nature's moods and catch her "incommunicable thrill" by the direct touch. To many a lady a sunset, Turnerian in splendour, is as a wallpaper or bed-hanging; the voice of the sea or the wooded hill is a noise that prevents her chattering. Why, she hardly knows how to smell, and the rich odour of the rose reminds her only of a scent-bottle from the chemist's shop. To many a prosperous city-gentleman such things are nothing at all. Call his attention to them and he will look up impatiently from the newspaper in which he has just skipped a quotation from this article. We should all be in the same evil case but for the great poets, painters

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and musicians, and perhaps two or three of the novelists. Wordsworth heard the vale resounding and wrote a few immortal lines; and now we hear the tempest with his ears—cannot, in truth, do other, for the poets are masterful fellows. The musical amongst us come, probably, more under the domination of Wagner than of any other artist so far as Nature is concerned; he compels us to view her through the mirage raised by his magic in all the operas from *The Flying Dutchman* to *The Dusk of the Gods*. So wonderful is the illusion that we seem to sniff the very scent of wet leaves and to feel the wind toss our hair about. But to Wagner I will return in a moment. Let me remind readers, as an instance of the compelling force of the master-artist's vision, that they cannot pass through London's streets, or gaze at the lower reaches of the river, or hear the roar of the sea, or feel the keenness of an evening March wind, without being reminded of Dickens. The storms that shook the Maypole Inn or roared through the old London streets (*Barnaby Rudge*), the Yarmouth storm, or the soughing of the wind as it creeps over the low flats (*David Copperfield*)—these and a hundred other visions have for ever coloured our imaginations. We may not consciously think of Dickens; but this is certain: to no one in the world can Nature be what she would have been to us had not Dickens lived and written. A drab London street is something more than a drab London street: in some degree it often becomes to us that drab street as Dickens saw it while he laboured under the stress of an emotion stirred by some imagined deed or thought or suffering of his characters.

If we mentally set the art-products of the eighteenth century alongside those of the nineteenth, and consider them roughly in the lump, a sharp contrast at once makes itself felt. To-day external nature, and largely the weather, form an important part of the artist's raw material. In words, or paint, or tones, he paints it for the sheer joy of painting it, because the creative impulse drives him to try, vainly or successfully, to express, to communicate to others, that "incommunicable thrill" of things; or he utilizes it (profane phrase!) to enable him with clearness and force to unfold meanings existing in his mind before he turned his gaze towards the trees and waters and skies, to express moods which did not originate at the moment of envisaging external things. Instances abound of the artist at work for mere love of depicting beautiful phenomena, or translating nature's moods into terms of human moods. Mendelssohn's unspeakably lovely *Hebrides* overture is picturesque work without any arrière pensée;

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so is Hamish MacCunn's *Land o' the Mountain and the Flood.* The first is the voice of the sea as it rolls amongst the Western Isles; the other transports us, helplessly, willingly, joyfully, to the lochs of mountains of the Scottish highlands. In Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, thoughts, culminating in "if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?", grow out of the mood created by the storm. I have not sufficient knowledge of painting to guess whether the Dutch artists tried to interpret Nature's moods. When I look at one of their paintings, I read it as such an interpretation; yet perhaps they mainly thought of beautiful arrangements of line and colour. Of the artist deliberately using natural phenomena as a help to expression all art later than 1800 affords numberless examples. Wagner never attempted such a thing as the *Hebrides* overture: the picturesque for its own sake stirred him deeply; but the creative brain only began to seethe and throw musical images when with the picturesque was associated the dramatic motive. *Then* we get glories and splendours indeed—the wondrous beauty of the river in *Lohengrin*, gliding calmly under sunny skies from the far-away land of perpetual dawn to the distant sea. The Swan floating on it, at once its symbol and its meaning; the storms in the *Ring*, each adding to the dramatic force and intensity of a scene. Dickens worked in the same way. You read a descriptive passage, a passage which is pure description to a certain point, and suddenly you find it is done with a double purpose, that your mood is tuned ready for what is going to happen. Take the great Yarmouth storm in *David Copperfield:* when the climax is reached and David is shown the body of Steerforth, drowned, "with his head resting on his arm, as he used to lie at school," do you not realize in a flash the hand of the consummate master? that the hubbub and uproar of the elements do not altogether account for, but mainly reflect, the agitation and nervous premonitions of Copperfield's mind, and that you, the reader, have been so worked upon that the final blow, when it falls, falls with stupendous effect. A not quite parallel instance is the Waterloo chapter in *Vanity Fair:* "all day long the noise of battle rolled," the excitement reaches its highest point: then

> No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet though his heart.

The tension is suddenly loosened ere the new stroke falls: it is an anticlimax and perhaps the first climax in all literature.

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This, though roughly parallel to the Dickens effect, is not a specimen of the employment of Nature, save that the touch "the darkness came down on the field and city" adds to pathos of Osborne, lying alone on the field after all the storm and uproar of the day.

In so far it is an instance of the manner in which the modern artist employs Nature as a means of expression. If we go back to the eighteenth-century men we find nothing of this. Stevenson, speaking of Fielding, I think, refers to a pair of lovers in a novel retiring to the privacy of a "practicable wood": we are told nothing about the wood, it possesses neither character, scent nor colour; it serves no purpose beyond that of sheltering hero and heroine. As for poetry, the Pastoral was the most inane and artificial thing in content and form ever devised. Delight in nature's loveliness found no utterance in words; you find genuine emotion only when men contemplate men—or women. There were exceptions, for periods overlap, and the world did not suddenly awake to exterior beauty as the clock struck 12 midnight on 31 December, 1799, ushering in 1800. It is significant that while Johnson scoffed at Gray, it is precisely Gray that Carlyle selects as the first man of the time to betray awe, wonder, delight in natural scenery *for its own sake*. Previously, in effect Carlyle says, men had regarded mountain and plain, wood and river, as the cup that holds the wine, but Gray began to rave about the beauty of the chalice. Yet Gray was so much of his age that even when deeply moved his utterance was stilted, without colour, unvocal and did not render the atmosphere he felt, and he seemed half ashamed of his enthusiasm. For the true thing the world had to await Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley. In music there had been two superb painters of the picturesque: Purcell, who died in 1695, and Handel, who lived till 1759. After them the pictorial elements can be found no more in any music written earlier than about 1810. Beethoven loved Nature and tried to "express his feelings" about her. His phrase was correct: he never tried to express his feelings about her by depicting her. Weber in his operas, and Schubert in some of his songs (notably the Erl-king, a most gorgeous tone-picture), opened out the new path. They cast away the melodic formulas of the Viennese school. Schubert belonged to that school by training, and in his instrumental compositions there is not a picturesque page: only in his songs did his natural genius show itself fully. After Weber we know the rest of the story. Nearly every composer has imitated Wagner's nature drawing; not one has used Nature with Wagner's artistic purpose. Wagners are not born every day of the week. But this

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much is certain: musicians can no more ignore our environment of woods, waters, fields and trees, and all natural phenomena, than poets and painters can.

And now let us note what at first seems rather curious. While weather forms a large proportion of the artist's raw material, it is with bad weather he gains his noblest results. On the whole, that is; for in words, colours and tones men have often hymned the glory of halcyon days. But were it worth while or justifiable to draw up a sort of scale of values, at the lower end would be a harmless drawing of still-life—a peach, an amputated geranium, a cabbage and an inert tomato—and at the upper end a vision of the elements raging in all their might, power, terrible beauty and mystery—ragged clouds, storm-tossed trees and storm-torn waters, thunders and lightnings. Ransack the cupboards of your memory and what comes out first? Turner's glorious Venice dreams? No: rather some of the storm pictures or the tragic Téméraire. Shakespeare's Moonlight sleeping on the bank or the little speeches in *Henry IV?*—a volume in six lines—

King

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky hill? The day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes
And by his h llow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

Or again the "rude, imperious surge"? Wordsworth's cattle, "forty . . . feeding as one," or "the mighty waters rolling evermore"? Wagner's Swan floating on the broad silver stream and the Woodland Voices or the opening of *The Valkyrie* and the introduction to the third act of *Siegfried?* Shelley's "My soul is an enchanted boat," or "O wild west Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being"? We need hardly put the questions to ourselves: they carry their own immediate answer—unless indeed my mental constitution is very different from that of other men—which I don't believe to be the case.

It is significant that Milton liked best to compose in the fall of the year, and that Burns invented songs as he walked under roaring trees on wintry winter nights. That the sublime should inspire the poet to create the sublime is after all only what we should expect. But let the reader again consult his

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memory and he may be a little startled. I have dear recollections of sweet Spring mornings in a French village known to many Americans—the blue sky and fleecy clouds, the dusty cloud of grey-green buds on the quickening branches of the trees, the shining river with the merry gabbling of the women as they washed their linen on the banks, the pleasant laughter of the peasants as they laboured on their little holdings. But what comes to mind most vividly and affords me keenest delight is the recollection of uproarous evenings when in the sheltered hotel courtyard one could hear the tempest clatter along the deserted street, and the deep diapason of the forest boomed like a mighty organ. The ancient battered church stood high on a hill, and greatly daring we would venture for a walk round it, while the wind shouted angrily round the tower, or sang high and clear, through the broken belfry lattice, a Requiem to the dead who lay below, the dead whose bones, washed out of their shallow graves by the rains of hundreds of years, lay unprotected on the ferruginous soil, the very image of desolation. On the canal one might see the barges, the cabin doors to leeward opened wide, showing the stove-fires burning bright and the wives cooking supper while the children tumbled about; in the auberge the men took their evening glass, comfortable under cover, while outside all was hurly-burly.

It was pleasant after such an expedition to return to the noble wood-fire and enjoy a pipe by the booming chimney. And sometimes I reflected: Do our brain-cells retain memories of the days of our pirate forebears, the fierce delight of facing the storm, the thrill of danger? Or—humiliating thought—is it merely that, once safely indoors, the comfort, warmth, brightness, are made thousand times more grateful by the turmoil and stress, the clatter, the rain and the wind without? Milton may have loved the storms of winter: he loved also to dictate his verses when he was warm in bed.

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BRITISH REGIMENTAL MARCHES

THEIR HISTORY AND ROMANCE

By ERNEST HART

WHILE British regiments no longer go into action with bands playing or even pipes skirling, regimental bands are by no means dispensed with, but are kept back of the lines, and they or the drums and fifes often lead the men near to the communicating trenches. So, too, some of the American regimental bands are at the front, and maybe by this time have fulfilled a similar duty for the gallant "doughboys." The value of music as a stimulant in war time can scarcely be over-estimated, and no one should be disposed to slight the services of the bandsmen, for to them also falls a most dangerous task when an engagement is over, and sometimes even in the very thick of the fighting—that of acting as bearers and picking up the wounded from the stricken field.

But my task is to write of regimental marches and not to act as an apologist for military bands in wartime, if an apologist were needed. America, which can boast of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Dixie," has been making a very striking collection of marches during the past two decades, thanks largely to the rhythmic and inspiriting strains of Sousa, who perhaps has made more pulses tingle and steps beat time than any other manufacturer of martial music. Possibly he has not succeeded in writing anything quite so inspired and inspiriting as the "Marche Lorraine," or the "Sambre et Meuse," the irresistible élan of which the great Joffre himself has said stimulated his men to do great things at the Marne. But the "Washington Post" and "Liberty Bell," the "Stars and Stripes Forever" and a dozen others have true verve. Nor must the rhythmic insistency of George Cohan's "Over There" be despised. A bigger and better musician than Mr. Cohan might have written a much worse tune for its purpose; indeed many have done so.

But the quality of British regimental marches, as a rule, is something by itself and often they have an interesting historic origin. The terrible and bloody associations of the "Ça Ira" make it about the last tune that one would expect to find in the programme of a British military band. Nevertheless that tune

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has, for considerably more than a century, been the quick-step of what was the old 14th Regiment of Foot, now the West Yorkshire Regiment. The circumstances which led to its being utilized as a quick-step or march-past are memorable and stirring.

On May 23d, 1793, the British forces took part in a fierce engagement at Famars, but the French held their positions with indomitable spirit, and their assailants were compelled to fall back. While the English troops were losing hope and courage, the Frenchmen were emboldened by success, and their bands kept up the fighters' spirits with the music of the "Ça Ira." Suddenly one of those happy inspirations which so often turn the tide of events occurred to the colonel of the 14th. Galloping up to the band, he commanded it to strike up the same revolutionary air, shouting as he galloped back to the front, "Come on, lads, and we'll beat 'em to their own damned tune!" The band, which must have had a pretty good ear for melody and key, gave the tune with vigor, we are told, and the colonel led his regiment to an assault which resulted in the rout of the enemy.

The incident encourages one to try and trace the origin of other British regimental marches, but few of them have such a romantic basis. The Scots Greys march past to the strains of "The Garb of Old Gaul," that is of "Gael," using it both mounted and afoot. This song was composed by General John Read, at one time Colonel of the 88th Foot, now the Connaught Rangers. The words of the song were written by General Sir Henry Erskine, a famous warrior with a turn for poetry. The same regiment's quick-step is "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," an air once known as "Cockle Shells." This tune was known in England in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and is printed in the edition of Playford's "Dancing Master," first published in 1719, a famous collection of folk-dance tunes.

Musicians will note with interest the distinctly "modern" touch of the air "Cockle Shells," which originally closed on the sixth note of the key, while the present version of the tune, under the name of "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," closes on the fifth. The 1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised by the fourth Duke of Argyll as the 91st Highlanders, marches past to "The Campbells are Coming," which, as almost everyone knows, is the clan tune, and is nearly two hundred years old; while the 2nd Battalion marches past to "Blue Bonnets over the Border," which is older still. This last is a favorite tune with the Scottish regiments, and is used among others by the King's Own Borderers. The Royal Scots also

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employ it when going past in quarter columns, the regular regimental march, however, being "Dumbarton Drums." This also is used by the 2nd Highland Light Infantry.

A famous march-past is that of the Cameron Highlanders, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," one of the oldest of the Highland marching airs. It was composed in honor of an early chief of the Clan Cameron, one Donald Dhu, or Black Donald, and is to be found in some editions of Scott's works under the title "The Gathering Song of Donald the Black." The opening words breathe the spirit of that descendant of Donald Dhu who, when the Duke of York, then Commander in Chief of the British Army, told him that it was the King's intention to draft the old 79th into another regiment, replied, "Ye can tell the King, your father, that he may send the regiment to hell if he likes, and I'll go at the head of it, but he daurna draft us," and His Majesty dared not.

The march-past in quarter column of all the Highland Regiments is "Highland Laddie," but the Cameron Highlanders use "The March of the Cameron Men." The tune was composed by the wife of a Colonel Campbell, one of the clan, shortly after the Crimean War, in which the regiment had so greatly distinguished itself. To that tune the regiment stormed Tel-el-Kebir in the last Egyptian war but one, and strangely enough the first soldier in the British forces to fall in that engagement was Donald Cameron, who was serving in the 79th. The First Battalion Highland Light Infantry go past to "Whistle o'er the Lave o't", an old Scottish tune, composed about 1720 by John Bruce, a musician of Dundee. The original words are unprintable, and Burns, who was not squeamish, wrote another version.

Let us go back to Yorkshire, seeing that there are several famous regiments connected with that county which have well maintained their reputation during the present war, among them the West Yorkshire, the East Yorkshire and the West Riding. While the West Yorkshire, as I have related, adopted a French revolutionary air, the East Yorkshire, with a greater sense of local propriety, march past to the traditional strains of "Jockey to the Fair," and the reason that this tune was adopted as a quick-step is worth noting. In 1823, when the battalion was in India, a former sergeant-major, who had secured as the result of great gallantry a commission in the 25th Foot, went back to his old regiment as quartermaster. While absent he had become enamoured of the old folk tune "Jockey to the Fair," and on returning to the regiment he loved so well he induced the commanding

officer to adopt it as a march-past. The new quartermaster, besides being a great fighting man, was a musician of parts, and arranged the tune himself in capital style. Curiously enough he was succeeded in the battalion as sergeant-major by his brother, who in time also became quartermaster, so promotion sometimes went by merit even in the bad old days of purchase in the British Army.

That fine old song "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen," which Sheridan introduced in his comedy "The School for Scandal," is the quick-step of the Liverpool Regiment, and the tune dates back about one hundred and fifty years. The Royal Lancaster Regiment at one time went past to the tune of "The Lancashire Poacher," but in the middle of the last century "Corn Rigs are Bonnie" was substituted. The change was probably made because the tune is practically the same as that of "The Lincolnshire Poacher," which is used by several Lincolnshire regiments. As it is a traditional East Anglian folk-song, which I remember well being sung by village grandfathers when I was a boy, I will repeat the first stanza.

When I was bound a prentice in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up with poaching, as you shall quickly hear,
'Twas my delight of a shining night in the season of the year.

There is not much in the words, but the air has plenty of vigor, and this of course is the main consideration in a regimental march.

Up to the time of the issue of a general scheme for regimental marches by the authorities of the British School of Military Music, Kneller Hall, London, the 2nd East Yorkshire Regiment, already referred to, used to go past to the "Lincolnshire Poacher," although it never had any connection with Lincolnshire. Yet another British regiment, the Devonshires, or the old 11th, used to march to the same tune. But in 1881 it became the sole property of the Lincolnshire regiments, and the Devonshires now march to "We have lived and loved together," an early Victorian tune which loses its sentimental attributes when accelerated.

There is a tradition in the Devonshire Regiment that after Salamanca the Horse Guards, as the War Office was then generally known, offered to make the 11th a light infantry regiment. The officers wished, however, that it should be made a fusilier regiment, a desire which could not be granted. By way of compensation, the regiment was permitted to march to the strains of "The British Grenadiers," about which historic tune more

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hereafter. Whatever truth there may be in this tradition, it is certain that the 11th Foot did between the years 1815 and 1840 go past to "The British Grenadiers." History further tells that although forbidden by many generals to use this march, the Devonshires stuck tenaciously to it until stringent orders were issued by the Horse Guards, which even the Colonel had to obey.

"The British Grenadiers" is common to all Fusilier regiments, to the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, as well as to the Grenadier Guards and the Royal Fusiliers. It has not, however, been the regimental quick-step of all the Fusilier battalions for the same period of time. Prior to 1881 the quick-step of the old 20th Foot was "The Minden March." In that year the regiment was renamed the Lancashire Fusiliers and, according to order, now plays "The British Grenadiers," the replaced march tune being still used for marching past in quarter-column. "The Minden March" is an old hymn tune named "Lammas Day," the Battle of Minden, in which the old 20th Foot bore a conspicuous part, happening on August 1st, Lammas Day. The effect of using a hymn tune for a quick-step is at least odd and incongruous, and the last Duke of Cambridge, who was Commander in Chief, expressed his objection to the practice in the forcible language which he affected, remarking that it was "damned sacrilegious."

And now as to the best known marching tune in the British Army, "The British Grenadiers." Much ingenuity has been expended in tracing it to its original source. Chappell, founder of the well-known British musical firm of that name, who wrote an excellent anecdotal history of British music, is inclined to date the words *circa* 1688 (the Grenadiers were formed in 1678). But most probably they only go back to 1704 or 1705, as there is internal evidence that hand grenades were brought into use in the army about that period, and they are specifically referred to in the third verse of the song, which is as follows:

> And when we are commanded to storm the palisades,
> Our leaders march with fusees and we with hand grenades;
> We throw them from the glacis about the enemy's ears,
> With a row, row, row, row, row, row, dow, for the British Grenadiers.

So much for the words, the earliest printed copy of which is dated 1735. Chappell, in endeavoring to trace the source of the tune—one of the best marching tunes ever written—sees in it a close resemblance to the old song "Sir Edward Nowell's Delight"

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and also "The London Prentice." The latter tune occurs in Playford's "Dancing Master," Vol. III, 1727–1728, as "Dr. Faustus' Tumblers." But Henry Grattan Flood, an industrious and accurate musical archæologist, traces the origin of the tune to a Dutch marching song "Wilhelmus von Nassau," which in its turn was borrowed from a song of derision on the siege of Chartres in 1568, originally written in French and taken by the Dutchman Marnux in 1672. Whether or not it originated with the French, it is very likely that the British borrowed it from the Dutch, as they did another well-known tune, "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," best known to-day as "We won't go home till morning" or "He's a jolly good fellow."

The Guards are the crack regiments of the British Army, at any rate as far as traditions go, traditions which they have worthily maintained during the present war. Each regiment of the Guards has its own distinctive tune for marching past. That of the senior corps is "The British Grenadiers." The Coldstreams is "The Millolano March," an old tune of obscure origin, dating back at least 200 years. The Scots Guards use "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," the Irish Guards "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," one of Moore's Irish melodies, and a good one hundred and fifty years old, and also the more recent tune "Father O'Flynn." The comparatively recently founded Welsh Guards use the "March of the Men of Harlech." This beautiful tune first appeared in Jones's "Relics of the Welsh Bards," 1794, which suggests that it is at least of earlier date, but its form is distinctly of the 18th Century.

The Somersetshire Light Infantry have special reason to be proud of their march-past. The full title of the regiment is "Prince Albert's (Somersetshire) Light Infantry," the regiment having been named after the Prince Consort who married Queen Victoria. His Highness himself composed the march, which is called "The Prince Albert." It is of little worth as a melody, but gains from the manner in which it is usually rendered, being played by the band and the bugles together, the regiment having the distinction of being the only one in the British Army whose march-past is thus rendered. Another regiment which enjoys the distinction of having its march-past composed by a royal personage is the Worcestershire. It is entitled "The Windsor" and was written by H.R.H. Princess Augusta of Cambridge, aunt of Queen Victoria. It is a poor thing.

The 1st Battalion of the Queen's Regiment (Royal West Surrey Regiment) used to march past to the British National

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Anthem, known in America as "My Country, 'tis of Thee," until the year 1881, when some obsequious busybody did not think it right even for the Queen's Regiment to march past to the royal anthem, although the fine old corps had done so for more than a century. The change, to say the least a curious one, was made—a Portuguese tune being substituted. However, there was a historic reason for this which is interesting. It seems that the regiment was raised in 1661 to garrison Tangier in Africa, which was part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal, who married Charles II. The march-past of the 2nd battalion of the same regiment is a Scotch air, "We'll gang na mair to yonder toun," dating from the beginning of the last century. It has been the quick-step of the battalion since it was raised, after the Crimean War. General Bruce, who first commanded it, was a Scotsman, and naturally enough selected a tune reminiscent of his own beloved country.

This leads to the reflection that the title of a march is by no means an indication of the nationality or locale of a regiment. One might reasonably expect, for instance, that "The Lass o' Gowrie" would be the march-past of a Scottish regiment, but as a fact, it is the quick-step of the 2nd East Surrey Regiment. The reason is, however, that the old 70th Foot, now the 2nd East Surrey, was in 1758 stationed in Scotland and a great many men were natives of the country, particularly of Glasgow. The Cheshire must be added to the English corps which adopted a Scotch air. The quick-step of that regiment is "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie." This was adopted by the regiment because of the part it took in an engagement in India in 1842 under the famous Sir Charles Napier, who was afterwards appointed Colonel of the regiment.

A Hussar regiment, the 15th, uses for its quick-step "The Campbells are Coming" and for its canter-past "Bonnie Dundee," while for its walk-past it uses the tune "Elliot's Light Horse." This dates from 1780, when the regiment was raised by a Scotsman named Elliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar, and for many years it was called "Elliot's Light Horse." Indeed it was the first regiment of light horse raised in the British Army.

The only regiment which enjoys the privilege of going past to "Rule Britannia" is the Norfolk Regiment. This tune was written by Dr. Arne, and dates back nearly two hundred years. Its use by the Norfolks originated with the regimental badge, conferred by Queen Anne, which is the figure of Britannia, and

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which signalized the gallant conduct of the regiment at the Battle of Aramanza. One of the oldest marches in the British service is that of the Suffolk Regiment, which very appropriately, considering the mainly agricultural population of Suffolk, adopted the fine old folk-tune "Speed the Plough," which is traditional and of unknown antiquity. Of interest on this side of the Atlantic is the origin of the march of the 1st Battalion Sussex Regiment, which greatly distinguished itself under General Wolfe in the capture of Quebec, and who with good judgment adopted an old French air.

In one or two cases British regiments have given their quick-steps some nickname after an honorable tradition. For instance, the title of the march of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry is known, like the regiment, as "One and All," and there is an interesting reason. In the early part of 1811 the Royal Cornwall Rangers, as they were then styled, volunteered for service in Ireland, and the King in consequence was pleased to make it a light infantry regiment. Colonel Willyams, who then commanded the regiment, wrote some verses which were set to the well-known air "One and All." The last verse of this capital song is as follows:

But see, the transports crowd the strand,
We soon shall be on Erin's land,
Erin go bragh go hand in hand
With One and All.

And as for French and foreign foes,
We'll twine the shamrock with the rose,
And pull old Boney by the nose,
Pull One and All.

Then let the bells of Dublin ring,
The Cornish boys are come to sing,
With Irish lads, God save the King,
Sing One and All.

Which seems a fitting conclusion at the present time, when we hope to see a loyal and united Ireland result from the full establishment of Home Rule.

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A = 440 PITCH ADOPTED

PITCH *versus* TEMPERATURE

By J. C. DEAGAN

THERE has been considerable controversy regarding the adoption of A = 440 as the Official Pitch of the American Federation of Musicians and as is always the case in matters of this kind, there have been a number of protests from various sources, the protesters, with only a cursory knowledge of the subject, claiming that raising the pitch from A = 435, the former Standard Low Pitch, to A = 440 would necessitate the purchasing of new instruments by musicians, and would result in chaos in general.

The purpose of this article is to prove conclusively that the adoption of A = 440 as the Official Pitch of the American Federation of Musicians is merely the bestowal of official recognition upon the low pitch which has ALWAYS been used in bands and orchestras in this country since low pitch was adopted. In order that there may be no doubt as to the authenticity of this statement, I propose to offer a number of arguments and references to prove my contention.

Musicians and instrument manufacturers who insist that A = 435 is the correct low pitch fail to take into consideration the fact that the French Government Commission in the official draft stipulated that the pitch should be A = 435 vibrations set in a temperature of 15 degrees Centigrade (59 degrees Fahrenheit), but it was not their intention to provide a fork or any other mechanism tuned to this pitch in this temperature.

All they did was to specify the number of vibrations and the number of degrees of temperature. It naturally follows that instruments tuned to A = 435 at a temperature of 59 degrees Fahrenheit will raise in pitch to A = 440, or very close to it, when used under normal temperature conditions (68 to 72 degrees Fahrenheit). This is the reason that the pitch of A = 440 is very often mistaken for A = 435 and is fully explained further along in this article.

American made clarinets, flutes, etc., have been on the market but a comparatively short time. Naturally, therefore, a large majority of the flutes and clarinets and all of the oboes,

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English-horns, etc., used in bands and orchestras are European made. As it is the clarinet (or the oboe where used) to which the rest of the instruments are usually tuned, the pitch of the clarinet (or the oboe) is generally the pitch of the entire band or orchestra. Musicians do not generally consider the lower toned instruments in this respect as they should. Deep toned instruments are less susceptible to change of Pitch by bodily heat of the player than small instruments on account of the larger caliber of the deeper toned instruments containing a much greater quantity of air than the smaller instruments.

American instrument makers who attempted to tune their product to A = 435, at what we consider normal temperature (68 to 72 degrees Fahrenheit) soon found out their error, as from all sources they received the complaint "Your instruments are too flat!" Rather than jeopardize their reputation in this respect the progressive manufacturers soon switched over to A = 440 and have since received practically no complaints regarding pitch.

Piano tuners, also, who have tuned pianos to A = 435 for orchestra use have almost invariably been assailed with the cry from clarinet players that the pitch was too low. Many, many times has the tuner then called in the clarinetist so that he could tune the piano up to his "A" and satisfy him. And in practically every instance the piano tuner has explained this condition of affairs by stating that the pitch of the clarinet was "entirely too sharp," failing to grasp, as has a large part of the piano and organ industry, that A = 440 is the true low pitch under normal temperature conditions, and not A = 435.

In the following paragraphs I believe I have proven that A = 440 is the true low pitch, and I hope the entire article will be given that attention which I feel it deserves in view of the vital subject of which it treats. Speaking from the vocalists' or string instrument players' standpoint, the pitch question is a subject which affects vocalists and violinists more than any one, as an ever varying pitch ruins the musical ear.

The delicacies of intonation are only to be acquired after long experience and acquaintance with a fixed pitch; therefore, if an artist uses various pitches, how can he be expected to play or sing perfectly in tune? It is a most severe test, and one that should not exist. Hence, so few musicians can not tell MENTALLY, which pitch, or the exact pitch, they are using.

In changing the frequency of International Pitch vibrations from A = 435 to A = 440 the American Federation of Musicians has not really changed the pitch at all. In reality it has only

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made a change in the temperature in which the pitch should be played. Years ago we demonstrated the extent to which temperature changes the pitch of wind instruments in a band or orchestra. It was a demonstration that can be made by any good band or orchestra that cares to try it.

Sound travels faster and farther in one second of time if the temperature is 72 degrees Fahrenheit than it does if the temperature is 59 degrees Fahrenheit, i. e., more sound vibrations strike the ear in a second of time in warm weather than in cool weather, the source having the same number of vibrations in both cases.

This is a basic law of nature—analogous to the higher sounds of an approaching and the lower sounds of a receding railway train.

The demonstration above referred to had to do with orchestras which had warmed up and tuned to A = 435 at the temperature of 15 degrees Centigrade (59 degrees Fahrenheit). The same orchestras in the same room with the atmosphere warming up to 20 degrees Centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit) went up to a pitch fully four vibrations above the A = 435 fork, or in other words, to A = 439. The fork, also warmer, had lowered a fraction of a vibration, but this was really negligible. (A good A = 440 tuning fork lowers in pitch only one vibration with a raise in temperature of 33 degrees Fahrenheit, and vice versa).

The official pitch of France (which the French call "Diapason Normal" and which we have been in the habit of calling "International Pitch") is A = 435, which is set at a temperature of 15 degrees Centigrade (59 degrees Fahrenheit). It is to be regretted that this pitch was set at such a low temperature. It is this fact that caused all the difficulty in regard to pitch and tuning later on.

The American public is not accustomed to a temperature anywhere near as low as that which the French Government Commission stipulates "Is the correct degree of heat at which the official pitch of A = 435 must be set." Theodore Thomas, as far back as 1883, ordered his concert-halls to be kept at a temperature of 72 degrees Fahrenheit, or as near that temperature as possible.

In America we insist on a temperature of at least 70 degrees Fahrenheit and this often goes as high as 76 degrees Fahrenheit, and higher in concert-halls. A wise plan would be to have one pitch and one temperature—the right temperature and keep it normal. A temperature of 76 degrees would send the same orchestras, above referred to, to a pitch even higher than A = 440.

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Along the same lines, when a band plays on a hot day in summertime it will be found that the pitch is considerably above A = 440. So in adopting A = 440 we are really not changing the pitch at all. It is simply a matter of difference in temperature in which the pitch is played and which raises wind instruments five vibrations, equal to less than one-fifth of a semi-tone, which is a very slight change.

Cold sends the pitch of wind instruments down (considerably flatter). On the other hand, cold sends the pitch of string instruments up (slightly sharper). So an even, steady temperature is necessary in order that the wind and strings stay in the same pitch. Tuning and playing should be done in the same temperature.

The cooler the temperature the more difficult it is for wind instruments to stay in tune with themselves, especially small metal instruments, which will not hold the heat when out of contact with the body, like wooden instruments do. All wind instruments should have an even bore slide, so that they can be slightly adjusted a shade above normal or a shade below normal in case of climatic changes or overheating.

It is unfortunate that teachers of acoustics (theory) have very little to say on the question of temperature. Temperature was not considered of much practical importance even in Helmholtz's day.

In the year 1885 the great "World's Congress of Musicians" met in Vienna. One of their proceedings was to settle the pitch question for all time to come.

In their protocol they adopted the French "Diapason Normal," A = 435, at 15 degrees Centigrade (59 degrees Fahrenheit) as the universal pitch for the whole world. This protocol was the document which made the A = 435 so popular everywhere. UNIFORMITY OF PITCH was what the world wanted.

Leading orchestras in Vienna and other cities tried to use this pitch at that low temperature, but without success. The temperature was too cool for musicians and audience in Vienna. They then changed the temperature from 15 degrees Centigrade to 24 degrees Centigrade (from 59 degrees Fahrenheit to 75.2 degrees Fahrenheit). This change increased the vibration frequency of the inital standard. The fork remained at 435 vibrations, but the "A" of the brass, woodwind and organ went above A = 440.

This higher temperature made the "A" of the wind instruments too sharp, so they afterwards reduced the temperature, then increased it again.

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Prof. Blaserna's report at the Congress—that a wind instrument tuned to A = 435 at 15 degrees Centigrade, warmed up to 35 degrees Centigrade, went to an untempered semi-tone or B♭ = 457.7—went unheeded.

These experiments were sometimes comical, at other times pitiful, and after three years of fiddling around they went back to their old pitch, which most of the old musicians nearly always had used since the days of the master Beethoven and which is still in use to the present day—A = 440. (See my article in the June, 1917, number of the *International Musician*, entitled "How pitch raised in Vienna in Beethoven's day").

In 1895, the Philharmonic Society Orchestra of London, England, an orchestra of mixed nationalities, adopted the French pitch of A = 435 at 15 degrees Centigrade (59 degrees Fahrenheit) and actually tried to use it. But it would not work. (They had been using a pitch which Sir Michael Costa was responsible for in 1848, called "English Pitch"—A = 454).

So the following year, in 1896, the Philharmonic Society adopted A = 439 at 20 degrees Centigrade (68 degrees Fahrenheit) and called it the new "Philharmonic Pitch." They have been using that pitch ever since.

There was a general protest at the time and hundreds of letters were published in the newspapers against the change; many people in the music business "actually thought they would be ruined." "It would put the music trade out of business; pianos would not sound so good; voices could not change; old violins would be ruined," etc., etc. (See the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society for those two years, 1895, 1896. Also a book called *Musical Pitch*, published in London by "Waterlow & Sons, Ltd.," 49 Parliament St., Westminster, in which the whole question is aired, *pro* and *con*).

The Paris Opera orchestra and other leading musical organizations have had an experience somewhat similar to that of the Vienna and London orchestras. The writer has tested the pitch of nearly every leading orchestra in Europe and America. Not one of them uses a pitch so low as A = 435. Many of them do not use the pitch they claim they use.

In view of the foregoing facts, therefore, the pitch of A = 440 may safely be declared to be the low pitch which is in use to-day.

There may be extremes of low temperature when wind instruments fall below this pitch, but there are fully as many times when the excessive heat sends them considerably above A = 440.

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In the long run, however, and in the large majority of instances when musicians are playing under normal temperature conditions of this country, A = 440, or very near it, has been the low pitch in actual use for years.

Hence, in adopting A = 440 as the standard pitch we are not adopting a new pitch. We are simply acknowledging as correct the pitch which we have been unconsciously using since "low pitch" was adopted.[1]

[1]For further information I would recommend musicians to try the following experiment for themselves:

Get an A = 435 tuning fork, (and be sure that it is a guaranteed Standard A = 435). Reduce the temperature of your room to 59 degrees Fahrenheit and let your wind instrument and fork stand in that temperature for an hour or two. Then adjust your wind instrument to the A = 435 fork. Now you are exactly in tune with the fork. Then let the room warm up to 72 degrees Fahrenheit, letting the wind instrument and fork stand in this temperature for a couple of hours. Now try and see if you are not about five vibrations higher than the A = 435 fork or up to A = 440. Large wind instruments are better for this experiment, as they are less affected by the heat of the body than small instruments, which can be overheated.

I believe this experiment will be very instructive, if not convincing. In this connection I want to add that in actual playing best results would be obtained if the small instruments would try to keep in tune with the larger ones, as the pitch of the latter is not so changeable as that of the small ones.

It may be of interest to note that Mr. Joseph Winkler, President of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, Local No. 10, wanted each delegate attending the National Convention (held in Chicago, May 13th, 1918), to have something unique as a souvenir that would be typical of Chicago, something not produced in other cities where Conventions are held.

Mr. Winkler saw to it that each of the hundreds of delegates carried home to his Local, with the compliments of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, a Deagan "A = 440 Tuning Fork" and a Deagan "A = 440 Studio Wall Chart."

The Dea-Gan-Ometer, made for the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C., a scientific mechanism which proves the accuracy of A = 440, or any other pitch, was exhibited at the Convention for the edification of the Delegates. I may add that this instrument apparently aroused their appreciative interest.

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ON SYRIAN LITURGICAL CHANT

By LUDWIG BONVIN

THE *Journal Asiatique*, 1912 and 1913, contains a series of articles on Syrian music by the Benedictine monk Dom Jeannin. These articles desreve our consideration. Dechevrens and other Gregorian scholars have repeatedly drawn our attention to the importance of the Oriental liturgical music in clearing up many a problem of the Gregorian chant; and this is but natural, the Latin liturgical chant having its origin in the Orient. Dom Jeannin is of the same opinion. "The problem of the Gregorian rhythm," he writes, "still affords room for further investigations. We believe that these investigations, in order to be fruitful, must preferably concern themselves with the Oriental music: the ekphonetic notation, the ekphonetic music presupposed by this notation, the rhythm actually in use in the Churches of the Orient. . .We should not be surprised that the final result of these studies lead to new practical conclusions for the Gregorian chant."

The Syrian melodies, he thinks, present a real archæological interest. The circumstance, it is true, that they have been transmitted to us only through the channel of oral tradition, obliges us to suppose some modifications in their original contexture; we can, further, easily discover in them a certain number of foreign ingredients. But it is, nevertheless, extremely probable that there exists in the actual Syrian chant a primitive fund which doubtless reaches back to the very centuries which have seen the creation of the literary production in use in the liturgy. Dom Jeannin's opinion rests chiefly upon the fact of the diatonicity which even to-day forms the tonal basis of this chant. We cannot assume, he writes, that the Syrian nation, having accepted the language and the civilization of its conquerors, has adopted, after the Arabic invasion, a whole musical system so different from the Arabian theories; the Syrians, for that reason, must have possessed their music system before that time.

We believe, therefore, that an extract from the studies of the learned Benedictine, and especially some practical musical examples taken from the Syrian liturgy, will be welcomed by musicians in general as well as by Gregorian scholars in particular.

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In the last decades, it is true, Oriental melodies have repeatedly been published in rather unreliable notation. This, however, is not the case with Dom Jeannin. He first gives accurate particulars of his endeavors to draw from the best sources of the Oriental chant tradition, and then of his method of transcription. The following facts bear the best evidence of his conscientiousness.

He had, first of all, the advantage of listening to the liturgical chant performed at the daily services at Charfe. A choir, however, singing only from memory, seldom attains that unity which is more easily met with in those choirs which follow a text fixed by notation; Dom Jeannin, therefore, preferred to consult the choirmasters themselves. As all those who have occupied themselves with the noting of Oriental songs, he found that these choirmasters had sometimes their hesitations: their intonations, their rhythm offered, at the repetition of more difficult pieces, slight variants. In all such cases D. Jeannin had the piece or the passage repeated up to the moment where a serious confrontation led to the version which appeared to him to offer, in good criticism, the actually existing usage of Charfe. In certain cases he found himself obliged to indicate both manners of executing one and the same note.

As to the education necessary to an European ear for giving an accurate account of Oriental music, he tells us that even before going to the Orient, he had begun it by transcribing several hundred Chaldean melodies which Qas Samuel David, then student at the Grand Séminaire at Marseilles, sang for him. It goes without saying that his long sojourns in the Orient allowed him to perfect this education.

"Never," he writes, "did I permit myself, in my work, to deviate in the least from the rule which I had laid down to myself when I began it: Transcribe scrupulously and without preconception of any kind what my ears will perceive. And by preconception I understand not only the various musical theories in existence about Oriental music, but also the theories which, for instance, a comparison between what I was just noting down and other formulas already noted could suggest. I thought that I should even go so far in my conscientiousness as to transcribe things which in my opinion were manifestly erroneous, rather than to make modifications in the musical text I heard, however justified these modifications might appear to me."

I shall soon reproduce a certain number of these transcriptions. These musical examples as well as D. Jeannin's remarks lead to

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conclusions which, in view of the already mentioned Oriental origin of the Gregorian chant, are of no small importance in the much controverted question of the latter's rhythm. These conclusions are the following:

1. The old and venerable Syrian chant moves in tones whose correct notation demands notes of *different* and *proportional duration, notes which embrace the whole variety of our modern note*

2. The succession and the practical execution of these notes are such that in a great part of the Syrian musical repertory they form modern measures, and this not only because such measures can be formed with their time-values, but because the metrical accentuation (the strong first beat of the measure and the following weak beats) makes itself felt. And Dom Jeannin especially remarks that it is not from the text that the melody gets these accents: the melody has them of itself. On the contrary the accents of the text are not seldom a disturbance to the metrical accentuation. (See the following example VI.)—Be it said in passing that in the Latin liturgical chant it is the hymns that correspond to this kind of chant, regularly arranged in measures.

3. Among the Syrian melodies there are some which use only one kind of measure in their whole course; others, on the contrary, contain different measures and interchange them irregularly.

4. There are, however, chants which cannot or scarcely can be arranged in measures, because their notes with their different durations are too irregular in their accentuation and succession; they would, therefore, demand a confusing change of measures and a too great variety of them. A further hindrance is found in the fact that in many a melody there are shorter or longer passages which are performed in *tempo rubato*, i. e., with free, more or less arbitrary treatment of time. In these melodies, however, as well as in our modern music, the *rubato* does not destroy the different durations of the notes, but allows even their characteristic and fundamental proportionality to be felt. D. Jeannin's transcriptions demonstrate this clearly. The *rubato* execution of some of the pieces, therefore, does not do away with the fact that Syrian music, as a whole, consists of notes of different and proportional duration, just as little as this is the case with the *rubato* in modern European music.

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Some passages from D. Jeannin's article relative to the foregoing conclusions will be welcomed by the reader.

He quotes approvingly the remark of the savant D. Parisot, that Syrian music forms regular measures, but "that in most cases the metrical uniformity is interrupted, and that therefore, in order to transcribe sincerely the rhythmical movement of these melodies, it is necessary to use measures of different kinds in the course of one and the same musical phrase." "But," he adds, "it must be said that there exist a considerable number of Syrian melodies which are built with all the regularity of our Occidental popular melodies." He contradicts the opinion, which Aubry seems to hold, that the measure of these melodies consists only of one single *chronos* (beat or pulse), and that all beats are dynamically equal, i. e., that there exists neither a strong nor a weak beat. "That would be as much as to admit that, apart from isochronism (system of beats of equal duration) and apart from a musical accentuation taken solely from the accentuation of the liturgical text, there is nothing in the Syrian rhythm. Doubtless the measures are for the most part of different kinds in the same piece, but in the measures that we are noting down there is an alternate succession, at least in most cases, of strong beats and weak beats, a succession *in itself* independent of the liturgical text. Besides, in the midst of the concatenation of different measures, most of the time one single kind of measure is perceived which serves as a common rhythmic substratum." The best proof that D. Parisot, just as little as D. Jeannin, has employed bar lines simply in order to indicate in the music the transparence of the poetical rhythm, is the fact that he has used such measure indications even for melismas, for passages containing numerous notes to a syllable, where the text is but one syllable prolonged, and where, therefore, there can be no question of "the transparence of the poetical rythm." "It is, however, true that the accents of the text are not seldom working against the more ordinary rhythm which consists in the strong beat being the first of the measure. But it remains nevertheless an established fact that the Syrian measure, although it is not uniform, nor of an absolute regularity, has in most cases a periodic recurrence of *musical* ictuses. And be it remarked, the same fact holds good, rather often, although with less rigor, for the category of those chants which are not arranged in measures. Of these we shall now speak.

In the foregoing we have treated, in fact, of that kind of rhythmical freedom which mixes in the same melody various

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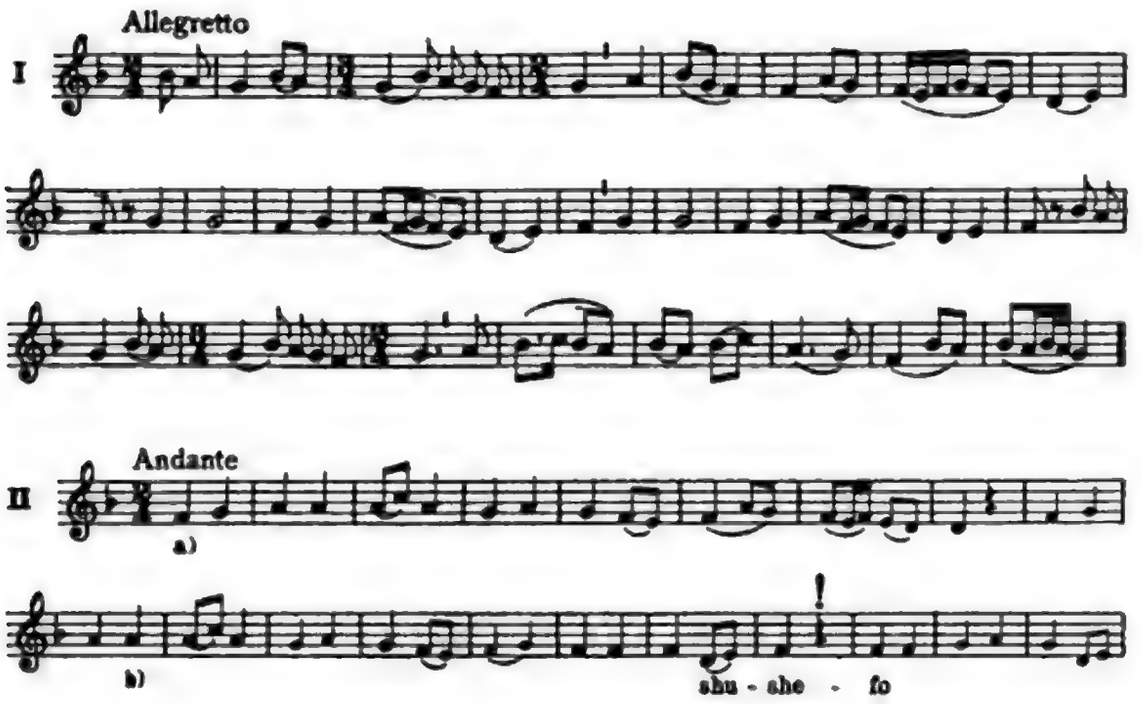
measures. But in order to be entirely sincere in the transcription, it is necessary to go farther: there exist pieces of Oriental music, Syrian and others, which demand to be noted down without any measure indications at all. It goes without saying that the forms of simple cantillation, the recitations which rest merely upon the accents of the text, are of that sort. But here belongs also a whole category of chants, most flourished, with numerous *vocalises* and in which the musical rhythm, though more free than elsewhere, nevertheless exists. In the Syrian melodies, which I have transcribed without indicating any measures, it often happens that the metrical rhythm asserts itself rather rigorously; but then suddenly a freer gait, a *tempo rubato*, makes itself felt." "At any rate it would rather often be possible to introduce in the transcription even of these pieces, besides the proportional divisions of the musical beats, also indications for the ordinarily periodical recurrence of strong beats, of course, in variously alternating measures of different kind. If, therefore, we have omitted, in these cases, any measure indications, it was only because these indications would have led to a mathematical execution. And precisely what constitutes the particular character of theses pieces is the lack of rigor in the measure, an *ad libitum* which allows prolonging or shortening here one note, there another note."

Here are a few of the examples of Syrian chants which D. Jeannin has presented in his essay:



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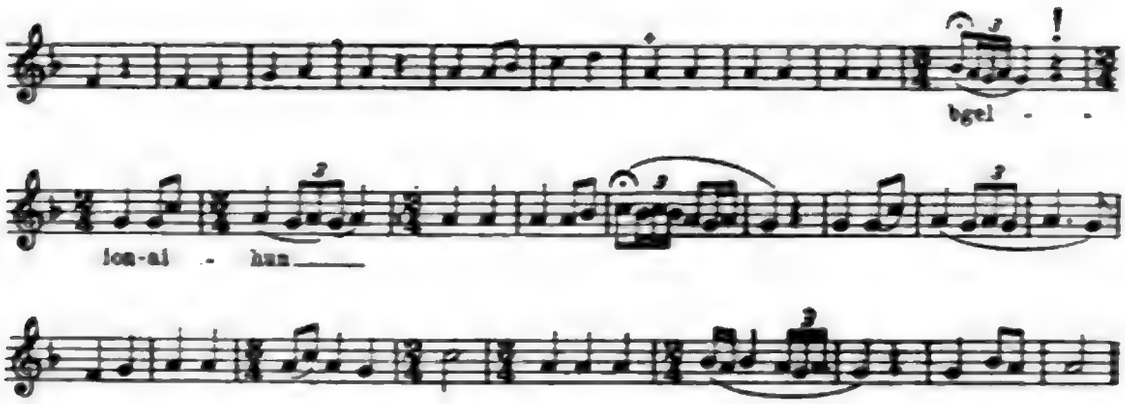
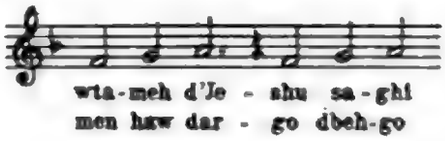


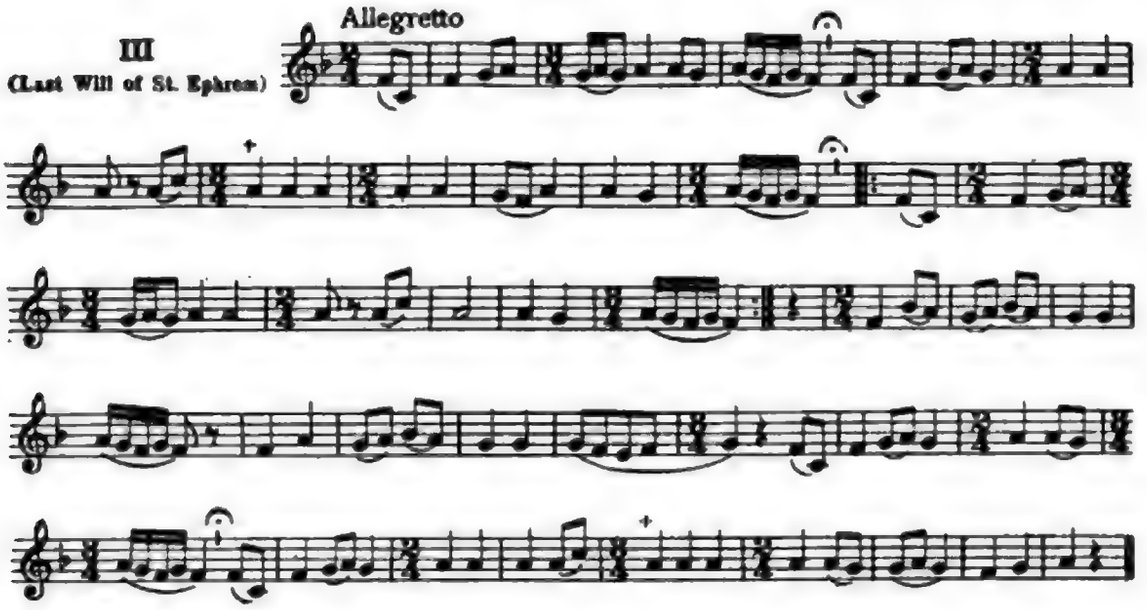
I beg to draw the attention of the reader to the similarity of the passages in fat type a) and b) with the Modus I of the *Toni* ℣ *Gloria Patri ad introitum* of the Vatican Edition of the Gregorian chant:

At the places marked with ! the treatment of the text is surprising—a rest splits the word. The same can be observed in the following fragment of another chant at the words *Jeshu* (Jesus) and *dargo:*

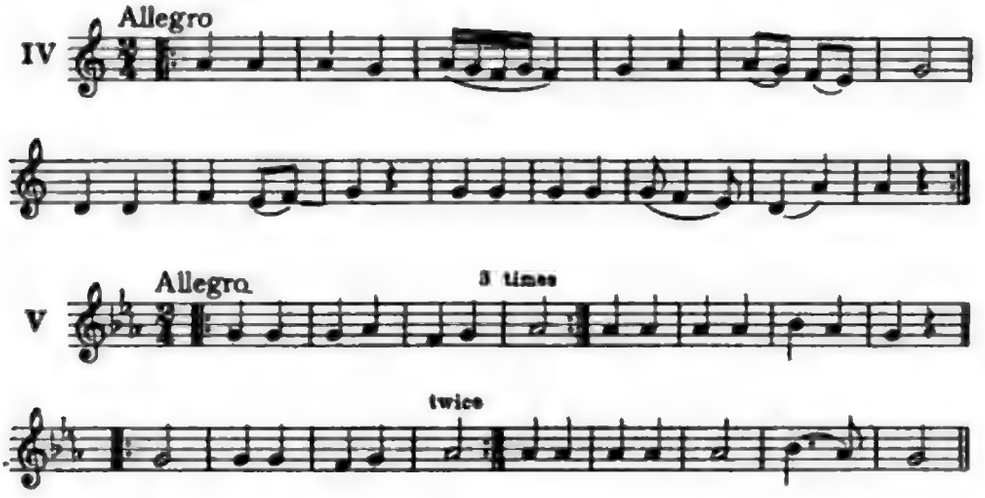


In this melody we meet further with the following interesting passage:

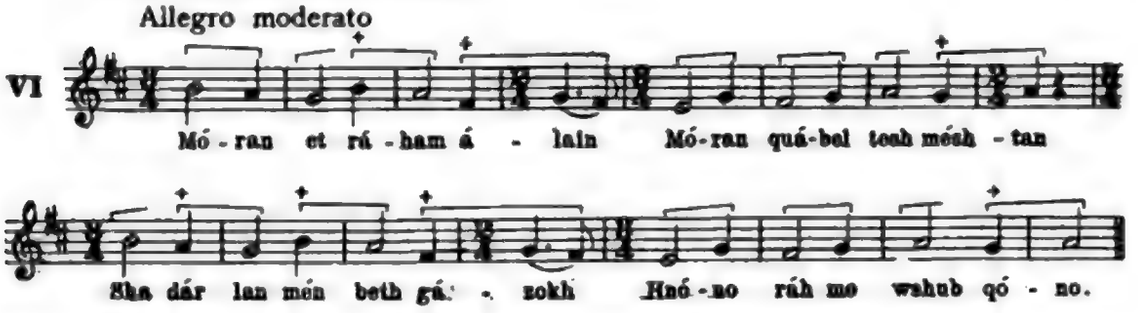
I call it interesting because the Gregorian scholar finds there the exact prototype of the Gregorian neumic *trivirga* with an episema on each *virga*, as we see it in Dechevrens' transcription. According to one of the two probable modes of execution this group of notes and generally the so called *notæ repercussæ* were performed by introducing a note, small, slight and swiftly sung, between the repeated principal tone.



Dom Jeannin writes *Allegro molto* in ¢ and $\frac{3}{2}$ time.



It sounds like a Litany.



This is an example of text accents disturbingly influencing the metrical accentuation of the music: the accents of the text impart their strength to the melody and make it appear as if, at +, on the last beat, each time an unexpected measure be introduced with its dynamically emphasized beginning. "Practically," D.

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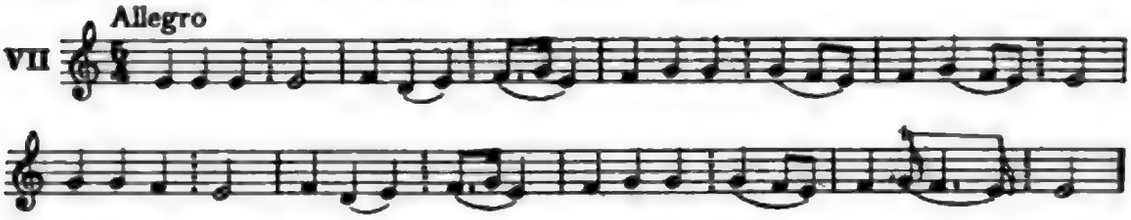
Jeannin tells us, "the Syrian singers strongly emphasize the upbeat, on account of the word accent, and then impart a lesser ictus to the first beat of the following measure."

The above piece shows at the clef the signature of the ternary time; "it must, however, be said that the binary time is much more frequent in Syrian music."

"In some few cases the regular alternation of the duple and the triple rhythm brings about a real $\frac{5}{4}$ measure." An example of this is offered in the following piece.

VII

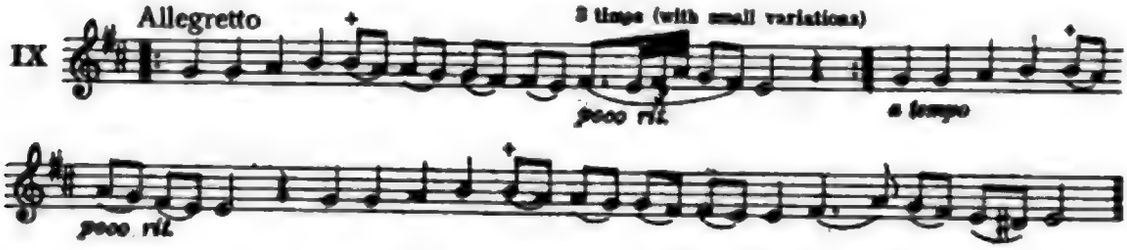


At + we see the prototype of the Gregorian ornament called *oriscus* as deciphered by Dechevrens.

I now present pieces which are not arranged in measures:

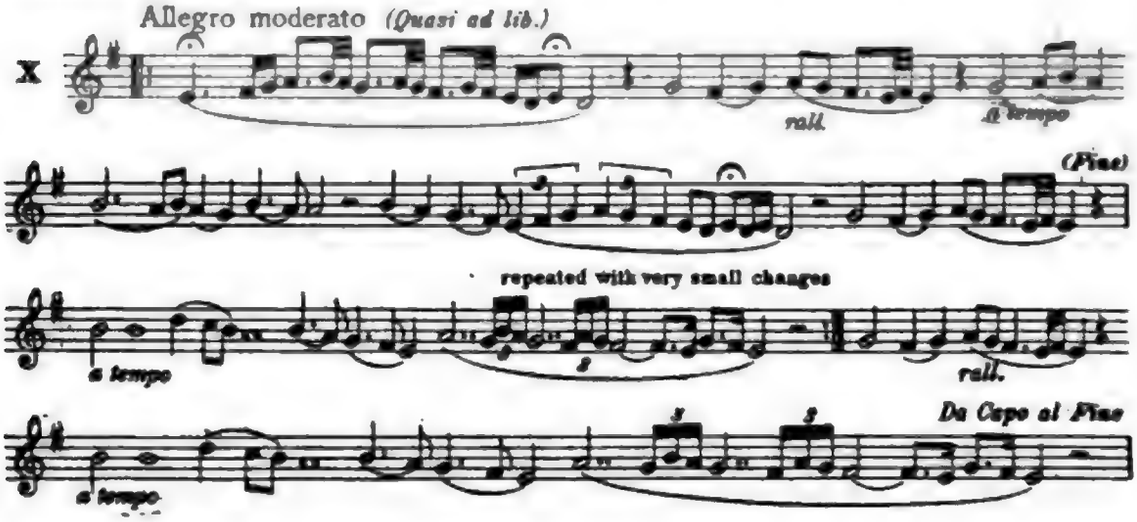
VIII

IX



Notice in three places, at +, the groups of two notes to a syllable. They also often occur in the Gregorian melodies of the Vatican edition.

X



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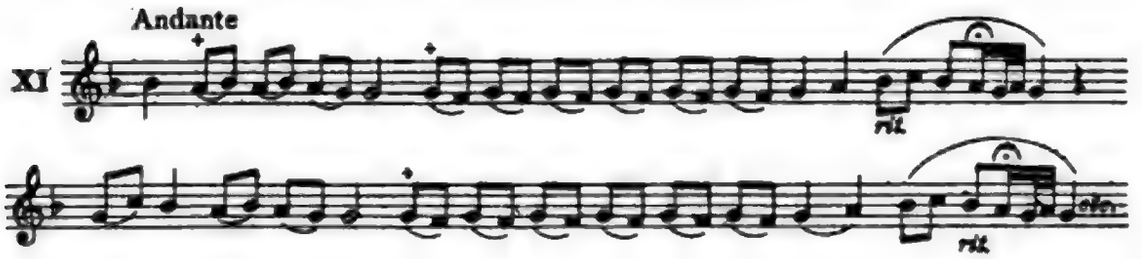
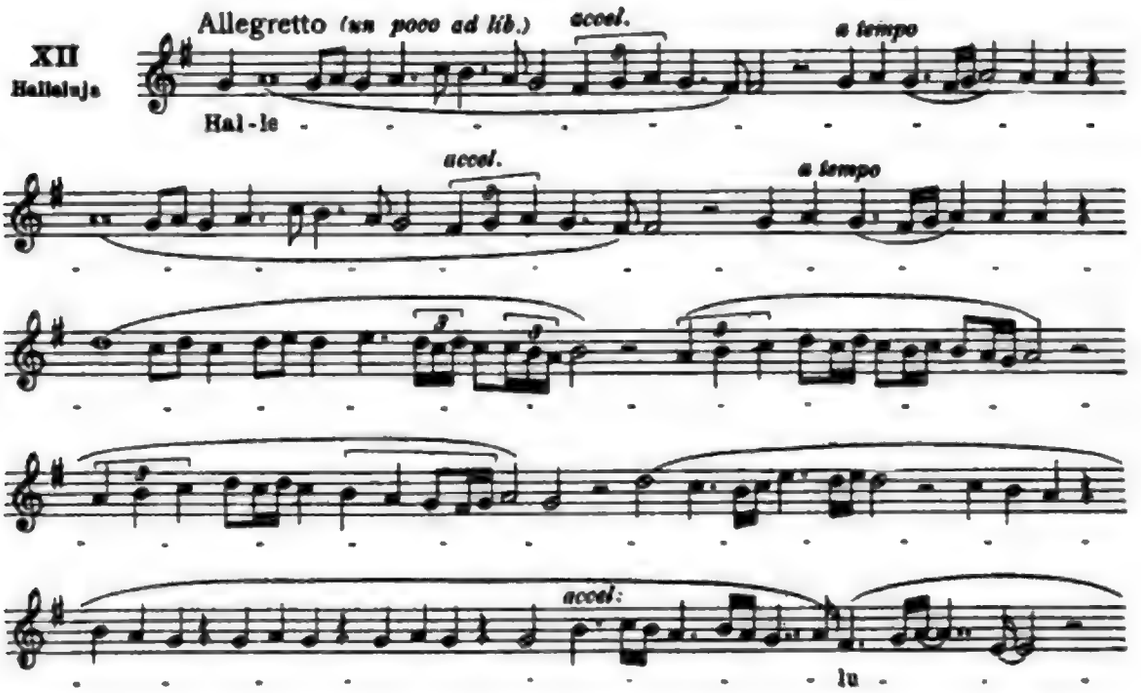
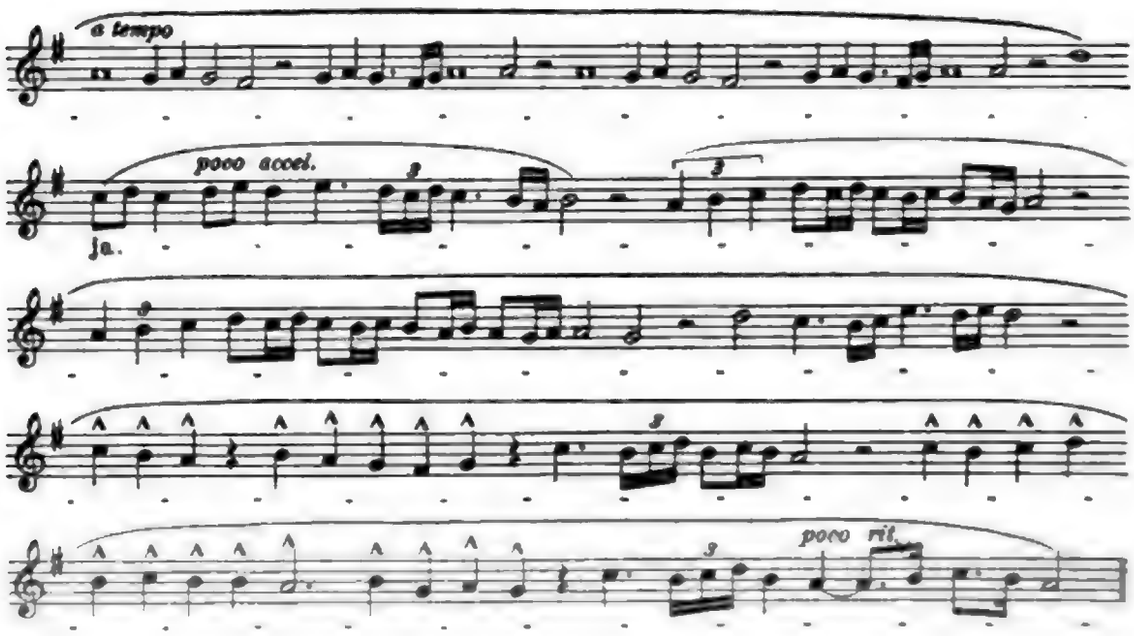
Here (and in No. XII) the resemblance of the ornaments and of the sudden stagnations in the rhythm with the Gregorian flourished melodies transcribed by Dechevrens, is striking.



I have quoted this fragment in order to draw attention to the similar practice of a balancing on two notes occurring in the traditional Latin chant. Compare, for instance, the second versicle of the *Tractus* on the 1st Sunday in Lent:

The successions of notes on the same degree which we often observe in the Syrian chant (see, for instance, Nos. II and III at +) are also met with in the Vaticana, *e. g.* in the versicle of the Gradual *Sederunt*, on the feast of St. Stephen, at the passage: *Salvum me fac propter misericordiam.*





In the course of this article we had more than once the opportunity of remarking that the Syrian melodies, so conscientiously transcribed by D. Jeannin, agree with the results of the researches of the great Gregorian savant A. Dechevrens in regard to Gregorian chant. Gregorian chant, as it is known, has been sorely damaged, since the 10th century, by the influence of the execution in *diaphony* or *organum* then introduced. It has lost its rhythm, so much so that to-day a school—the Solesmes school—could arise, which assumes that in Gregorian music all notes are of equal duration. The original Gregorian rhythm, however, has been rediscovered lately, in principle and in many details, by A. Dechevrens, after indefatigably studying the medieval Gregorian authors and the old neumic codices as well as by his thoughtful comparison with the Oriental liturgical chant. It is now an established fact that Gregorian chant has its origin in the Orient; the well preserved rhythm of the so conservative Oriental Churches was, therefore, a source of light which had to be regarded, when there was question of investigating the original rhythm of the Occidental liturgical chant. From this standpoint the rhythmical contexture of the Syrian melodies gains a new and practical interest: it is a confirmation of Dechevrens' life work.

As a supplement, I offer an harmonization of example II with English words adapted to the melody. This English text is a free translation of the Latin hymn: *Altitudo, quid hic jaces.* The verses not being sufficient in number for the original musical phrases, and the cæsuras of the new text being different at times, it has been necessary to abridge the piece to some extent and to

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Thou, the Highest

Altitudo, quid hic iaces

Hymn for Christmastide

(Harmonized by Ludwig Bonvin S.J.)

For Voices in Unison

Syrian melody

Andante

1. Thou, the High-est, art now ly-ing In a low-ly man-ger-bed: Thou, the Mak-er of the heavens, Art by low-ly mor-tals led.
2. Thou, the Might-y, now so fee-ble! Thou, the Boundless, now so wee! Thou, the Sav-iour! now a captive! Thou, th'E-ter-nal, born for me.
3. Thee, the Brightness all il-lum-ing, Low-ly lin-en clothes and veils; Thee, who feed-est all that liv-eth, All but mother's care now fails.

1. Al-ti-tú-do, quid hic ia-ces In tam vi-li-stá-bu-lo? Qui cre-á-sti cœ-li ta-ces Al-ges in præ-sé-pi-o.
2. For-ti-tú-do in-fir-má-tur, Par-va fit im-mén-si-tas; Li-be-rá-tor al-li-gá-tur, Ná-sci-tur æ-tér-ni-tas.
3. Cla-ri-tú-do An-ge-ló-rum Vi-li pan-no té-gi-tur; Do-mi-ná-tor, Rex cœ-ló-rum Ma-tris la-cte á-li-tur.

Andante

Organ

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Poco piu vivo

accel. *f* *calando*

mf

1-3. O, love's won-ders most a - stound - ing, Je - - sus,

1-3. O quam mi - ra per-pe - trá - sti, Je - - su,

accel. *calando*

mf *f*

Thou for man hast wrought, Com-ing down in

pro - pter hó - mi - nem, Tam ar - dén - - ter

Tempo I°

p

grace a - bound - ing Man to save who loved Thee

quem a - má - - sti, Pa - ra - di - so éx - u

rit.

nought, Man to save who loved Thee nought.

lem, Pa - ra - di - - so éx - u - lem.

rit.

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introduce slight modifications. This procedure, however, leaves the original melody substantially untouched, as a comparison with example II shows. As to the merit of the melody I believe I am not mistaken, if I assume that, owing to its euphony and nobleness, it would not be unworthy of performance by an Occidental choir.

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DE SENECTUTE CANTORUM

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

"I AM not sure," writes Arthur Symons in his admirable essay on Sarah Bernhardt, "that the best moment to study an artist is not the moment of what is called decadence. The first energy of inspiration is gone; what remains is the method, the mechanism, and it is that which alone one can study, as one can study the mechanism of the body, not the principle of life itself. What is done mechanically, after the heat of the blood has cooled, and the divine accidents have ceased to happen, is precisely all that was consciously skillful in the performance of an art. To see all this mechanism left bare, as the form of a skeleton is left bare when age thins the flesh upon it, is to learn more easily all that is to be learnt of structure, the art which not art but nature has hitherto concealed with its merciful covering."

Mr. Symons, of course, had an actress in mind, but his argument can be applied to singers as well, although it is safest to remember that much of the true beauty of the human voice inevitably departs with the youth of its owner. Still, style in singing is not noticeably affected by age and an artist who possesses or who has acquired this quality very often can afford to make lewd gestures at Father Time. If good singing depended upon a full and sensuous tone such artists as Ronconi, Victor Maurel, Max Heinrich, Ludwig Wüllner, and Maurice Renaud would never have had any careers at all. It is obvious that any true estimate of their contribution to the lyric stage would put the chief emphasis on style, and this is usually the explanation for extended success on the opera or concert stage (as it explains Sarah Bernhardt's success in the drama) although occasionally an extraordinary and exceptional singer (I am thinking of Mme. Melba) may continue to give pleasure to her auditors, despite the fact that she has left middle age behind her, by the mere lovely quality of the tone she produces.

In the history of opera there may be found the names of many singers who have maintained their popularity and, indeed, a good deal of their art, long past fifty, and there is recorded at least one instance in which a singer, after a long absence from the

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theatre, returned to the scene of her earlier triumphs with her powers unimpaired, even augmented. I refer, of course, to Henrietta Sontag, born in 1805, who retired from the stage of the King's Theatre in London in 1830 in her twenty-fifth year and who returned twenty years later in 1849. She had, in the meantime, become the Countess Rossi, but although she had abandoned the stage her reappearance proved that she had not remained idle during her period of retirement. For she was one of those artists in whom early "inspiration" counted for little and "method" for much. She was, indeed, a mistress of style. She came back to the public in *Linda di Chaminoux* and H. F. Chorley ("Thirty Years Musical Recollections") describes the occasion thus:

All went wondrously well. No magic could restore to her voice an upper note or two which Time had taken; but the skill, grace, and precision with which she turned to account every atom of power she still possessed—the incomparable steadiness with which she wrought out her composer's intentions—she carried through the part, from first to last, without the slightest failure, or sign of weariness—seemed a triumph. She was greeted—as she deserved to be—as a beloved old friend come home again, in the late sunnier days.

But it was not at the moment of Madame Sontag's reappearance that we could advert to all the difficulty which added to the honor of its success. She came back under musical conditions entirely changed since she left the stage—to an orchestra far stronger than that which had supported her voice when it was younger; and to a new world of operas. Into this she ventured with an intrepid industry not to be overpraised—with every new part enhancing the respect of every real lover of music. During the short period of these new performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was not equivalent to two complete Opera seasons, not merely did Madame Sontag go through the range of her old characters—Susanna, Rosina, Desdemona, Donna Anna, and the like—but she presented herself in seven or eight operas which had not existed when she left the stage—Bellini's *Sonnambula*, Donizetti's *Linda, La Figlia del Reggimento, Don Pasquale; Le Tre Nozze*, of Signor Alary, *La Tempesta*, by M. Halévy—the last two works involving what the French call 'creation', otherwise the production of a part never before represented. In one of the favourite characters of her predecessor, the elder artist beat the younger one hollow. This was as Maria, in Donizetti's *La Figlia*, which Mlle. Lind may be said to have brought to England, and considered as her special property. .....With myself, the real value of Madame Sontag grew, night after night—as her variety, her conscientious steadiness, and her adroit use of diminished powers were thus mercilessly tested. In one respect, compared with every one who had been in my time, she was alone, in right, perhaps, of the studies of her early days—as a singer of Mozart's music.

It was after these last London seasons that Mme. Sontag undertook an American tour. She died in Mexico.

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The great Mme. Pasta's ill-advised return to the stage in 1850 (when she made two belated appearances in London) is matter for sadder comment. Chorley, indeed, is at his best when he writes of it, his pen dipped in tears, for none had admired this artist in her prime more passionately than he. Here was a particularly good opportunity to study the bare skeleton of interpretative art; the result is one of the most striking passages in all literature:

Her voice, which at its best had required ceaseless watching and practice, had been long ago given up by her. Its state of utter ruin on the night in question passes description. She had been neglected by those who, at least, should have presented her person to the best advantage admitted by Time. Her queenly robes (she was to sing some scenes from *Anna Bolena*) in nowise suited or disguised her figure. Her hair-dresser had done some tremendous thing or other with her head—or rather had left everything undone. A more painful and disastrous spectacle could hardly be looked on. There were artists present, who had then, for the first time, to derive some impression of a renowned artist—perhaps, with the natural feeling that her reputation had been exaggerated. Among these was Rachel—whose bitter ridicule of the entire sad show made itself heard throughout the whole theatre, and drew attention to the place where she sat—one might even say, sarcastically enjoying the scene. Among the audience, however, was another gifted woman, who might far more legitimately have been shocked at the utter wreck of every musical means of expression in the singer—who might have been more naturally forgiven, if some humour of self-glorification had made her severely just—not worse—to an old *prima donna;*—I mean, Madame Viardot. Then, and not till then, she was hearing Madame Pasta. But Truth will always answer to the appeal of Truth. Dismal as was the spectacle—broken, hoarse, and destroyed as was the voice—the great style of the singer spoke to the great singer. The first scene was Ann Boleyn's duet with Jane Seymour. The old spirit was heard and seen in Madame Pasta's *Sorgi!* and the gesture with which she signed to her penitent rival to rise. Later, she attempted the final mad scene of the opera—that most complicated and brilliant among the mad scenes on the modern musical stage—with its two *cantabile* movements, its snatches of recitative, and its *bravura* of despair, which may be appealed to as an example of vocal display, till then unparagoned, when turned to the account of frenzy, not frivolity—perhaps as such commissioned by the superb creative artist. By that time, tired, unprepared, in ruin as she was, she had rallied a little. When—on Ann Boleyn's hearing the coronation music for her rival, the heroine searches for her own crown on her brow—Madame Pasta turned in the direction of the festive sounds, the old irresistible charm broke out;—nay, even in the final song, with its *roulades*, and its scales of shakes, ascending by a semitone, the consummate vocalist and tragedian, able to combine form with meaning—the moment of the situation, with such personal and musical display as form an integral part of operatic art—was indicated: at least to the apprehension of a younger artist. "You are right!" was

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Madame Viardot's quick and heartfelt response (her eyes were full of tears) to a friend beside her—"You are right! It is like the *Cenacolo* of Da Vinci at Milan—a wreck of a picture, but the picture is the greatest picture in the world!"

The great Mme. Viardot herself, whose intractable voice and noble stage presence inevitably remind one of Mme. Pasta, took no chances with fate. The friend of Alfred de Musset, the model for George Sand's "Consuelo", the "creator" of Fidès in *Le Prophète*, and the singer who, in the revival of *Orphée* at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859, resuscitated Gluck's popularity in Paris, retired from the opera stage in 1863 at the age of 43, shortly after she had appeared in *Alceste!* (She sang in concert occasionally until 1870 or later). Thereafter she divided her time principally between Baden and Paris and became the great friend of Turgeniev. His very delightful letters to her have been published. Idleness was abhorrent to this fine woman and in her middle and old age she gave lessons, while singers, composers, and conductors alike came to her for help and advice. She died in 1910 at the age of 89. Her less celebrated brother, Manuel Garcia, (less celebrated as a singer; as a teacher he is given the credit of having restored Jenny Lind's voice. Among his other pupils Mathilde Marchesi and Marie Tempest may be mentioned) had died in 1906 at the age of 101. Her sister, Mme. Malibran, died very young, in the early Nineteenth Century, before, in fact, Mme. Viardot had made her début.

Few singers have had the wisdom to follow Mme. Viardot's excellent example. The great Jenny Lind, long after her voice had lost its quality, continued to sing in oratorio and concert. So did Adelina Patti. Muriel Starr has told me of a parrot she encountered in Australia. The poor bird had arrived at the noble age of 117 and was entirely bereft of feathers. Flapping his stumpy wings he cried incessantly, "I'll fly, by God, I'll fly!" So many singers, having lost their voices, continue to croak, "I'll sing, by God, I'll sing!"

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, himself a man of personable age when he published his highly diverting "Musical Reminiscences", gives us some extraordinary pictures of senility on the stage at the close of the Eighteenth Century. There was, for example, the case of Cecilia Davies, the first English woman to sustain the part of prima donna and in that situation was second only to Gabrielli, whom she even rivalled in neatness of execution. Mount Edgcumbe found Miss Davies in Florence, unengaged and poor. A concert was arranged at which she

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appeared with her sister. Later she returned to England, too old to secure an engagement. "This unfortunate woman is now (in 1834) living in London in the extreme of old age, disease, and poverty," writes the Earl. He also speaks of a Signora Galli, of large and masculine figure and contralto voice, who frequently filled the part of second man at the Opera. She had been a principal singer in Handel's oratorios when conducted by himself. She afterwards fell into extreme poverty and, at the age of about seventy (!!!!), was induced to come forward to sing again at the oratorios:

> I had the curiosity to go, and heard her sing *He was despised and rejected of men* in *The Messiah.* Of course her voice was cracked and trembling, but it was easy to see her school was good; and it was pleasing to observe the kindness with which she was received and listened to; and to mark the animation and delight with which she seemed to hear again the music in which she had formerly been a distinguished performer. The poor old woman had been in the habit of coming to me annually for a trifling present; and she told me on that occasion that nothing but the severest distress should have compelled her so to expose herself, which after all did not answer to its end, as she was not paid according to her agreement. She died shortly after.

In 1783 the Earl heard a singer named Allegranti in Dresden, then at the height of her powers. Later she returned to England and reappeared in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto:*

> Never was there a more pitiable attempt; she had scarcely a thread of voice remaining, nor the power to sing a note in tune; her figure and acting were equally altered for the worse, and after a few nights she was obliged to retire and quit the stage altogether.

The celebrated Madame Mara, after a long sojourn in Russia, suddenly returned to England and was announced for a benefit performance at the King's Theatre after everybody had forgotten her existence:

> She must have been at least seventy; but it was said that her voice had miraculously returned, and was as good as ever. But when she displayed these wonderfully revived powers, they proved, as might have been expected, lamentably deficient, and the tones she produced were compared to those of a *penny trumpet.* Curiosity was so little excited that the concert was ill attended . . . . and Madame Mara was heard no more. I was not so lucky (or so unlucky) as to hear these her last notes, as it was early in the winter, and I was not in town. She returned to Russia, and was a great sufferer by the burning of Moscow. After that she lived at Mitlau, or some other town near the Baltic, where she died at a great age, not many years ago.

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W. T. Parke, forty years principal oboist at Covent Garden Theatre, is kinder to Mara in his "Musical Memoirs", but it must be taken into account that he is kinder to everybody else, too. There is little of the acrimonious or the fault-finding note in his pages:

> That extrordinary singer of former days, Madame Mara, who had passed the last eighteen years in Russia, and who had lately arrived in England, gave a concert at the King's Theatre on the 6th of March (1820), which highly excited the curiosity of the musical public. On that occasion she sang some of her best airs; and though her powers were greatly inferior to what they were in her zenith, yet the same pure taste pervaded her performance. Whether vanity or interest stimulated Mara at her time of life to that undertaking, it would be difficult to determine; but whichsoever had the ascendency, her reign was short; for, by singing one night afterwards at the vocal concert, the veil which had obscured her judgment was removed, and she retired to enjoy in private life those comforts which her rare talent had procured for her.

Parke, in his "Memoirs," speaks of a Mrs. Pinto, "the once celebrated Miss Brent, the original Mandane in Arne's *Artaxerxs es*," who appeared in 1785 at the age of nearly seventy in Milton'-*Mask of Comus* at a benefit for a Mr. Hull, "the respectable stage-manager of Covent Garden Theatre." She was to sing the song of "Sweet Echo" and as Parke was to play the responses to her voice on the oboe he repaired to her house for rehearsal:

> Although nearly seventy years old, her voice possessed the remains of those qualities for which it had been so much celebrated,—power, flexibility, and sweetness. On the night *Comus* was performed she sang with an unexpected degree of excellence, and was loudly applauded. This old lady, as a singer, gave me the idea of a fine piece of ruins, which though considerably dilapidated, still displayed some of its original beauties.

La Camargo, the favorite dancer of Paris in the early Eighteenth Century, the inventor, indeed, of the short ballet skirt, and the possessor of many lovers, retired from the stage in 1751 with a large fortune, besides a pension of fifteen hundred francs. Thenceforth she led a secluded life. She was an assiduous visitor to the poor of her parish and she kept a dozen dogs and an Angora cat, which she overwhelmed with affection. In that quaint book, "The Powder Puff," by Franz Blei, you may find a most charming description of a call paid to the lady in 1768 in her little old house in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, by Duclos, Grimm, and Helvetius, who had come to ask her, in bantering mood, whom, in her past life, she had loved best. Her answer touched these men, who took their leave. "Helvetius told Camargo's story to his

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wife; Grimm made a note of it for his Court Journal; and as for Duclos, it suggested some moral reflections to him, for when, two years later, Mlle. Marianne Camargo was carried to her grave, he remarked: 'It is quite fitting to give her a white pall like a virgin.' "

Sophie Arnould, one of the most celebrated actresses and singers of the Eighteenth Century, died in poverty at the age of 63 and there is no record of her burial place. She had been the friend of Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and the Baron d'Holbach. She had "created" Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* and the composer had said of her, "If it had not been for the voice and elocution of Mlle. Arnould my Iphigénie would never have been performed in France." In her youth she had interested not only Marie Antoinette but also the king and she had been the object of Mme. de Pompadour's suspicion and Mme. du Barry's rage. Garrick declared her a better actress than Clairon. She was as famous for her wit as for her singing and acting. When Mme. Laguerre appeared drunk in *Iphigénie en Tauride* she exclaimed, "Why, this is *Iphigénie en Champagne!*" Indeed, she made so many remarks worthy of preservation that shortly after her death in 1802 a book called "Arnoldiana", devoted to her epigrams, was issued. Nevertheless this lady was hissed at the age of 36 when, after a short absence from the stage, she reappeared as Iphigénie in 1776. She was neither old nor ugly and if her voice may have lost something her nineteen years of stage life in Paris might have weighed against that. On one occasion, according to La Harpe, when she had the line to sing, "You long for me to be gone," the audience applauded vociferously. To protect Sophie, Marie Antoinette sat in a box on several nights and stemmed the storm of disapproval, but in the end even the presence of the queen herself was insufficient to quell the hissing. One sad story completes the picture. In 1785, when her financial troubles were beginning, her two sons, who bore her no love, called for money. She had none to give them. "There are two horses left in the stable," she said. "Take those." They rode away on the horses.

Latin audiences are notoriously unfaithful to their stage favorites. In "The Innocents Abroad" Mark Twain tells us of the bad manners of an Italian audience. The singer he mentions is Erminia Frezzolini, born at Orvieto in 1818. She sang both in England and America. Chorley said of her:

> She was an elegant, tall woman, born with a lovely voice, and bred with great vocal skill (of a certain order); but she was the first who arrived of the 'young Italians'—of those who fancy that driving

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the voice to its extremities can stand in the stead of passion. But she was, nevertheless, a real singer, and her art stood her in stead for some years after nature broke down. When she had left her scarce a note of her rich and real soprano voice to scream with, Madame Frezzolini was still charming.

She died in Paris, November 5, 1884. Now for Mark Twain:

I said I know nothing about the upper classes from personal observation. I must recall it. I had forgotten. What I saw their bravest and their fairest do last night, the lowest multitude that could be scraped out of the purlieus of Christendom would blush to do, I think. They assembled by hundreds, and even thousands, in the great Theatre of San Carlo, to do—what? Why, simply to make fun of an old woman—to deride, to hiss, to jeer at an actress they once worshipped, but whose beauty is faded now, and whose voice has lost its former richness. Everybody spoke of the rare sport there was to be. They said the theatre would be crammed because Frezzolini was going to sing. It was said she could not sing well now; but then the people liked to see her, anyhow. And so we went. And every time the woman sang they hissed and laughed—the whole magnificent house—and as soon as she left the stage they called her on again with applause. Once or twice she was encored five and six times in succession, and received with hisses when she appeared, and discharged with hisses and laughter when she had finished—then instantly encored and insulted again! And how the high-born knaves enjoyed it! White-kidded gentlemen and ladies laughed till the tears came, and clapped their hands in very ecstasy until that unhappy old woman would come meekly out for the sixth time, with uncomplaining patience, to meet a storm of hisses! It was the cruellest exhibition—the most wanton, the most unfeeling. The singer would have conquered an audience of American rowdies by her brave, unflinching tranquillity (for she answered encore after encore, and smiled and bowed pleasantly, and sang the best she possibly could, and went bowing off, through all the jeers and hisses, without ever losing countenance or temper); and surely in any other land than Italy her sex and her helplessness must have been an ample protection for her—she could have needed no other. Think what a multitude of small souls were crowded into that theatre last night!

English audiences, on the other hand, are notoriously friendly to their old favorites. When Dr. Hanslick, the Viennese critic, visited England and heard Sims Reeves singing before crowded houses as he had been doing for forty or fifty years, he remarked, "It is not easy to win the favor of the English public; to lose it is quite impossible."

Mme. Grisi made her last appearance in London in 1866 at the theatre she had left twenty years previously, Her Majesty's. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*. At the end of the first act she miscalculated the depth of the apron and the descending curtain left her outside, on her knees. She had stiffness in her

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joints and was unable to rise without assistance. The situation must have been very embarrassing to a singer who previously had been an idol of the public. In the passionate duet with the tenor she made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the A natural. Notwithstanding the fact that she was well received and that she got through the greater part of the opera with credit, her impressario, J. H. Mapleson, relates in his "Memoirs" that after the final curtain had fallen she rushed to tell him that it was all over and that she would never appear again.

German audiences, too, are kind to their favorites. In America we adopt neither the attitude of the English and Germans, nor yet that of the Italians and French. We simply stay away from the theatre. Mark Twain has put it succinctly: "When a singer has lost his voice and a jumper his legs, those parties fail to draw."

Benjamin Lumley in his "Reminiscences of the Opera", quoting an anonymous friend, relates a touching story regarding Catalani, who was born in 1779 and who retired from the stage in 1831. When Jenny Lind visited Paris in the spring of 1849 she learned to her astonishment that Catalani was in the French capital. The old singer, who resided habitually in Florence, had come to Paris with her daughter, who, as the widow of a Frenchman, was obliged to go through certain legal forms before taking possession of her share of her husband's property. Through a friend of both ladies it was arranged that the two should meet at a dinner at the home of the Marquis of Normandy, the English ambassador to the Tuscan court, but the Swedish singer could not restrain her impatience and before that event she set out one forenoon for Mme. Catalani's apartment in the Rue de la Paix and sent in her name by a servant. The old singer hastened out to greet her distinguished visitor with obvious delight. She had known nothing of Mlle. Lind's presence in Paris and had feared that such a chance would never befall her, much as she had longed to see the celebrated singer who had excited the English public in a way which recalled her own past triumphs. They talked together for an hour. At the dinner the Marchioness of Normandy considerately refrained from asking Jenny Lind to sing because no one is allowed to refuse such an invitation made by a representative of royalty. Catalani, however, had no such scruples. She went up to the Nightingale and begged her to sing, adding, "C'est la vieille Catalani qui desire vous entendre chanter, avant de mourir!" This appeal was irresistible. Jenny Lind sat down to the piano and sang *Non credea mirarti* and one or two other

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airs, including *Ah! non giunge.* Catalani is described as sitting on an ottoman in the centre of the room, rocking her body to and fro with delight and sympathy, murmuring, "Ah! la bella cosa che la musica, quando si fà di quella maniera!" and again "Ah! la carissima! quanto bellissima!" A dinner at Catalani's apartment followed, but a few days later it became known that the old singer was ill, an illness which proved fatal. She had, however, heard the Swedish Nightingale sing "avant de mourir."

William Gardiner visited Madame Catalani in 1846:

> I was surprised at the vigour of Madame Catalani, he says, and how little she has altered since I saw her in Derby in 1828. I paid her a compliment on her good looks. 'Ah', said she, 'I'm grown old and ugly.' I would not allow it. 'Why, man,' she said, 'I'm sixty-six!' She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it is this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired.

Is Christine Nilsson still alive? I think so. She was born August 20, 1843. In Clara Louise Kellogg's very entertaining, but not always trustworthy, "Memoirs" there is an interesting reference to this singer in her later career. Dates, unfortunately, are not furnished.

> I was present, declares Mme. Kellogg, on the night. . .when she practically murdered the high register of her voice. She had five upper notes the quality of which was unlike any other I ever heard and that possessed a peculiar charm. The tragedy happened during a performance of *The Magic Flute* in London. . . .Nilsson was the Queen of the Night, one of her most successful early rôles. The second aria in *The Magic Flute* is more famous and less difficult than the first aria, and, also, more effective. Nilsson knew well the ineffectiveness of the ending of the first aria in the two weakest notes of a soprano's voice, A natural and B flat. I never could understand why a master like Mozart should have chosen to use them as he did. There is no climax to the song. One has to climb up hard and fast and then stop short in the middle. It is an appalling thing to do and that night Nilsson took those two notes at the last in *chest tones.* 'Great heavens!' I gasped, 'what is she doing? what is the woman thinking of!' Of course I knew she was doing it to get volume and vibration and to give that trying climax some character. But to say that it was a fatal attempt is to put it mildly. She absolutely killed a certain quality in her voice there and then and she *never recovered it.* Even that night she had to cut out the second great aria. Her beautiful high notes were gone forever.

As I have said, the date of this incident, which is not recorded elsewhere, is not mentioned, but Christine Nilsson sang in New

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York in the early eighties and continued to sing until 1891, the year of her final appearance in London.

Adelina Patti, born the same year as Nilsson, but six months before (February 10, 1843) made many farewell tours of this country—one too many in 1903–4, when she displayed the *beaux restes* of her voice. She is living at present in retirement at Craig-y-Nos in Wales. Her greatest rival, Etelka Gerster, too, is alive, I believe.

Lilli Lehmann, one of the oldest of the living great singers, was born May 13, 1848. She was a member of the famous casts which introduced many of the great Wagner works to New York. Her last appearances in opera here were made, I think, in the late nineties, but she has sung here since in concert and in Germany she has frequently assisted at the performances of the Mozart festivals at Salzburg and has even sung in *Norma* and *Götterdämmerung* within recent years! Her head is now crowned with white hair and her noble appearance and her magnificent style in singing have doubtless stood her in good stead at these belated performances, which probably were disappointing, judged as vocal exhibitions.

Lillian Nordica had a long career. She was born May 12, 1859, and made her operatic début in Brescia in *La Traviata* in 1879. She continued to sing up to the time of her death in Batavia, Java, May 10, 1914. Indeed, she was then undertaking a concert tour of the world at the age of 55! But the artist who in the nineties had held the Metropolitan Opera House stage with honor in the great dramatic rôles, had very little to offer in her last years. Never a great musician, defects in style began to make themselves evident as her vocal powers decreased. Her season at the Manhattan Opera House in 1907–8 was quickly and unpleasantly terminated. A subsequent single appearance as Isolde at the Metropolitan in the winter of 1909–10 was even less successful. The voice had lost its resonance, the singer her appeal. Her magnificent courage and indomitable ambition urged her on to the end.

Two singers whose voices have been miraculously preserved, who have indeed suffered little from the ravages of time, are Marcella Sembrich and Nellie Melba. Both of these singers, however, have consistently refrained from misusing their voices (if one may except the one occasion on which Mme. Melba attempted to sing Brünnhilde in *Siegfried* with disastrous results). Mme. Melba (according to Grove's Dictionary, which like all other books devoted to the subject of music, is frequently

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inaccurate) was born in Australia, May 19, 1859. Therefore, she was 28 years old when she made her début in Brussels as Gilda on October 12, 1887. She has used her voice carefully and well and still sings in concert and opera at the age of 58. With age, indeed, her voice has taken on color. When she last sang here in opera at the Manhattan Opera House in 1906–7 she was in her best vocal estate. Her voice, originally rather pale, had become mellow and rich, although it is possible it had lost some of its old remarkable flexibility. When last I heard her in concert a few years ago at the Hippodrome it seemed to me that I had never before heard so beautiful a voice, and yet Mme. Melba sang in the first performance of opera I ever attended (Chicago Auditorium; *Faust;* February 22, 1899).[1]

Marcella Sembrich was born February 15, 1858. She made her début in Athens in *I Puritani*, June 3, 1877, and she made her New York début in *Lucia* October 24, 1883, at the beginning of the first season of the Metropolitan Opera House. After a long absence she returned to New York in 1898 as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*. After that year she sang pretty steadily at the Metropolitan until February 6, 1909, when she bid farewell to the New York opera stage in acts from several of her favorite operas at the age of 51 (or lacking nine days of it). She subsequently sang in a few performances of opera in Europe and was heard in song recital in America. When she left the opera house she had no rival in vocal artistry; and she had so entirely solved the problems of style in singing certain kinds of songs that she also surveyed the field of song recital from a mountain top. But such a singer as Mme. Sembrich, who made her appeal through the expression of the milder emotions, who never, indeed, attempted to touch dramatic depths, even style, in the end, will not assist. Magnificent Lilli Lehmann might make a certain effect in

[1]Nellie Melba made a belated and unfortunate attempt to sing Margueirte in *Faust* with the Chicago Opera Company, Monday evening, February 4, 1918, at the Lexington Theatre, in New York. She sang with some art and style. Purity of tone and extraordinarily clear enunciation were still features of her performance but scarcely a shadow of the beautiful voice remained. As if to make up for absence of voice the singer made histrionic efforts such as she had never deemed necessary at the height of her career. She made a serious attempt to avoid conversation with Faust in the Kermesse scene; she almost danced the jewel song and embraced the tenor with passion in the love duet. Her acting in the church scene was nearly convincing. Terrified by Méphistophélès she flung her prayer book across the stage. She groaned dismally over the death of Valentine. Her personal appearance was shockingly inappropriate, of course, and the first lines of Marguerite's part, "Non monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle, ni belle" had a merciless application. . . .Mme. Melba made a second appearance in the same part, Thursday evening, February 14. I was not present on this occassion. According to H. T. Finck, Mr. Caruso once said, "When you hear that an artist is going to retire, don't you believe it, for as long as he keeps his voice he will sing. You may depend upon that." Sometimes longer!

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Götterdämmerung as long as she had a leg to stand on or a note to croak, but an adequate delivery of *Der Nussbaum* or *Wie Melodien* demands a vocal control which a singer past middle age is not always sure of possessing. After a long retirement Mme. Sembrich gave a concert at Carnegie Hall, November 21, 1916. The house was crowded and the applause at the beginning must almost have unnerved the singer, who walked slowly to the front of the platform as the storm burst and then bowed her head again and again. Her programme on this occasion was not one of her best. She had not chosen familiar songs in which to return to her public. This may in a measure account for her lack of success in always calling forth steady tones. However, on the whole, her voice was amazingly fresh. Her high notes especially rang true and sounded as resonant as ever. Her middle voice showed wear. Her style remained impeccable, unrivalled. She announced, following this concert, a series of four recitals in a small hall and actually appeared at one of them. This time I did not hear her, but I am told that her voice refused to respond to her wishes. Nor was the hall filled. The other concerts were abandoned. "Mme. Sembrich has never been a failure and she is too old to begin now!" she is reported to have said to a friend.

Emma Calvé's date of birth is recorded as 1864 in some of the musical dictionaries. This would make her 53 years old. Her singing of *La Marseillaise* a year ago at the Allies Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace proved to me that her retirement from the opera was premature. Her performances at the Manhattan Opera House in 1906–7 were memorable, vocally superb. Her Carmen was out of drawing, dramatically, but her Santuzza and her Anita remained triumphs of stage-craft.

Emma Eames, born August 13, 1867, is three years younger than Mme. Calvé. She made her début as Juliette, March 13, 1899. She retired from the opera stage in 1907–8, although she has sung since then a few times in concert. Her last appearances at the Opera were made in dramatic rôles, Donna Anna, Leonora (in *Trovatore*), and Tosca, in contradistinction to the lyric parts in which she gained her early fame. That she was entirely successful in compassing the breach cannot be said in all justice. Yet there was a certain distinction in her manner, a certain acid quality in her voice, that gave force to these characterizations. Certainly, however, no one would ever have compared her Donna Anna favorably with her Countess in *Figaro*. Her performance of *Or sai chi l'onore* was deficient in breadth of

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style and her lack of breath control at this period gave uncertainty to her execution.

Life teaches us, through experience, that no rule is infallible, but in so far as I am able to give a meaning to these rambling biographical notes, collected, I may as well admit, more to interest my reader than to prove anything, it is the meaning, sounded with a high note of truth by Arthur Symons, in the paragraph quoted at the beginning of this essay. Style is a rare quality in a singer. With it in his possession an artist may dare much for a long time. Without it he exists as long as those qualities which are perfectly natural to him exist. A voice fades, but a manner of applying that voice (even when there is practically no voice to apply) to an artistic problem has an indefinite term of life.

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SCIENTIFIC VOICE TRAINING

By D. A. CLIPPINGER

The immediate effect of the laryngoscope was to throw the whole subject into almost hopeless confusion by the introduction of all sorts of errors of observation, each claiming to be founded on ocular proof, and believed in with corresponding obstinacy.—SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,
Hygiene of the Vocal Organs.

TO-DAY a larger number of people are studying singing than ever before. The impulse to sing is inborn and as old as the race. Kings and dynasties rise, fall, and are forgotten. Nations are born, live and die, but people still sing. War, pestilence and famine have been unable to stop it. It is a perpetual inheritance of mankind. It is the natural medium for the expression of the highest and best in human nature, and is one of the most potent factors in social development. There is an appeal in the human voice that is impossible to any other instrument of music. Nature has bestowed the gift of song, in varying degrees, upon practically the entire human race, and the desire to do everything well, which is a part of the mental equipment of every normal being, has called forth innumerable forms of procedure, known as vocal methods. All manner of fact, fancy, and vagary have been used as a peg upon which to hang a method. Some of these have vision and recognize man as a mental entity, and singing as the formation of mental concepts and habits of mind which automatically control the vocal mechanism, and when exercised result in beautiful tone and artistic singing. Others attempt to reduce the matter to a mathematical formula and bring all voices under its operation. This is known as the "scientific method."

The word 'scientific' attached to a method has a considerable lure to both teacher and pupil. Science having gained the reputation of being exact, many have been led to believe that a scientific method of voice training eliminates altogether the element of uncertainty. What could be more alluring than a vocal method as exact as the multiplication table? Nothing. And so after the invention of the laryngoscope, when scientific methods innumerable sprang into being, there was an immediate rally to their standards.

An interesting feature of the scientific method is that it is always worked out in a physics laboratory, never in the studio

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where singers are trained. Now he who studies the voice in a laboratory quite naturally considers himself a scientific man, and all who read his book and make his discoveries and deductions the basis of their teaching believe they are teaching scientific voice production. It is a favorite and much overworked claim of the scientist that those who do not follow this method are ignorant of the voice and its use. The reverse of this is the truth. It is utterly futile, as many of us have proved by long experience, to attempt to solve a psychological problem by means of physiology. The scientist says: "How can one know anything about the voice until he has seen it. I have studied the voice in action, therefore I know." But the element of uncertainty in what he has seen makes his knowledge little more than speculative.

But suppose he is sure of what he has seen. Of what importance is it? He has seen a vocal organ in the act of producing tone under trying conditions, for one under the conditions necessary to the use of the laryngoscope is not at all likely to reach his own standard of tone production.

Scientists would have us believe that the action of the vocal mechanism is the same in all voices. This must be claimed or there would be no such thing as scientific tone production. Notwithstanding this assertion there is scarcely a point upon which they do not continually combat each other; further, the attempt to make all voices conform to one rule is a vocal vagary which has absolutely no foundation in fact.

Scientifically and artistically speaking, there is no such thing at present as a perfect voice, and there will be no such thing until man manifests a perfect mind. The best examples of vocal organ and tone production are not altogether perfect, and most of them are still a considerable distance from perfection. It is with these imperfect models that the scientific man is dealing and upon which he bases his deductions.

Be it right or wrong, singers do not all use the vocal mechanism in the same way. I have in mind two well known contraltos one of whom carried the chest register up to A, second space, and occasionally to B flat. The other carried her middle register to the bottom of the voice. Can the tenor who carries his chest voice up to A be said to use his voice in the same way as one who begins his head voice at D ? An examination of a hundred voices selected at random would disclose many

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points of difference in the use of the mechanism. Doubtless this is responsible for the great diversity of opinion among scientists, for it must be said that so far there is little upon which they agree. Before absolute laws governing any organ or instrument can be formulated the nature of the instrument must be known. The scientific investigators have never come anywhere near an agreement as to what kind of an instrument man has in his throat. Some have reached the conclusion that it is a stringed instrument, others that it is a brass, or a single or double reed. Now these things are vital in establishing a scientific basis of procedure. Not knowing what the instrument is, it is not strange that we are not of one mind as to how it should be played upon.

If we are to know the science of voice production we must first know the mechanism and action of the vocal organ. This instrument, less than an inch and a half in length, produces tones covering a compass, in rare instances, of three octaves. How does it do it? According to the books, in a variety of ways.

A majority of those voice teachers who believe in registers recognize three adjustments, chest, middle, and upper, or chest, medium, and head, but Dr. Mackenzie claims that in examining four hundred female voices he found that in most cases the chest mechanism was used throughout. Mancini (1774) says there are instances in which there is but one register used throughout.

Garcia says there are three mechanisms—chest, falsetto, and head, and makes them common to both sexes.

Behnke divides the voice into five registers—lower and upper thick, lower and upper thin, and small.

Dr. Guilmette says that to hold that all of the tones of the voice depend on one mechanism or register is an acknowledgment of ignorance of vocal anatomy. He further declares that the vocal cords have nothing to do with tone—that it is produced by vibration of the mucous membrane of the trachea, larynx, pharynx, mouth; in fact, all of the mucous membrane of the upper half of the body.

All of these gentlemen, mark you, have the same facilities for study and observation of the voice.

When it comes to the falsetto voice, that scarehead to so many people who have no idea what it is, but are morally sure that it is immoral, ungodly, and at all times to be avoided, the scientists give their imaginations *carte blanche*. Dr. Mackenzie, who says there are but two mechanisms, the long and short reed, says the falsetto is produced by the short reed.

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Lehfeldt and Müller hold that falsetto is produced by the vibration of the inner edges or mucous covering of the vocal cords, the body of the cords being relaxed.

Mr. Lunn affirms without hesitation that the true vocal cords are not involved in falsetto, that voice being produced by the false vocal cords.

Mantels says that in the falsetto register the vocal cords do not produce pitch, that the quality and mechanism are both that of the flute, that the vocal cords set the air in vibration and the different pitches are made by alterations in the length of the tube.

Davidson Palmer says that the falsetto is the remnant of the boy's voice which has deteriorated through lack of use, but which is the correct mechanism to be used *throughout* the tenor voice.

Mr. Chater argues along the same lines as Mr. Mantels, except that he places the instrument in the clarinet or oboe class. Others believe that the vocal cords act as the lips do in playing a brass instrument.

But the action of the vocal cords is but the first chapter in this alleged scientific controversy. The functions of the pharynx, the mouth, the nasal cavities, the entire structure of the head, in fact, are rich in uncertainties.

Some think the cavities of the pharynx and head are involved acoustically, that is, they act as resonators and enlarge, refine, and purify the tone; but one famous man says that the head has nothing whatever to do with it. Another gentleman of international reputation says the nose is the most important factor in singing. If your nasal cavities are right you can sing, otherwise you cannot.

And so this verbal rambling continues; so the search for mind in matter goes on with a seriousness and acerbity scarcely equalled in any other line of strife. There is nothing more certain to bewilder permanently a vocal student than to deluge him with pseudo-scientific twaddle about the voice. And this for the simple reason that he comes to learn to sing and not to be experimented upon by a physicist.

What is scientific voice production? Books without number have been written each with the clearly expressed intention of giving an exposition of the subject that the wayfaring man, the vocal student, may readily understand, but these inquirers invariably find themselves in a maze of conflicting human opinions from which they are unable to extract anything resembling a practical system.

We are told with much unction and warmth that science means to know. That it is knowledge of principles or causes, of ascertained truths or facts. That it deals with finalities and eliminates argument. A scientific voice teacher then must know something. What must he know? Books on scientific voice production usually begin with a picture of the larynx, each part of which is labeled with a Greek word sometimes longer that the thing itself. It then proceeds to tell the function of each muscle and cartilege and the part it plays in tone production. Now if this is scientific, and if science is exact knowledge, and this exact knowledge is the basis of scientific voice teaching, then every one who has a perfect knowledge of these facts about the voice, must, in the eternal and invariable nature of facts, be a perfect voice teacher, and every one of these perfect voice teachers must teach in exactly the same way and produce exactly the same results in every instance. There must be no failures. Does history support this argument? Emphatically the reverse.

There is a science of acoustics, and in this science one may learn all about tones, vibrating bodies, vibrating strings, vibrating cavities, simple, complex, and compound vibrations. Will this knowledge make him a scientific voice teacher? While it is perfectly proper and right for him to know this, nevertheless when he has learned it all he has not even begun to prepare for voice teaching. There is no record of a great voice teacher having been trained in a physics laboratory.

It is possible to analyze a tone and learn how a fundamental and upper partials are combined and how these combinations affect tone quality. Does this equip one for scientific voice teaching? This knowledge may all be gained from Helmholtz or the various handbooks on acoustics. Has any one the hardihood to assert that it prepares him for the responsible work of training voices? One may know all of this and still be as ignorant of voice training as a Hottentot is of Calvinism.

Further, who shall decide which particular combination of fundamental and upper partials constitutes the perfect singing tone? If a tone is sung and we say there is a perfect tone, all it proves is that it corresponds to our mental concept of tone. It satisfies our ear, which is another term for our taste.

Can a tone be disagreeable and still be scientifically produced? One combination of fundamental and overtones is, strictly speaking, just as scientific as any other combination. The flute tone with its two overtones is just as scientific as the string tone with its six or eight. A tone is pleasant or unpleasant

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according as it corresponds to a mental demand. Even the most hardened scientist would not call a tone which offends his ear scientific. Therefore, he must first produce, or have produced, a tone which satisfies his ear. The question then naturally arises—when he has secured the tone that satisfies his ear of what value beyond satisfying his curiosity is a physical analysis? A tone is something to hear, and when it satisfies the ear that *knows*, that in itself is unmistakable evidence that it is rightly produced.

If this scientific knowledge of tone is necessary to artistic singing, then every great artist in the world is unscientific, because not one of them makes any use whatsoever of it in his singing.

No amount of scientific training will enable one to tell what is good and what is bad in tone quality. Any vocal organ is capable of producing a large variety of tone qualities. Will scientific knowledge enable one to tell which is good or which is best? Only a long process of mental training will do this. Will a knowledge of vocal mechanism enable one to tell what kind of tone a particular vocal organ will produce? No. It will not teach him a single one of the innumerable things a voice teacher must know in order to do his work well.

The scientist bases his conclusions on what he can learn about matter, but this can be of no value to him in determining what is beautiful. This is dependent entirely on the development of the æsthetic sense.

No. All the scientific knowledge one may acquire is no guaranty of success as a teacher, but is rather in the nature of a hindrance, because it is almost certain to lead him into mechanical ways of doing things. All of the processes of singing must be automatic before they are right for artistic purposes, and it is a well established fact that the more the teacher tries to use his scientific information in teaching the less of an artist he becomes.

Could it be possible that a beautiful tone could be produced contrary to the laws of science? It would be an extraordinary mind that would argue in the affirmative.

The most beautiful tone is the most perfectly produced, whether the singer knows anything of vocal mechanism or not. In such a tone there is no consciousness of mechanics or scientific laws. The vocal mechanism is responding automatically to the highest law in the universe—the law of beauty, which is not physical but metaphysical. The most scientific thing possible is a beautiful idea perfectly expressed, because a thing inherently beautiful is eternally true; hence, it is pure science.

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Every tone of the human voice is the expression of life, of an idea, a feeling, an emotion, and unless there is interference somewhere the vocal mechanism responds automatically. He who by experiment or reading has learned the action of the vocal mechanism, and attempts to make his pupil control every part of it by direct effort may imagine he is doing something scientific, but he is not; he is only doing a mechanical thing in an unnecessarily stupid and clumsy way.

Is it a scientific act to tell a pupil to hold his tongue down, as one teacher argued recently? Is a teacher calling into action the invariable laws of science when he tells his pupil to drive the tone up through the head, raise the soft palate, groove the tongue, and make the diaphragm rigid? No. He is only doing a mechanical thing badly for want of a better way. It is no more scientific than kicking the cat out of the way if she gets under your feet.

Any one who has learned the elements of psychology or philosophy knows that everything exists first as idea. The real universe is the one that exists in the mind of the creator. The real man is the part of him that thinks. To hold that the body thinks or acts is equivalent to believing that Gray's "Elegy" was in the pen with which the poet wrote.

To a natural scientist the only real thing is what he can see, therefore he bases his faith on what he conceives to be matter; but if we study the great ones—Oswald, Huxley, Grant Allen, and others—we find that they long ago reached the conclusion that there is no such thing as matter. According to Schopenhauer the world is idea, and this so-called material environment is thought objectifying itself.

Scientists and many vocal teachers, like the members of other professions, are not altogether immune to an attack of intellect, and at such times the thought that they are doing something scientific is particularly agreeable.

Of all forms of human activity artistic singing is the freest, most spontaneous, and lends itself least to mathematical rules. Why any one should wish to drag it down from its pinnacle and bind it with mechanical fetters can be explained only by the fact that those who give themselves up entirely to finding out how a thing is done usually know little about the thing itself.

The *real* teacher of singing does not look at the voice, he *listens* to it. Hence it follows logically that the most important part of a teacher's training should be learning how to listen. The moment the pupil sings a tone there enters an element entirely apart from science, namely, *how does it sound?* Scientific study

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will not even tell whether the tone is too bright or too sombre. To say that every one knows a good tone when he hears it is far from the truth. If it were true there would be much less bad voice teaching than there is. Furthermore, it requires more time to develop a reliable taste in tone quality than it does to learn all about vocal mechanism. The development of taste is a problem in psychology, not physics, and for this reason it seems intangible to many. Nevertheless, it is a fact that all that is of value to the teacher must be learned through the ear. If the teacher's ear does not tell him everything about the tone, good and bad, then heaven help the student.

The only study of science that can benefit one is the study of causation, and causation cannot be cognized by the physical senses. We never see, hear, feel, taste, or smell cause. What we see or hear is effect. Causation is mental. Natural science is dealing with phenomena, with effect, not cause. A regular recurrence of phenomena may establish a so-called natural law, but the law is that which caused the phenomena. "Law is force," says Hegel, and it is therefore mental. We are told that the law of the earth is its path around the sun. This is not true. The law of the earth is the mind that makes it revolve around the sun. If we would learn the nature, activity, and cause of anything we must look for it in *mind*, not matter. For this reason the process of voice production is *psychologic*, not physiologic. When a pupil sings, what we hear is *effect*, not cause. If he is doing all manner of unnecessary things with lips, tongue, larynx, etc., what we see is effect and the cause is in wrong mental concepts. The thing which caused the tone is *mental*, the force which produced it is *mental*, and the means by which we know whether it is good or bad is *mental*.

Of this we may be sure, that the tone the pupil sings will not be better than the one he has in mind.

A tone exists first as a mental concept, and the quality of the mental concept determines the quality of the tone.

If there be such a thing as scientific voice production it will be found in the sense of what is inherently beautiful, and the scientific tone is one which will perfectly express a right idea or emotion, and in the nature of things there must be an appropriate tone for everything that may be legitimately expressed, for the idea carries with it the means of expression.

If we analyze the pure singing tone we shall find its elements are all mental. It has freedom (mental), power (mental), sympathy (mental). It may express love, joy, compassion, pity,

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fear, courage, sadness, all of which are states of mind. The only thing material is the medium through which these things are expressed. When I talk to a student it is his mind which hears me. Therefore if I would teach him to sing well I must develop certain habits of mind. Strictly speaking there is no such thing as a physical habit. A habit is unmistakably a mental trend.

But whence originated this so-called scientific voice training? That the old Italians knew nothing of it is well understood. They never saw the vocal cords in action, for the laryngoscope was not invented until the middle of the nineteenth century. They considered the process artistic rather than scientific. *How does it sound?* was their slogan. They had in mind the finished product, *beautiful tone*, and from the beginning they undertook to develop in the mind of the student a perfect tone concept. They learned from experience that as they succeeded in doing this and at the same time gained perfect freedom from interference and control of the breath, that the student began to produce the pure singing tone. This is the secret of the old Italian method, which so many claim to have discovered, but which never was lost to those teachers having the real artistic sense.

The artist always has in mind the *finished product*. The scientist tries to find out how it is done. The artist begins with the idea and works forward to its complete expression. The scientist begins with the physical mechanism and works backward toward the idea.

What is responsible for the change from the methods of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? It is safe to say that it was not started by the voice teachers.

Early in the nineteenth century an interesting thing happened. Why it happened at that particular time I do not pretend to explain. Perhaps it was the logical outcome of centuries of preparation. It does not matter. An era of invention began. The human mind became aggressively inquisitive. The desire to arrive at the ultimate of everything took possession of the race and still holds it. The world was filled with a great unrest. Previous to that time methods of living, production, transportation, etc., were little different from that of biblical times. People and nations lived much to themselves. They looked within for their inspiration, were not much troubled with world affairs, and developed their own national characteristics. But with the invention of the steamship, railway, telegraph, there came a marked change. These improved methods of communication brought all of the mentalities of the world together, and soon all habitable parts of

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the globe were in daily and hourly contact. The result of this was a mental fermentation which increased immeasurably the complexity of life, and the present exaggerated and abnormal condition of society is the outgrowth. Everything is in the melting pot. Art, literature, politics, and religion have suffered change.

Between 1809 and 1813 were born Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner. These men are known as the founders of the modern romantic school of music. They grew up with the new civilization and could not do otherwise than reflect it in their music. That the new civilization was responsible for the new art there is no doubt whatever. The era of invention has resulted not only in new methods of education, but of destruction as well. The present world condition is the climax of the mental fermentation which has been in process for the greater part of the last century. If we study one phase of this, namely, music, we shall find that it, too, has been increasing in complexity, the marked examples of which are Strauss, Debussy, and Schoenberg, the last of which has well nigh created a world-wide musical war.

Since the era of scientific investigation began nothing has been able to escape it. The scrutinizing eye of the scientist has been fastened upon everything. With the invention of the laryngoscope the voice became a particularly interesting subject to the scientist, and to him rather than to the voice teachers must be given the credit of originating scientific voice teaching.

When the scientists began publishing the results of their investigations singing teachers at once became interested. The thing looked promising. It offered a method shorn of uncertainties. A method that brought everything under the operation of physical laws. A method that was invariable. A method that would operate in spite of the student's lack of musical intellignece. And finally a method that would enable them to lay to their soul the flattering unction of science.

True, it did not bother with the psychology of the matter. It said: "Do it so and so and a beautiful tone will result," because scientific laws eternally operating in the same way eternally produce the same results. What more could be asked? But when it came to bringing this invariable method in contact with mentalities that were anything but invariable the trouble began, and it has not yet ended.

The scientific method gave voice teachers something tangible, something they could see; whereas the development of tone

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concept, the artistic instinct, musical feeling, and musicianship had to do with things that to most of them were intangible and elusive.

No one doubts the honesty of the teachers who became obsessed with the scientific idea. To them it meant increased efficiency and accuracy, quicker results with less effort, and no failures, hence they broke with the old Italians, the basis of whose teaching was beautiful tone and beautiful singing. But in spite of the honesty of all those who followed the new way the results were calamitous. Voices without number were ruined. From the middle to the end of the nineteenth century the scientific idea was rampant, and during that period it is probable that the worst voice teaching in the history of the world was done.

Large numbers of people with neither musicianship nor musical instincts acquired a smattering of anatomy and a few mechanical rules and advertised themselves as teachers of scientific voice production. The great body of vocal students, anxious to learn to sing in the shortest possible time, and having no way of telling the genuine from the spurious except by trying it, fell an easy prey, and the amount of vocal damage and disaster visited upon singers in the name of science was beyond calculation.

I offer no objection to the work of the scientific investigator. It is a work of intense interest, and I have done more of it, I am sure, than most teachers. But I do object to the use they would have teachers make of such knowledge. It leads to direct control and a mechanical way of doing everything.

That the vocal cords respond automatically to the thought of *pitch* need not be argued. That part of the mechanism above the vocal cords which is responsible so largely for the color and quality of the tone must respond automatically to the thought of *tone quality*. This it will do unerringly if there is no resistance or interference.

The two great principles of voice production are *tone concept and freedom*. When these two principles have become automatically operative the difficulties of so-called voice placing disappear. The study of vocal mechanism bears the same relation to singing that piano making does to piano playing, which every one knows is no relation at all. The training of voices is simple when one is big enough to see that it is psychological, but if he never gets beyond tinkering with the vocal instrument his path is destined to be thorny.

Fortunately for the singing world the reaction has begun. Slowly but surely we are returning to a saner condition of mind.

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Every year adds to the number of those who recognize singing as an art, whose vision is clear enough to see that the work of the scientific investigator should be confined to the laboratory, and that the basic principle of singing is *freedom in the expression of the beautiful*, and that the less there is of the mechanical in the process the better.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS BY CHARLES GOUNOD

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

I.

SOME LETTERS OF GOUNOD'S YOUTH (Rome and Vienna, 1840–1843)

TOWARDS the end of the year 1839 (December the 5th) three young laureates of the Institute of France, provided with passports for Italy and the reglementary allowance from the minister of 600 francs for the journey, took the postcoach starting from Jean-Jacques Rousseau street at 8 in the evening. They were Hector Lefuel, architect; Vauthier, engraver; and Charles Gounod, "musician-composer, age twenty-one years, pupil of Messrs. Lesueur, Paër and Halévy, members of the Institute and of the royal order of the Legion of Honour" (as Raoul Rochette, life-secretary of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, expressed it when sending a list of the laureates to the minister).[1]

Two other winners of the prix de Rome had been named that same year of 1839—Ernest Hébert, painter, and Charles Gruyère, sculptor; but they did not go with the above party. Gounod and his companions were nearly two months on their way, not arriving until January the 27th at Rome, where M. Ingres awaited them.

In his "Mémoires d'un Artiste" the author of *Faust* left us a fairly exact account of his sojourn in the Villa Médicis and his travels on the peninsula. The letters he wrote to Hector Lefuel,[2] a friend of his youth, when one or the other was absent from the Villa, form a most welcome supplement to the memoirs written many years later—toward 1877. In them Gounod discovers an enthusiasm for Rome which he retained all his life, but of which he had no premonition on his arrival in Italy. "It was a complete deception," he writes in the memoirs; but, little by little, "I felt my melancholy giving way to an entirely different feeling."

Of rather delicate health throughout youth, and endowed with a highly sensitive nature, with a craving for affection which

[1]Archives nationales F 21, 608.

[2]Born at Versailles in 1810, Hector Lefuel was a comrade of Gounod's brother Urbain in the studio. The intimacy of the two families was of long standing.

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Charles Gounod

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the separation from his mother, whom he never had left before, rendered only the keener, Gounod found in his friend Lefuel, more than any one else, a consoler, support, and an almost paternal adviser. Hence, the letters he addressed to his "dear Father" are characterized by a familiar, well-nigh filial style, and contain very few allusions to any but the most familiar matters, every-day happenings.

They form, like a traveler's diary, a sort of chronicle of the Villa Médicis written by one of its inmates, at first under the direction of Ingres, later of his successor, Schnetz. One of the last letters, written from Vienna to M. de Pastoret,[1] is more important from the artistic point of view. Penned the day after the performance of a Mass which Gounod had begun in Italy and finished in Austria, it sets forth the ideas which his stay in Italy and his contact with the early masters had caused to germinate in his mind.

The value and interest of this correspondence are, in our opinion, enhanced by the circumstance that published letters by Gounod are somewhat rare, and that the reader would not gather even the slightest hint of the glory which the future held in store for the writer.

*
* *

Ch. Gounod to H. Lefuel.

NAPLES, Sunday, July 27, 1840.

Dear Hector:

When you receive this letter I shall have been bereft of the Academy and you for precisely three weeks—or rather of you and the Academy, and I assure you, dear friend, that I feel it keenly. Not only have I very little reason, physically speaking, to like Naples, being almost incessantly tormented by violent attacks of colic, but I am not specially enchanted with the town from a moral standpoint. I feel no inclination to do anything worth while here, so it looks as if my stay were to be in the nature of a vacation, all the more so as my Prince Pignatelli, with all his protestations of a desire to serve me and his assuredly excellent intentions, impresses me like a scatterbrain. Only think; this Prince, who on leaving Rome with Mme. Daubrée was to visit Palermo for twenty days, has only just arrived from there; furthermore, to render our intercourse more convenient, he is going to live in Castella Mare, where (as he says) he will be occupied with some business for the King. I have seen him two or three times since he came back, and whenever I speak to him concerning the question which interests me, he always ends by answering "We shall see, we shall see; let us wait a while." What I see very clearly is that, once I have made my tour of the islands, which I shall begin next week on Thursday or Friday, I shall get ready to return to

[1]M. de Pastoret, one of Gounod's protectors, wrote the text of his graduation-cantata *Fernand*.

Rome. I am tired to death of this place; I have seen enough of Naples: it is lovely, very lovely, only at evening by moonlight, when the mountains and the gulf assume an aspect of marvelous beauty. In daylight it all looks shabbier and meaner. And there is something disgusting and repellant—the populace of Naples. It would be impossible for me to spend my life in the midst of a town so peopled.

It was my intention to write you by yesterday's post, dear friend; but as I had written to Hébert and to Desgoffe,[1] I presumed that Hébert would let you know about me, and thought it unnecessary to take three stones for one throw. So I adjourned this pleasure both for the sake of variety in what I write you, and for the pleasure you yourself may have in hearing how it goes with me; and as I know that you love me well, I do not think myself vain for feeling sure that my writing will please you. And I love you well, dear Hector, as you surely know—do you not? You are a good friend to us all, and I hope I may deserve to stand as well with you in time to come as my good mother and my good Urbain. To that end, I shall do everything in my power, and I believe that by loving you as dearly as I do, I shall not have to seek after devices to make you believe it. I have had a letter from Desgoffe, who tells me that he has given you my regards, together with my advice not to fatigue yourself too much by work during this wretched and dangerous fever season. I trust, my dear good friend, that you will take care of yourself in that regard; while reading you this lecture I shall add that I do it by proxy for your good mother and also mine, who certainly would not fail to do it if she were with you. If you do work, I hope at least that it is not outdoors, but in your room. I seem to remember that you wanted to make a copy of a beautiful Ionic capital which had an apparent attraction for you, although it was a work that went into very minute details. I hope it will not cause you as much labor as that other capital which I saw you drawing a trifle overzealously; in view of the rate at which you are going, I may expect to see this beautiful drawing finished on my return to Rome. I have not yet revisited Pompeii; am reserving it till after my tour of the islands and the coast of Naples. I shall probably see Boulanger, and what he has done; I shall try to let you know about it, in case it would be of interest to you; my roommate, Guénepin,[2] does not strike me as caring particularly to see it; I even think that he would rather not see it. (Between ourselves, those are matters that I can't understand, considering their ages.)

How do you feel, dear Hector? How are all your neighbors? Let me know—that is, if you have a minute to spare, and it does not bother you to write to me; it would give me great pleasure, as you are well aware. It seems to me that you must be somewhat lonely at the Villa; is not Mme. Cabriac still at Albano? Are you going to appeal to the Direction —yes or no? I think you will not; you understand, however, without animosity, but also without special sympathy.

I must tell you, dear friend, that Bousquet and I frequently see Mme. Daubrée here, she being my next-door neighbor. I don't know

[1]Ernest Hébert, born at Tronche, Grenoble, in 1817, died 1909, was twice the director of the French Academy. Alexandre Desgoffe, a pupil of Ingres, was born in 1805; he traveled in Italy from 1837 to 1842.

[2]François-J.-B. Guénepin, architect; born at Noli in 1807; grand prix de Rome, 1837.

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whether, seen by certain eyes, we seem to be growing quite intimate with her; in our own eyes, infrequent visits would be all the less excusable, as far as I am concerned, because I have no acquaintances here to beguile the time except Mme. Hensel.[1] Lehmann (who is never to be found, because he is working at the Study and goes to Pompeii), etc. I will say, further, that said lady is full of airs and graces, which would make this show of special culture infinitely more distasteful to me. However, all this causes me no uneasiness, because I am going to leave Naples to make my tour, and almost immediately thereafter to return to Rome, and there is no chance that she will go back there at the same time as I. But I had scarcely arrived here when Mme. D., knowing that I was her neighbor, fastened upon me, saying. "Oh, now I hope that you will drop in to see me; here you have no excuse, in my own house, I might say." I must say, besides, that she has been very good and kind to me when I was suffering, so that I did not wish that it should look as if I were holding myself aloof from her; nevertheless, it is a habit to which I cannot reconcile myself, especially considering what people may easily imagine of a young man in my position. I well know that between imagining something about a person and having a right to say it, there is a vast difference; however, I think it better to face public opinion boldly, particularly at my age. Do you find that reasonable? Anyhow, I am in no way uneasy about it.

Adieu, dear Hector; I embrace you with all my heart; remember me to my good comrades and tell them from me that I hope they will give me credit for the large share of friendship which the rest of you who belong to my year have been able to acquire during my absence. I shall try to fall into step with them, and not to make them repent of their confidence.

Adieu, dear friend; my kindest regards to you and to those of my comrades whom you know to be most congenial to me—Vauthier, Lilest,[2] Ottin, Murat. (?)

With all my heart, your

CHARLES.

(*Addressed to*)

Monsieur
Monsieur H. Lefuel, Architecte,
Pensionnaire de l'Académie de France
à Rome,
Villa Médicis.

NAPLES, August 13, 1840.

My dear Hector:

I can stand it no longer in Naples; during the entire day of our excursion I felt as well as possible; now that I have come back to this accursed town I am attacked by the selfsame maladies, and the selfsame colic. I have just passed a horrible night with pains in my stomach;

[1]Fanny Mendelssohn, sister of the composer. (*Cf.* her letters and reminiscences in "Die Familie Mendelssohn," vols. i and ii.)

[2]André Vauthier-Galle, sculptor and engraver of medallions, born 1818, grand prix in 1839.—Auguste-Louis-Marie Ottin, born 1811 in Paris, grand prix in 1836.—Jean Murat, painter, born 1807, grand prix in 1837.

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and I am not only in pain, but it hurts me to see my poor Guénepin up and about, for he rises at any hour of the night to attend to me, give me to drink, etc.; in fact, he is kindness itself towards me. So I am going to leave Naples in three or four days and proceed to Isola to visit M. Grevenich, a friend of Desgoffe's, whom I have already mentioned, I believe, in one of my letters. They tell me that the air there is very salubrious, and I shall lead a more regular life and have better meals than in Naples, which has probably contributed not a little to my bodily disorders; and I shall be very glad, I assure you, to reëstablish my health in a measure before returning to Rome. I expect to remain among the mountains of Isola (in the neighborhood of Frosinone) for some eight or ten days; and then in one day I shall return to Rome and install myself in my room with my settled habits, my comrades, my good friends—for my existence here is incredibly empty. You will answer that I have one of my best friends here—Bousquet. That is true; but he lives far away from me, and his life is not the same as mine. Mme. Hansel[1] has taken herself off; consequently, no more music; now I have only Mme. Daubrée, where I can meet my friend and find a little enjoyment; now then, that is not enough—I prefer my life in Rome to Mme. Daubrée; if I were not ill, perhaps I might not feel moved to reason thus, because, when one is in good health, one does not notice that life is so tiresome, and the more so because I have had the sea, where I went in bathing every day, twice oftener than once, which I found delightful. All in all, when one expects to restore one's health, one is quite likely to lose sight of the pleasant aspects of one's position; and the advantages, even if they are many, dwindle to nothingness compared with the chances of bettering one's health. So, my dear Hector, that is the plan I have made; at least, I shall have peace and quiet for a while before reëntering our Villa, and I really hope to be rested and refreshed.

And how are you, dear friend? I perceive that I began, with a sort of egotism, by assailing your ears with a long Jeremiad instead of speaking of yourself. If you can find it in your heart to send me once more some news about yourself and the Academy, address me in care of Grevenich at Isola, and ask Desgoffe precisely how to word the address—I do not know just how it should be written. As for myself, I shall let you hear from me and inform you how I am getting along in my resting-place No. 2, unless it happens that, shunning Scylla, I fall into Charybdis!

Tell our good Desgoffe that I shall write him as soon as I arrive in Isola. I hope that both he and Mme. Desgoffe are well; the latter, as he told me, has been seriously indisposed of late.

Also tell Hébert that I shall write him the day after to-morrow, if I can, or else from Isola within four or five days. Give him my very kindest regards; his kind letter gave me great pleasure, and I am very sensible of his remembrance of me. We shall all doubtless have much to say to one another when we meet.

I beg you not to forget to give my respects to M. and Mme. Ingres: it is always pleasant for them to know that their absent pensionnaires bear them in mind when writing to their friends. So I entrust you with this message.

[1]Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel is meant.

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Guénepin desires to be cordially remembered to you, dear friend. He intends to go to Pompeia in two or three days, to work like a galley-slave.—I did not see Boulanger there when I passed through on returning from my excursion. He is always hard at work, so I am told, according to his habit.

Adieu, dear Hector; keep yourself well. I embrace you in all love and affection, and beg you to remember me to all my comrades, more particularly Vauthier, Hébert, Murat, Ottin, Pils[1]; and tell the last-named how sorry I was to hear of his illness, and how sincerely I wish him speedy recovery.

Adieu, dear friend! With all my heart

CHARLES.

(*Addressed to*)

Monsieur
Monsieur H. Lefuel, architecte,
Pensionnaire de l'Académie de France
à Rome,
Villa Médicis.

(Postmarks) NAP. 1840 13 AGO. ROMA 15 (or 16) AGO 1840 (ARRIVO)

ROME, Saturday, Feb. 13, [1841].

Dear Hector:

Blanchard leaves us this evening; he tells me that he will probably go to call on you on the way, so I gave him these few lines for me (*sic*). I have no news for you; so I shall repeat an old story—that I love you dearly. Moreover you shall hear that to-day, February 13th, the first day of the Carnival, your friend has very fine weather, as you also probably have where you are; furthermore, that my health is not so bad, though day before yesterday evening I had an attack of ague, and a touch of fever (so Mme. Raymond says). I say nothing about it to my mother, for that would completely upset her, and besides, it is only a passing scare, I hope.

I do not know whether these lines are destined to reach you; I make them very brief and very uninteresting, so that if they should be lost or burned by the bearer, you will be deprived of nothing more than affectionate remembrances which I can make good in later letters.

The first of these will certainly speak to you concerning M. Schnetz, whom we still expect to-morrow evening or day after to-morrowmorning.

From M. Ingres, no portrait as yet; that's an urgent matter, nevertheless.[2]

Adieu, dear good friend; keep yourself well. I embrace you as I love you, with all my heart.

Ever yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

[1]Auguste Pils, military painter, born Nov. 7, 1815; grand prix of 1838.

[2]Ingres was soon to resign the direction of the Academy. Before his departure he did, in fact, paint the portrait of Gounod, and took it himself to the composer's mother. This portrait has been reproduced several times, and wrongly dated 1844 instead of 1841.

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(*Addressed to*)
Monsieur
Monsieur Hector Lefuel.

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1841.

Dear Hector:

I have received your very kind and very amiable letter, which gave me inexpressible pleasure. However, I should not be already telling you of it to-day, were it not that I have to send you a letter from Versailles which arrived here for you, and which Fleury[1] kept five or six days without informing me. I also wanted to return you your letter to Blanchard,[2] but then received yours desiring me to burn it. To-day is Saturday, and I write you to make sure, for I shall have no more time to-day, and next Tuesday I have to write to my mother.

Adieu, my dear good friend, with all my heart and brotherly love,

Ch. Gounod.

(*Addressed to*)
Monsieur
Monsieur Hector Lefuel
à Florence.
Poste restante.

Rome, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1841.

Dear good friend:

I have read your letter from Foligno with the liveliest pleasure; since you reveal to me, in this letter, a species of aversion for expressions of gratitude, I am going to keep mine to myself; but you will surely allow me to say, at least, how deeply I am moved by your affectionate remembrances, by your brotherly advice, all kindness and tenderness, and what a warm, sweet emotion they inspired within me. I have already read those dear lines over and over again, and no doubt I shall catch myself reading them yet many a time, until the arrival of others which these will help me to await. As for what you say about my fever, that amounted to nothing at all; but since then, dear friend, I dealt myself a handsome blow which, thank heaven, has had no further ill effects, though it may have caused some uneasiness at the time. On returning from a bal costumé at Delannoy's I bumped my forehead against the great door of the Academy, of which only the wicket was open. As it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and the portier had no light burning, I did not see the narrow entrance, and ran head foremost into the doorway as if it had stood wide open; the blow was of such violence that M. and Mme. Desgoffe, with whom I was coming home, [would have] thought it was the door that had slammed to, had not a sudden ejaculation escaped me. They ascended the stairs first, while I remained behind to pay the cabman; then, in the twinkling of an eye, my head was soused with cold water, Desgoffe put me into his own bed, and they sent out for Grana, who took care of me; I stayed in bed for a whole day, on diet;

[1]One of the superintendents of the Villa Médicis.

[2]Probably Auguste Blanchard, born at Paris in 1819, winner of the second prize for engraving.

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the day after that I took a strong footbath, and now I am as well again as if nothing had happened. Very fortunately, Grana was found at home, and several went together to fetch him; for at that dark hour of the night the streets of Rome are not safe. For a good half-hour I was delirious; I talked in an incoherent fashion; it seems that I imagined myself in a carriage which I wanted to have stopped—and I know not what else. The Desgoffes bestowed every care and attention on me; their kindness really knows no bounds. Thanks to all these kind attentions, dear friend, I am all right again now.

I have given your regards as you requested to our good comrades, and to M. and Mme. Ingres, who still have no idea when they are going away. Mme. Ingres always declares that they will leave before the 15th of March; but I'll wager, in the first place, that M. Ingres will not have finished his paintings by then, and, in the second place, that there is some understanding between him and M. Schnetz that he wishes to keep secret, and by which he induces the latter not to hurry himself. My opinion is based on certain remarks which M. Ingres has let fall. Of course, I may be wrong, but I should not be surprised if I were right. In any event, I shall certainly let you know beforehand both the day of their departure and that of their arrival in Florence.—(Tell Courtépée that Mme. Ingres will be glad to take charge of his card; and also tell him, from Normand, that M. de Luce has not been able to procure the earrings for three piastres, such as he wanted; that there are no more to be had; and that if he desires to have some similar ones made, he will have to spend ten piastres. If these conditions are acceptable, let him inform me by your next letter, and I will tell Normand;[1] or, if he prefers, let him write Normand himself immediately.)

To-day I have received no news from home; I had expected to hear, and to let you know. That will go over till next time, I see, for the post-rider has arrived, and for to-day there is no more hope.—I perceive, dear Hector, having your letter lying before me, that I write very badly, and I admire your ability to write a letter so well; for my part, I want to say all there is to be said, when I write; all that I should like to say goes pell-mell through my noddle, and when anything occurs to me I am always in fear lest I forget it while I am writing something else. Happily for me you are indulgent in this regard; I thank you for it, dear friend, and I trust that you will make up for this particular indulgence by being more strict in other matters; rest assured that strictness on your part can never frighten me now; through it all I shall see only your good will and the friendly devotion with which you open your heart to me.

I am very glad to learn that the bad weather and dampness have not caused you to catch cold; but I could wish to see you well rid of your other "incommodity," which exacts so many "commodities."

I send you a letter from Paris, probably addressed to you by somebody who was ill informed concerning your itinerary; but for that, I might easily have written you a double sheet. I say nothing to you about M. Schnetz, who is probably still in Florence, where you may perhaps have seen him; that would be a bit of good luck for you.

[1]Charles-Victor Normand, born in 1811, grand prix of 1838.

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(Guénepin, Chambard, Murat, Hébert, and first and foremost my old brother, all desire to be kindly remembered to you.)

My best regards to Courtépée.

Adieu; I embrace you most affectionately,

CHARLES.

(*Letter without address; one-half sheet.*)

Ch. Gounod to H. Lefuel.

ROME, April 1, 1841.

Dear good friend:

By the operation of the "golden touch," which quite naturally takes effect on the first of every month, I am just now at Mme. Ingres', who, after handing over my *danaro*, enjoins me to inform you that you had requested her permission to receive your money at Florence and Venice only, but not at Genoa; but that you need not feel uneasy—yesterday the banker in Genoa was notified, and next Thursday she herself will give you the address at Florence. So now you know positively the day on which M. Ingres will arrive; he also enjoins me to tell you that he has had no time to answer your letter, but will reply in person a week from to-day. After changing his plans for the journey several times, he has finally decided to take the extra-post for Florence, and since yesterday evening his seats have been engaged for next Tuesday. I do not know the hour at which the extra-post arrives at Florence; you merely have to inquire down there, and you will not fail to meet M. and Mme. Ingres when they debark. You are also requested to inform M. Conin of the arrival of the two travelers.

Let me tell you, my dear father, that when I received your letter I was getting ready to answer it, when the happy thought struck me to wait awhile; thus I have the pleasure of writing you in possession of news from you, instead of asking about you and at the same time reading you a lecture for your delay in keeping me informed. You know, my dear father, that during this journey all my apprehensions are centered on your health. I know that you take precious little care of yourself, and this disposition makes me anxious in view of the necessity under which you consider yourself to work hard. I beg you, dear Hector, do be careful; health is your present possession, but it is a possession which one ought not to consider wholly at one's disposal.—As for myself, I am working hard, and begin to see the end of my Mass. It makes me happy that what they know of it in the Academy has given pleasure; at present I am writing the *Credo*, which I had kept for the final effort, in hopes that every day might bring me a little more of the strength needful for undertaking the expression of such a subject. My copy is coming out in fine shape, and giving me no trouble at all; I am delighted, as you may imagine, to have this one anxiety the less. I can easily believe that your fatherly heart may also have its little tremolo on the day of performance; I shall make it a point to write immediately how it went off; perhaps I may even be able to let you know in advance, after the rehearsals.[1]

[1] *Cf.* in the supplement to the "Mémoires d'un Artiste" (p. 216 *et seq.*) a letter from Gounod and Hébert to Lefuel of May 4 (not April 4), 1841.

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Here we have heard an ugly rumor concerning Paris and the King; besides the immediate prospect of the shipwreck of my Mass (which is a mere detail), I have shivered in fear of what might have happened, if the King were assassinated; but it appears to have been a false alarm; there were no further details, and we hear no more of the matter.[1]

To-day the exhibition of our painters, sculptors, architects, etc., takes place; I have again viewed your piece, which is very effective. The sculpture is superb this year—the figure by Ottin, which you know; that by Chambard, which is considered ravishing, and which has given me great pleasure; the copy by Gruyère,[2] which is very fine, they say; and the bas relief by Vilain.[3] The biggest thing in the way of painting is the copy by Papety; he sends in one of the ceilings of the Farnese Palace, by Jules Romain—you know the original, and you have doubtless seen the copy in the making.—I have received news from Mamma, who always charges me to give you her best regards, and the same from Urbain.

Mme. Ingres pounces upon me to make me seal my letter so that she can send it to the post with hers. I shall do so, embracing you with all my heart, as I love you and always shall love you.

Give my kindest regards to Courtépée.[4] I handed your letter to Murat, who intends to write you one of these days.

Adieu, dear Father. With all my heart, your

CH. GOUNOD.

(*Addressed to*)
Monsieur
Monsieur H. Lefuel
à Florence.
Poste restante.

(Postmarked)
ROMA
1
APR
41

(*Double sheet; three full pages and the address.*)

Ch. Gounod to H. Lefuel.

FRASCATI, Friday, Oct. 1, [1841].

My dear Hector:

I should be greatly obliged if you would send me ten piastres by the vetturino who brings you this note; we shall not go back to Rome until Tuesday evening, and according to my calculation we shall be a trifle short of cash to pay our expenses here. We took along only enough to last us eight or ten days, and we shall stay thirteen.

[1]Allusion to a sham attempt upon the person of Louis Philippe. Gounod's Mass was executed at Saint-Louis-des-Français on May the 1st, the anniversary of the king's accession.

[2]Théodore-Charles Gruyère, sculptor of statuary, born Paris, 1814, grand prix of 1838.

[3]Victor Vilain, sculptor, born Paris, 1813, grand prix of 1838.

[4]Architecte, *rapin* (apprentice) to Lefuel.

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Put the money into a little box, well wrapped up and well sealed, and at the same time add, as a matter of precaution, a couple of written lines, at sight of which I will pay the vetturino his commission.

If you happen to be passing Condotti No. 23, where Mme. Pommier the corset-maker lives, tell her, or, if you please, send her word in French by Michel, that I shall be in Rome Tuesday evening, and that I shall pay her a visit Wednesday morning to select another piano as good as the one I had before; because I am not at all desirous to be the dupe of this accident of the *Banco rotto*.

Adieu, dear Hector; I thank you in advance for all that I am asking you to do for me, and embrace you with all my heart as,

Your devoted friend,

CH. GOUNOD.

Many regards to Fleury; ask after his health from me, and let me know in your answer.

(*Addressed*)

Al signor H. Lefuel
Pensionato all'Accademia di Francia
Roma
Villa Medici.

(*One-half sheet, 2 pages.*)

Ch. Gounod to H. Lefuel.

FRASCATI, Sunday, Oct. 3, [1841].

My dear Hector:

Thank you ever so much for your paternal obligingness, and over and above that for the sublime foresight which moved you to add two piastres to the sum I asked you for; they will be a very present help. Hébert has informed me that you are well—I am delighted to hear it; that Paccard won the prize—which pleases me immensely. Four days ago I had a letter from my mother telling me that Urbain gave the prize to Paccard; all the better that the award was well placed, for the winner is a fine fellow and a man of talent.

We may not be in Rome until Wednesday in the daytime instead of Tuesday evening; I shall be very glad indeed to see you again, my dear father, and to embrace you as I love you.

Your affectionate son and friend,

CH. GOUNOD.

(*One-quarter sheet, without address.*)

Gounod to Besozzi.[1]

ROME, Feb. 25, 1842.

My dear Besozzi:

As Bousquet is sending a letter I seize the opportunity to send you a few lines in remembrance and to thank you for having thought of me

[1]Désiré Besozzi, born Versailles in 1814, died Paris in 1879, descended from a family of oboeists and bassoonists who were famous in the eighteenth century. He won the prix de Rome in 1837.

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in a letter to Bonassieux.[1] You ask how I am faring and what I am doing. I fancy that I am faring as everybody else fares; I am continually seeking, and it always seems as if it took me a long while to find. I had heard that you have written an overture which is a big thing; according to what little Bousquet has told me about it, I imagined that it might possibly be a sort of symphony in one movement; I was glad to hear of the birth of this serious composition, for I should have taken steps to get it before our society; but I restrained my joy on learning that, on account of its length, they had mutilated it most reprehensibly, or at least forced you to mutilate it. That's as far as they have got in Paris; it seems to be impossible for them to listen to an idea that is more or less new and for that very reason somewhat extended; for it appears to me that greater elevation is naturally associated with greater breadth.

Bousquet[2] has told me of a thing which I dreaded and which has now come to pass; that the "Romance Puget,"[3] in other words, the Musical Album, has attained its highest degree of brutalizing influence. As you may imagine, that pleases me very little; although such epidemics are not so severe as to kill art, they do kill a far too great number of ears that might otherwise have been destined to hear the *true voice*. What a pity that one cannot prevent the foul weed from growing!

After all, when one's bile has been well stirred up, one must always arm oneself with patience; in fact, one ought not to get into such a tantrum. As for me, my dear Besozzi, I am just now engaged on a work which you will most probably hear on my return to France; it is a symphony with choruses, in four movements; the subject is Christ—His persecution, His death, a prophecy against Jerusalem, and the resurrection.

I wish you to know what I am occupying myself with. But I beg you very urgently not to let the matter get abroad; you see that I repose every confidence in you in telling you all about it without circumlocution, and have no doubt that you will observe the discretion which I request in the affair.

Adieu, my dear Besozzi; I beg you to keep a small corner in your heart for me; I value your friendship highly, and you may rest assured that I, for my part, shall be very glad to see you and be with you once more.

Adieu! I press your hand, and remain your devoted,

CH. GOUNOD.

Ch. Gounod to the Marquis de Pastouret.

VIENNA, Saturday, Mar. 25, 1843.

Monsieur le Comte:

I trust you will pardon me for not having replied immediately to your very kind letter; I was obliged to delay my own for several days

[1]Jean-Marie Bonassieux, born Panissière (Loire) in 1810, died Lyons in 1892, grand prix in sculpture in 1836. He decorated the church of St. Augustin at Paris. In Rome, he, like Gounod, joined the society of artists of St. John the Evangelist, founded by Lacordaire.

[2]Georges Bousquet, born Perpignan in 1818, died St. Cloud in 1854; grand prix of 1838 for musical composition.

[3]Allusion to the works of Loïsa Puget.

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in order to answer satisfactorily your questions concerning my labors and my sojourn here. This very morning there has been performed, at the church of St. Charles, a *vocal* Mass composed by me (written in a style closely approximating that of the Sixtine Chapel). It was executed in quite a satisfactory manner. As for the composition itself, I can say nothing, so deeply do I feel that one would have to be far superior to what I am to have the power and a right to judge oneself. God grant that I may be (as I hope that I am) now on the right and fitting path as regards sacred music. I know not what may be the result, for myself, of the musical course which I propose to follow; may I only be worthy of becoming such an instrument as I should be happy to become, and, in the end, may my works be at one with my most sincere and heartfelt aspirations—but they are very high, and the goal is far distant. Religious art, whose traces have been lost for so long in France, sends a summons only to courageous and capable reformers; several would be capable; I am sure that I should be courageous; but it is requisite that I should aid this courage with every support, with all possible research and meditation; I hope, Monsieur le Comte, that you, who are so kind as to show so genuine an interest in me, will sometimes do me the kindness to speak to me about my aims, to assist me to see and know them for what they are, for I should be as proud of your approbation as I am happy in your affection; and as I know that you are incapable in any way whatsoever of loving a thing which does not deserve your love, your approbation will always inspire the greatest confidence in me; in these earliest attempts of my youth I feel all else swept away before one sole emotion—enthusiasm; it is beautiful, but it frequently leads astray when it precedes full knowledge or dominates it; when one succeeds in founding it on knowledge, one is saved. Without meaning to say that I consider myself the one, I do sincerely desire to have the other; toward that end I propose to strive with all my strength, and a lifetime will not suffice to attain it. That is what my stay in Vienna has clearly shown me; and even were this conviction all that I have gained thereby, I think it of such importance as never to permit me to regret having ravished six long months from the most charming and delightful life one can lead—the life passed beside one's dear mother. May God some day requite her for all the sacrifices for us, of every nature, with which her life has been filled.

I do not know, Monsieur le Comte, what will be thought and written about my latest work; should anything appear concerning it, flattering or not, I shall send it to my mother; for I do not ask that one should gild the pill for me—these matters are not like medicine, one has to swallow them as they come. One can only profit by them when they are distilled by men of merit, and it is the verdict of such men that I await with impatience and anxiety.

Adieu, monsieur le comte; permit me to thank you again, from the bottom of my heart, for your constant mindfulness of my welfare; be assured of my eternal gratitude for your favor, and believe me, with the most affectionate respect.

Your very humble and very devoted servant,

CH. GOUNOD.

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(*Addressed to*)
Monsieur
Monsieur le comte de Pastoret[1]
Place Louis XV, n° 6,
Paris.

Ch. Gounod to Pierre Dupont.

PARIS, Wednesday, Jan. 24, [1844].

My dear friend:

I have received your very kind letter; in it you very gracefully do me the honor of supposing that it will cross one of mine; unhappily for me, that is not the case, and it is I who am sadly in arrears with you. Pardon me for it, dear friend; I did promise you, and I want to keep my word, with equal pleasure, but you will easily have noticed, during these few weeks that you have absented yourself, how reluctant your new friend is to take pen in hand, and there are certainly cases in which this inertness are wholly inexcusable. Confiteor . . . . . et tibi *frater*, quia . . . etc.—I am very glad to hear what you say about yourself, your life, your work, what you have made up your mind to do: and though I do not know what that is, you tell me that you have done what you resolved, which in itself makes you highly estimable, in view of the value of perseverance for that to which it is applied.—I have given your regards to the persons to whom you requested me to give them, and more especially to our common father, who is going to leave us on Monday the 29th and proceed direct to Grenoble without passing through Orléans, a route he avoids on account of the fatigue involved. His last two lectures were two masterpieces—not that this is astonishing, coming from him, but it was good to hear; it is in this aspect that they were masterpieces. I hope you will be able to find a fairly satisfactory review of them in *l'Univers religieux;* one might have said of him, after laying this first course of the foundations of his edifice, *Vidit quod esset bonum.*—I shall see our father to-morrow evening; I hope he will accord me a kiss for you, in which case I shall try to keep it as fresh as possible for you, by taking care of myself as well as I can.—It will afford me lively pleasure to see you again; we shall talk about him again by ourselves and vivify our memories of him the best we can, so that his departure may not be to grievous for us.

He has told me who is to be his successor—the same for you as for me; it is Abbé Gibert of St. Sulpice. I do not know whether you are acquainted with him; to me he is an unknown quantity, except for the fact that my dear friend Abbé Gay has some slight acquaintance with him; it likewise happened that he heard him most favorably spoken of by a young abbé who lives with him and thinks the world of him. So we are satisfied with regard to fundamentals; there remains the question of impressionable sympathy, which will soon be settled, either by his

[1]Bibliotheque nationale, fonds franç., nouv. acq. 10, 177. Autograph letters addressed to the Marquis de Pastoret, f. 283–290; letter of 2 pages, 3, 4. Above the date we find this memorandum in pencil, in M. Pastoret's hand: "M. Gounod, composer of sacred music." Amédée-David de Pastoret was the author of the words of the cantata which were handed Gounod to set to music, in 1839, when he won the prix de Rome. A member of the Institute, and senator, the Marquis de Pastoret, born in 1791, died on May 19, 1857.

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failure to offer it to us as a slight sacrifice (should there be disappointment in this regard), or by his making up for the lack of it through his beneficent words, or finally (which is possible), and on the contrary, by this young ecclesiastic's inspiring our sympathy to the highest degree. In any event, my friend, let us remember that he is the successor chosen by Dominique, and rely on him without fear.

Adieu; return speedily; I greet you and love you with all my heart.

CH. GOUNOD.

(*Addressed to*)

Monsieur
Monsieur Pierre Dupont
chez Monsieur Lebeau, libraire Imprimeur
(Seine et Marne) à Provins

(*Postmarked*)

Paris, Jan. 25, 1844.
Provins, Jan. 25, 1844.

Ch. Gounod to the Mayor of the (formerly) 11th Arrondissement.

VILLE DE PARIS,
ÉCOLES COMMUNALES,
DIRECTION DE L'ORPHÉON.

PARIS, Monday, April 10, 1854.

Monsieur le Maire:

I have the honor of informing you that, in accordance with the wish you expressed to me, I have made a point of visiting the school of M. Charpentier at 109 Rue de Vaugirard; my inspection, which took place during the hour of the class in singing, has satisfied me that there is a notable improvement in the deportment of the children, and progress as compared with the past with regard to attention and discipline, although some little carelessness may still be noticed. I trust that the auspicious harmony subsisting between the Director of this school and the teacher of singing will speedily bring about the result we so much desire, and to which nothing can more sensibly contribute than an agreement between the various masters charged with the instruction and advancement of the children.

Believe me, Monsieur le Maire, ... to be

Your very humble and obedient servant,

CH. GOUNOD.

To M. le Maire of the XIth Arrondissement,
Archives of the Dept. of the Seine.

Ch. Gounod to H. Lefuel.

My dear Hector:

I am about to ask a favour of you, not for myself—though it amounts to the same thing, as it is for a friend.—I have been told that the allotment of the various tasks of painting at the Louvre[1] is at present

[1]Lefuel was one of the architects commissioned to superintend the various considerable artworks carried out at the Louvre under Napoleon III. In this position he was the successor of Visconti.

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

under way, and I wish to remind you how greatly I should be pleased if my excellent friend Desgoffe might obtain a morsel of this cake [*vulgo*, have a finger in this pie]. Whatever confidence I may feel in the success of my application is based solely on your friendship for me, which will incline you, I am sure, to accede to my request if it is possible.

Besides, you yourself are aware of the worth of this friend of whom I speak, both as a man and as an artist. So I can do no more than to place in the hands of your heart and your taste the proposition which I address to you, and whose happy result I ardently desire.

I should have begun by telling you how glad I was to hear that Madame Lefuel is better. If I thought she could receive visitors, we would come—Anna and myself—to congratulate her.

Ever thine,

CH. GOUNOD.

(One-half sheet, bordered with black, 2 pages, with neither address nor date, circa 186–.)

II.

LETTERS TO HIS PUBLISHER CHOUDENS

1860.

My dear Friend:

I have corrected the Italian translation of *Faust* down to the foot of page 29. But, before proceeding further, I must inform you that it has already taken me six hours to revise this piece of work, which is positively *shameful* in its carelessness! No two consecutive words are in their right place, and one loses what few brains one is possessed of in stumbling through a task so wretchedly done by the translator. I should not care to earn my living by such work as I have just finished. In case you wish me to continue, have the goodness to tell your employee that I request him to be so kind as to write the words under the syllables [*sic!*] and not haphazard, as he is not at all averse to doing!—It is *shameful, shameful!*—

Yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

1860.

My dear Friend:

M. Denizet—the bearer of these lines, whose wife is to sing next Saturday or Saturday week at the Théâtre-Lyrique—would like to procure for her a vocal score (piano and voice) of *Faust*, in order that she may be enabled to learn the rôle which she has already studied with Mme. Ugalde, and which she will sing, I think, to everyone's satisfaction.

Much regretting to have missed you yesterday evening, sincerely yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

1861.

My dear Choudens:

I am sending you a charming little friend, full of talent—Mlle. Juliette Dorus, a daughter of the celebrated flutist. I beg you to let her have the various vocal numbers of my repertory which she happens not

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to possess and which she would like to have; and, besides, it would be very nice of you to get her the *Chanson du Printemps* which she desires to have and which I cannot give her, not having it myself.

Thanking you in advance, sincerely yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

ARCACHON, Aug. 16, '61.

My dear Choudens:

I have time to write you only a couple of lines; I am working hard, and my third act is making progress.[1]

I wish they could await my return before taking up the revival of the *Médecin*[2] with Lesage; I have no reason whatever for absolutely rejecting this combination, but I am not sure that the rôle is written in a style suitable for Lesage's voice; I should like to hear him before letting the matter go on. I do not wish to have this rôle altered or modified in any manner, and I insist that the air in the third act, "Vive le médecin," shall not be omitted.

So look out for that; I shall be in Paris the 2d of September, or the 3d at latest.

Tell Bizet that I am going to write him, and press his hand for me.

In hopes of soon receiving a letter from you, . . .

Sincerely yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

NAPLES, Wednesday, May 7, 1862.

Dear Choudens:

Our numerous daily long and fatiguing excursions really make correspondence almost impossible. Therefore, I shall be very laconic.

I thank you for kind remembrance and for your good and affectionate letters, which afford me double pleasure by bearing witness to your friendship and bringing regular news of what is going on in Paris, either concerning myself or with respect to other works and artists of the Capital. The letter from Gross gave me great pleasure, and also the one from Cormon, for whom I send you the subjoined message.

My wife feels rather tired; both she and my little Jean suffered a good deal during our trips in the steamboat; with this exception, our healths are not in a bad way. As for me, I run like a Basque; I still worship Pompeii. Yesterday I climbed Vesuvius; I have again seen my dear Isle of Capri; all this elevates me and does me good; I hope it will engender offspring for me later.

It was not necessary, dear friend, that I should be far away from you in order to realize your friendship for me; but distance and absence make me appreciate it still more, and I hope you feel sure of my affection for yourself; neither of us, thank heaven, is what they call a quitter (*lâcheur*).

Give my very best regards to Bizet, Barbier and Carré; be sure to remember me to your excellent wife, whom I love with all my heart, as she

[1] He refers to *la Reine de Saba.*

[2] *Le Médecin malgré lui.*

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deserves. I have bought myself a guitar, which I shall bring back to Paris; that's all the Music I have on the journey; as you see, I have no opera troupe with me; it is merely to entertain the ear, and for wandering minstrelsy.

Adieu, dear friend; I love you most sincerely.

Ever your,

CH. GOUNOD.

You would do me a great favour by letting Mme. Haller (9 Rue St.-Florentin) know that I send her my best regards, with regrets that our wandering life does not leave us time to write to her as I should like to.

(In Mme. Gounod's handwriting.)

I desire, my dear Choudens, to show you personally that I have not forgotten you, and that I have taken your courteous admonition to heart. It is very kind of you to keep us informed, as you do, of whatever may interest us; your letters are the delight of the colony, and only one fault is found with them—that they are too short. Do not write us at Naples after the 10th; we shall return via Rome, where we intend to stay another week, and from there we shall inform you of our future plans.

NAPLES, Saturday, May 17, 1862.

Dear Choudens:

Our plans for the journey have just been upset once more by a new accident, which did not happen to ourselves, but to Mme. Rhoné, and concerning which I beg you not to breathe a syllable, for the reason that her family would be dreadfully uneasy if they heard of it. Mme. Rhoné is at present, according to all appearances, out of danger, but for four days she distressed us with frightful attacks of gastro-intestinal catarrh, of the same nature as those which have already endangered her life several times.

We do not know the precise date on which we shall leave Naples; if improvement should continue, it is probable that we can leave on Tuesday the 20th. We shall return by way of Rome, where we may remain for a week or a fortnight, perhaps less, perhaps more; it depends on the state of our health. In any event, do not assume me to be in Rome after the 22d, but rather address me poste restante at Florence until the 30th of this month; if your letter arrives before I do, it will await me there; but I am really at a loss to determine the dates more precisely.

I feel that I am going to be very sorry indeed to leave Italy, in spite of everything that attaches me to Paris and draws me thither with so many ties. I feel that this region of Rome and Naples is my real, my sole country; it is here that I could wish to dwell until my death. This region develops me, instructs me, vitalizes me, more than any other—more than my homeland; my heart is not there, where my home is.

Do me the kindness to send my manuscript orchestral score of *la Reine de Saba* to Mme. Rhoné's as soon as she returns, that is to say, the 1st of June. First make inquiry whether she has returned at that date. If she has, send her my manuscript, which she requires to render me a *service;* if not, wait till she comes.

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Adieu, dear friend; within a month or six weeks I shall see you once more. I have seen some superb things; I occupy myself a little in the morning with drawing a few of them; I do not write a note of music; I am taking on fat as fast as I can.

Sincerely yours,
CH. GOUNOD.

Press Bizet's hand; I shall write him from Rome.[1]

(SAINT-CLOUD?) Sept. 26, 1862.

Dear Friend:

The Director at Hamburg has sent me a reply which I received yesterday evening. He consents to put off until Tuesday, Oct. 7, the grand representation of *Faust* which was arranged for to-morrow, Sept. 27. So I shall set out on Sunday in daytime. You know whether I should be glad to have you as a traveling companion; since you have given me reason to hope that we might go together, I inform you of my plans so that, in case your intentions remain the same, you can take measures accordingly.

My health is good, but my confounded left leg still refuses any hint of improvement; I hope that the week between now and my departure will so change my condition that I may be able to start. Should it be otherwise, I will let you know, and shall also send a telegraphic despatch to the Director at Hamburg that he is not to expect me.

It will be necessary to send to my house for the MSS. of *Philémon* which you brought me, and to send them here, in order that I can attend to them immediately, as you wish.

Hoping to meet you soon, dear friend, I am sincerely yours,
CH. GOUNOD.

Thank you for the second act. I shall read it, and write to Carré.

You could let the messenger get *la Reine* to-morrow, for Périer's alterations, at the same time that you send me my MSS. of *Philémon*, which are in Paris on my piano. My *concierge* has the keys, and will open for you.

III.

RICHARD WAGNER

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS

His peculiar abilities.
The system to which he devoted them.
Abilities.

Richard Wagner can not be placed in the front rank from the viewpoint of the exclusively musical idea—of the idea having an intrinsic value independent of some given subject or any words; for example:

[1] *Cf.* concerning Gounod's journey in Italy in the company of M. and Mme. Rhoné, the biography of Gounod, Vol. I, page 35 *et seq.*

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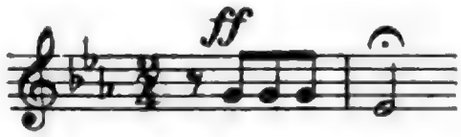

Four notes by way of attack. Few enough; but with how instant a grip do these four notes seize the auditor! with what power and what authority do they clutch him and master him and hold him spellbound to the end of this incomparable movement!

But (some one may ask), what do you call that? Is it a melody?—I do not know; I ask you yourself. What I do know is, that it is an idea, that is to say, a clean-cut musical form which lays hold of me instantly, unhesitatingly, and, moreover, a fruitful form which bears within itself the entire movement which it announces—a movement developing clearly, powerfully, logically, individually, without obliging me to grope and feel my way in order to comprehend its robust and majestic identity. The ensemble of the conception evolves out of its principle, not by means of artifices, of arbitrary and unmotivated complexities, but by way of generation. Furthermore, what demonstrates in peremptory fashion that it is really the idea, and not the seasoning, which furnishes the lifeblood of this marvellous composition, is the fact that, however symphonic, concertante, responsive, its form may be, one can give an almost exact impression of it by humming it with the voice (although one can thus produce but one tone at a time), so clearly does the fundamental thought, the principle of the movement, circulate throughout the musical canvas whereof it supplies the very tissue.

The essence of a melody is not its appearance in some form, more or less vague; it must be a clear-cut silhouette, a distinct contour, that strikes one with an instantaneous revelation. It is not an enigma, a problem; it is a plain figure, an entity. Any chance succession of notes does not constitute a melody; this succession must evolve into a complete reality, self-animate and self-consistent. Take, for example, the two adorable cantilenas of Cherubin in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart. "Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio," and "Voi, che sapete"; detach them for a moment from the emotion which they express and from the delightful orchestra that accompanies them; is it not evident that they by themselves, *exist?* Do they not contain everything that constitutes the sense and the precision of an idea—the clean-cut contour, the characteristic and constant rhythm, and even the harmony, implied in the melody? Richard Wagner has been called the apostle of "endless melody"; one ought rather to say, of the

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"endless symphony," for it is therein, above all, that his music has its being, and if, musically speaking, he excels in any direction, it is precisely in that. . . .

(Wagner is) first of all and above all a *decorative musician;*—decorative, because he sees in music not the end, but the means. . . .

The virtue of his music resides far less in the music itself than in its relation to the poetic sentiment and the drama.

Viewed from this angle, one can more readily comprehend why the melody, in Richard Wagner, does not display an individual character, that is to say, one which renders it instantly recognizable as being by him and of him; this is because his music is much less his very own than the reflection of what it represents. To the language of the Germans themselves, it is far more *objective* employ than *subjective:* I might even say that it is almost *impersonal.*

There are aspects in which Wagner is assuredly a great master. . . . Such is the unheard-of fertility in instrumental combinations presented by his orchestra, and which is his very own. His orchestral palette presents a prodigious variety. This arises, to be sure, in great measure from the fact that he has considerably augmented the number of instruments composing the orchestra up to his time. When one compares the instrumental material which he employs. . . . The great colorists, whose superiority does not depend on the profusion of colors, but on the relation of the values. . . . I say more: that the too constant employment of abundant and complicated resources results in heaviness and, in consequence, monotony and satiety. He who deprives himself of nothing, ends by enjoying nothing. The law of life is the same in all spheres; and in art, as in all the rest, true wealth is found rather in the absence of needs than in their satisfaction.

Richard Wagner was possessed of an eminently luxury-loving poetical and musical temperament; in his art as in his life he yearned for the grandiose, and the luxury in which he was fond of enveloping his existence and his person was the reflection of the fanciful splendors of his thoughts and dreams. Like those optical instruments which photographers use to obtain what they call *enlargements*, the brain of R. Wagner amplified all figures into heroic proportions—gigantic, superhuman. But the biggest art is not necessarily the greatest art. The Parthenon occupies much less space than the Indian temples; nevertheless, it is infinitely greater according to æsthetic canons; it is great in the perfection of beauty; it is great through the presence of that supreme grace

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which disciplines and moderates strength, and which excludes from the domain of art all emphasis and all excess.

IV.

LETTER FROM MRS. GEORGINA WELDON concerning Ch. Gounod

Addressed to Guilliaume, secretary-treasurer of the Conservatory at Brussels

December 19, 1874.[1]

In care of M. Guglielmo Grant (Maquay Hooker & Cie., banquiers).

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROMA.

19. XII. 74.

My dear Mr. Guilliaume:

You may be surprised that I have not written; but at London I had scarcely time to breathe. I have taken three more (real) orphans, and what with the Polish affair and the Gounod affair, I have my hands full; to add to my beauty, I was afflicted by a nervous twitching of the cheek and mouth on the left side; but that, thank goodness, has now almost disappeared. I am also writing to Ligny, who will inform you, concerning Gounod, of all that I have no time to write about.

Before dilating on this matter, which continually haunts my mind, I hasten to thank M. Gevaert with all my heart for his courtesy and his kindness; as soon as I happen on any nice English words, I shall send them to him. There's no hurry about that; what I need above all is his promise, and, having that, I am satisfied.—Just now I have at least a score of them!—

My husband was positively opposed to my going to sing at Brussels, he so greatly feared the climate for me; and what consoled me, and induced me to obey him, was the fact that at London I have been prevented from exercising my voice by all that I had to do, and I should have been afraid to sing in public without having practised for so long a time.

I had great success in Florence; I don't know what I did to make me sing so well. They immediately made me a proposal to sing at the Pergola and to give me half the receipts, but as I have not learned to sing *Faust* except in French, I postponed the matter till the month of March. If I am feeling well, and my nerves do not play me false, neither patronage, nor old friends, nor prestige, will be lacking; I was astonished at having sung so well in the Italian operas *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Traviata*, etc.—In April I hope to return to Brussels. As for *Aida*, I believe that Verdi wrote it to make fun of the public! When one considers that it was he who composed *Traviata*, *Lombardi*, *Luisa Miller*, one asks oneself how he could have *perpetrated Aida!* I think his Mass is an infection.

[1]Gounod had left England on June 6, 1874, after a sojourn of three years.—*Cf.* Dandelot and J. G. Prod'homme, "Gounod," Vol. II, ch. XIV.

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No more like *sacred* music than *La Fille de Mme. Angot;* and the *Solos* forever to the fore. . . .

Since I was in Paris I have been told such a lot of dreadful stories about my poor old man[1] that I am crazier about him than ever.—Here is one of those that worry me the most, and perhaps Charles Tardieu could find out the real truth of the matter.

Some time ago, as a specimen of the infernal meanness of his wife and the bad taste she was capable of, he related to me that when he was married Mme. Viardot, to whom he owed the inception of his theatrical career, sent his wife a bracelet as a wedding-present; that his wife sent it back with a most insulting letter.—I thereupon asked him why he had not immediately separated himself from such a fury; and whether he had not sent his excuses? He replied that he had such a violent temper that he let the matter go, and that Mme. Viardot had pardoned him and was entirely friendly with his wife, and that he could not understand.—In short, several times since *my own* affair people have told me, "That does not surprise me in the least from Gounod; besides, you know how shamefully he treated Mme. Viardot." And then they went on to tell me that it was he who forced his wife to return the bracelet to Mme. Viardot.—Then I told them my version, which pacified them, though they declared that "it was just as bad not to have had it out with his wife for committing such a *shameful action*."—But now for a wholly different story: Maris (?), who is here, has told me that Mme. Sartorio (Adelaide Kemble) told her that she "had seen with her own eyes a letter from Gounod, in his own handwriting, to Mme. Viardot, which Mme. V. had shown her, in which Gounod said to her the most *shameful, brutal, insulting* things that he could on returning the bracelet she had sent his wife."—And so I said to myself, Gounod was *afraid* to tell me that she had made him write this infamous letter, seeing how disgusted and indignant I was. Mme. Viardot showed everybody this letter and told them about it, holding Gounod for a *madman*. Ah! if I *could only* get at the truth of this story!—

Gounod would never have sent a letter that was disapproved of. I have sometimes passed a night in preventing him from doing a morally *indecent* thing; but I did prevent him, and no one knew of it. So I do not blame him for all the shameful things he has been permitted or prompted to do to us!—My poor old man, whom I cared for like a little child—I would still care for him. . . . and I would screen him this time, too; I should no longer be proud of him, alas! but I should love him with a greater compassion. . . . It is *terrible*!—and some day I shall prove clearly that all this was not his fault. His *mother*, first of all, and then *his wife*, are the interested and vulgar demons who have blurred his fair, limpid eye and disordered his poor simple brain which *by nature* longed only for peace and tranquillity. He was already 53 when I met him, with his poor, distempered past—and see how happy I made him and how happy he made me, too. . . . And Harry[2] who loves him more than anybody else. So there must surely be *something* divine in him. . . . Three years—that is a real experience. He could not have played a part during all that time!—

[1]The familiar name applied by the Weldons to the composer.—Charles Tardieu was a cousin of Gounod's.

[2]Harry Weldon.

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I send you this letter in one which I address to Mr. Tinel,[1] whom I have requested to attend to a few commissions for me. He is the talented young pianist and composer of whom I have already spoken to you.

I trust that all your dear family are well.—I send you my best Christmas greetings, I hope that you will find a good friend in 1875, and that for myself it may bring me, if nothing more, *one* kind word from my poor old man to alleviate the horrible nightmare of 1874.—My regards to M. Gevaert; and I beg you to believe, dear M. Guilliaume, my assurances of true friendship. I hope soon to receive a letter from you, and to get news of the Tardieus, and Ilala (??).

GEORGINA WELDON.

P.S. Have I told you that there is no longer any intention of burning the MSS.?[2]—I have a far better threat—to write Gounod's biography, printing all his letters to me, to his wife, etc., and demanding £3 per page for the suppression of the volumes.—I have had more peace and quiet since his friends are aware that this would be the ruin of the family.

[1]Edgar Tinel, the Belgian composer (1854–1903), Gevaert's successor as Director of the Conservatory at Brussels in 1904.

[2]As a matter of fact, Georgina Weldon had thought of burning all the manuscripts which Gounod had left behind in England. But she changed her mind and, as she said, actually printed the story of Gounod's life in England from 1875 to 1882, in three volumes, besides several other pamphlets, which were all sold for the benefit of the orphanage which she had founded in London. Finally, Mrs. Weldon published, in 1902, a book on spiritualism, entitled "Après vingt ans. et autres poésies" (*Verses purporting to be communicated by the spirit of Gounod*).

(*Translated by Theodore Baker.*)

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O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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♪ Leo Sowerby's Overture "Comes Autumn Time" was first performed at an orchestral concert given entirely of his compositions given at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on January 18, 1917, under the direction of Eric De Lamarter, conductor of the Chicago Opera. It was the first time that a work by an American had been performed by several of the leading symphony orchestras during the coming season. The work was inspired by a sonnet of Blise Carman. The enthusiastic reception in New York was not lessened by some of the newspaper comment which it received.

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